

MEMOIRS

OF THE

SOCIETY

OF

GRUB-STREET.

Scribimus indocti, doctique.

HOR.

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless Children scorn to own thee!
Tho', by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place.
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee.

SWIFT.

VOL. I.



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P R E F A C E.



S the only rational end of all reading is information, the two essential qualifications necessary to every writer are knowledge and integrity. If he be deficient in the one, he will undesignedly lead his readers into error; if in the other, he will designedly impose upon them. In either case the bad effect, tho' proceeding from a different cause, will be the same; and when persons are got into a wrong, dark, dirty, and dangerous road, it will be of no account, whether they wandered into it, by following mischievous, or mistaken guides.

Of the former sort, for the most part, were those Literary Guides, who, for the cheapness and obscurity of lodgings, resided in Grub-street, in the seditious times of King CHARLES I. and from their garrets and cellars dispersed those false reports and reasonings, which were very instrumental in stirring up the people at last to a rebellion. And tho' some of those original Grubbeans made themselves most remarkably infamous for want of integrity, by wilfully publishing what they knew to be false; yet many of them shewed as great a deficiency in parts and learning, by writing in a very low manner, adapted only to the taste of the vulgar. From these genuine productions of Grub-street the same appellation has

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been by degrees extended to all Pieces of the like nature, in which bad matter has been expressed in a bad manner, in what soil soever they have been produced. Infomuch that all false, confused Histories, weak Treatises on any subject, low, creeping Poetry, and groveling Prose, whether written in any other part of the City, in the Court, or in the Countrey, have been distinguished by the title of *Grub-street Performances*. And whether the writers, for good reasons, have sent them abroad without any name; or have prefixed one with the fashionable titles added of *Right Honourable, Right Reverend, Bar. Knt. Esquire, D. D. M. D. M. A. F. R. S. &c.* the impartial world has ranged them all under one general title of *Grub-street Authors*.

While the Press was under the arbitrary restraint of Licensers, the genius of Grubean Authors was very much confined, and the increase of their number hindered. Books written on immoral and irreligious subjects, which are much the easiest to be treated without either wit or learning, because the very undertaking seems to some persons an argument of both, could not then obtain an *Imprimatur*; and many persons, who had a great inclination to shew their parts, were unwilling to expose themselves to the difficulties and dangers attending the clandestine dispersal of copies. But from the time that the full liberty of the Press had secured to such Authors a general impunity, which was soon accompanied with pecuniary encouragements; their number has continually increased, and they have given their genius its full range. Hence many, who could never have distinguished themselves by their writings, had they shewed a due regard to religion, morality, truth, or even common decency; have become very infamously eminent, by composing or translating false *Histories*, lewd

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or immoral *Treatises, Novels, Plays, or Poems*. But none have been more ridiculously remarkable than some great pretenders to *Free-thinking*; who, without a stock of learning sufficient to form a rational conjecture about the sense of any disputed passage in a Greek or Latin Classic, much less to overturn any political system of some Heathen Legislator; have notwithstanding set themselves up for interpreters of Scripture, and endeavoured to undermine and demolish the certainty of all Revelation.

Tho' the generality of such Authors are the projectors of their own Works; yet a great many of these are owing to the ingenuity of Book-sellers, who are continually contriving to excite and gratify the curiosity of the Public, by the proposal and publication of entertaining and useful Pieces. Many of these are Works of considerable length, either compiled from a great number of lesser books, and appearing under the title of *Histories, Dictionaries, Commentaries, &c.* or translated from voluminous French Authors. In such great undertakings several hands are necessarily employed, which work under the inspection of some superior Operator, with whose eminent name the whole is graced; tho' perhaps scarce a tenth part was really supervised by him. But a still further addition to the number of Grubbean Authors, and that a very large one, has been occasioned by the great increase of Dayly and Weekly News-papers, and Monthly Pamphlets; which were most of them the projects likewise of Book-sellers, and are under their management and direction. To furnish materials for the Dayly Papers, Collectors are sent all over the City, Suburbs, and neighbouring villages, to pick up articles of News; who being payed according to the length and number of them, it is no wonder that so few of them are true. Hence it is, that we

continually read accounts of the *Preferment* of persons in Church and State, whose names were scarce ever heard of before, either by our Superiors, or ourselves; of *Marriages* contracted and consummated between parties, who perhaps never saw each other; of the *Sicknesses*, *Deaths*, and *Burials* of people who are alive and in good health. Insomuch, that it may be safely affirmed, that there is scarce one article of *Domestic News* in ten, but what is false, either in whole, or in part; and as to the *Foreign*, there is good reason to think the case worse: so that the chief, if not only articles, upon the truth of which we can safely depend, are those inserted in direct contradiction to some published before. And besides the falseness of the matter related, there very frequently occurs a falseness of Translation in the *Foreign News*, and a falseness of English both in that and the *Domestic*; to which in a great measure may be justly attributed the corruption of our language, in respect of expression, as well as orthography. Add to these the falsehoods in *Puffs* and *Advertisements*, separate or conjunctive, containing specious accounts of new *Books*, ingenious and useful *Inventions*, infallible *Remedies*, strange and wonderful *Cures*, *Sights*, &c. very many, if not most of which accounts, are drawn up in a fallacious manner, on purpose to draw in the credulous and unwary.

The affairs of Grub-street being in this disorderly situation, about seven years ago; it was thought necessary to endeavour to repress, in some degree at least, the exorbitances of Authors, Book-sellers, Printers, and Publishers. This was the end and design of setting up *The Grub-street Journal*, by some Gentlemen; who, in order to carry it on with the greater propriety, formed themselves into an imaginary Society, as meeting once a week at the Pegasus, which is a

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real house in Grub-street. As necessary qualifications for this undertaking, they layed claim to a good fund of integrity, and to a competent stock of knowledge; neither of which they thought inconsistent with the character they had assumed, for the three following reasons.

1. The self-interested and censorious part of the world, too apt to judge of the merits of a cause by its success, frequently applies the appellation of *Grub-street* to unfortunate authors, (tho' not remarkably deficient either in knowledge, or integrity) merely because their Works happen not to have a *run* at their first appearance. This is a very uncertain way of judging: because, as we frequently see a good sale secured at first, by the artifices of Book-sellers, to very bad Pieces; so many instances may be produced of very good books, which have layen latent in ware-houses for several years, and yet have afterwards come into very great vogue. Besides good authors do not always write with the same spirit; at least their readers do not think so: and many of their Pieces have moved heavily single, which have passed off very well when collected into a volume with their more celebrated compositions. Of the first case there can not be a more remarkable instance than MILTON's *Paradise Lost*; and of the second, so many instances will occur to every one conversant with books, that it is unnecessary to produce any at all.

2. The Works of many celebrated authors, after having been admired for many years, have at last insensibly fallen off from their general sale into an almost general neglect, so as to be read only by the learned and studious. This has proceeded sometimes from the alterations in stile and language, which are necessarily introduced by time: and has been oftener occasioned by the discoveries which some eminent writer has made of

those false ornaments in their Works, which had a good while dazzled the understanding of the generality of readers. Thus by dint of a true taste, just criticism, and polite ridicule, the famous MONSIEUR BOILEAU drove off the stage of literature a long train of French authors, who had been applauded for many years. With the like weapons, and with the like success, has our ENGLISH BOILEAU pursued, and is still pursuing, the modern Goths and Vandals of Great Britain, in the last and present age. — But tho' the course of many learned Works has been stopped, and a period fixed to the fame of their authors, by the two fore-mentioned causes; yet the same effect has been most frequently produced by a gradual and imperceptible alteration of sentiments in mankind. For the intellectual taste, like the sensitive, changes with time; and our studies, as well as tables, in different ages, are furnished in a different manner: tho' the change in the one often conduces no more to the health of the mind, than that in the other to the health of the body. There is a fashion in Learning, Politics, and Religion, as well as in Cloaths; and the alteration of the fashion in those is as unaccountable, tho' not so frequent, as in these. As it is not always the effect of reason and conviction, but proceeds from accidental and external motives, this change in reading, principle, and practice, is sometimes for the worse; as persons lay aside rich, convenient, and decent habits, as old-fashioned, to put on those of a newer mode, tho' meaner, inconvenient, and indecent.

3. The same authors have sometimes characters directly contrary, not onely in different ages, but likewise in the very same; and that from the most intelligent and impartial judges, as well as from those who may be justly suspected of ignorance or partiality. The Author of the *Tale of a Tub*,

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a Tub, in his *Dedication* to Prince *Posterity*, represents Mr. DRYDEN as a Grubean, and joins him with Mr. DENNIS, Mr. RYMER, NAHUM TATE, and TOM DURFEY: and this particularly on the account of his *Translation* of VIRGIL, which Mr. POPE in his *Preface* to HOMER's *Iliad* declares to be *the most noble and spirited Translation he knows in any language*. Here we see the opinions of the two finest Writers of the age, concerning the same Work, directly contrary to each other. And tho' there may be reason to suspect, that the former was biased by some prejudice, when he passed his censure: yet since he never in the least contradicted it, in any of the numerous Pieces he has published since, it may justly be looked upon as confirmed by his maturest judgement. Especially since so many of the Learned are of the same side of the Question; which therefore is not likely to be determined, 'till some more fortunate Poet shall present the Public with a better Version in rhyme; which those will hardly desire, who have read, and compared with the Original, the accurate *Version* in blank verse, by Dr. TRAPP, illustrated with his curious *Notes* and *Observations*. — Monsieur RAPIN, so often extolled, both by *The Craftsman* and the *London Journalist*, as a fine Historian, is very concisely characterized by the late *Free Briton*, as *the dullest of dull Writers*. And truly if a multitude of mistakes and blunders be any indication of *dullness*, this character cannot be charged with injustice. For it has been evidently made appear in some of our Papers, that within the compass of fifty pages, there are no less than sixty mistakes, which consist chiefly in false Translations of the Latin Authors, &c. from whom he collected his materials. So that if the mistakes in the subsequent pages rise in the same proportion, and it is very rational to think they rise in a greater, there are near two thousand in the whole

whole Work ; which may very justly intitle the Historian to the appellation of a *Grub-street Author*, on the account of his ignorance ; which he seems to have no reason to disclaim for his great stock of integrity : so that the prodigious sale of this *History* was not oweing so much to its real goodness, as to the late epidemic *Bibliomany*.— But nothing is more diverting, than to see the Combatants in political and other Controversies, carried on in News-papers, continually abusing each other with this title. All News-papers, as to their historical parts, may be justly looked upon as the productions of Grub-street ; and even as to those which are moral, political, or literary, they very frequently seem to come from the same place. So that these disputants are as often right in their reciprocal applications of this appellation ; as the religious Controvertists are in applying the names of *Schismatic*, *Heretic*, *Reprobate*, &c. to one another. And as it is to be feared, that the damnatory sentences of the latter are likely to be inflicted hereafter upon these unchristian antagonists ; so it is certain, that those of the former are frequently executed here by the impartial readers upon the controversial writers of all parties and professions. Tho' for the comfort of unsuccessful Authors, it may be observed, that Grub-street is more like Purgatory, than Hell ; since good authors are sometimes put into it by their adversaries, and delivered from it by the interposition of their friends in the same, or the succeeding age.

Since therefore some Authors from a Grubean obscurity have risen to the fame of Parnassians, whilst others by a contrary motion from the latter have sunk into the former ; and since many have been suspended, as it were, in a middle situation, for a long time, by the opposite characters conferred upon them both by well and ill-qualified Judges ; we thought proper to assume the humble title of *Grubeans*, taken in the most extensive signification,

as comprehending all kinds of authors, good, dubious, and very bad ; to all whom the appellation has been frequently applied. We profess ourselves Members of the Society of Grub-street in general, but have formed our-selves into a select company, in order to restrain the enormities of our worst brethren, proceeding from their want of integrity and knowledge. Of both which as it was necessary we should have a greater share, to qualify us for the work we had undertaken : so our ambition was only to manifest so much of either, as might intitle us at least to the character of dubious Authors, placed between the extreams of very good, and very bad. In this situation, we had no occasion to confine our-selves to that *Ironical Transversion of Censure*, which our late unsuccessful Brother *The Prompter*, in N^o 144. represented as necessary ' to keep up the Resemblance we had assumed.' Had we, according to his opinion, thought our-selves obliged ' never to bestow *Praise*, but upon the Dull, and Ridiculous, and always to level the *Scrimings* of our *Satire*, against Nothing but *Wit*, and *Good Judgment* ; this, instead of ' allowing the full Scope to the *Humour* of our *Title*, would have restrained us within narrower limits, and hindered us from pursuing so fully the end and design of it. How could we have published the *Letters* of Correspondents, on so great a variety of subjects written without any manner of *Irony* ? Would it have been sufficient to introduce them always with an *Ironical Preface* ? Would not the trouble and difficulty of this task have been very great ; and the continual repetition of it, tedious and nauseous to the reader, as well as writer ? Whereas, consistently with our own Scheme, we might publish the compositions of others, and our own, on all kinds of subjects, and in whatever manner written, whether serious and direct,

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or ludicrous and ironical. To expose the follies and lesser faults of our Members, the latter way was thought sufficient : but their crimes and greater enormities seemed plainly to require the additional scourge of the former. Self conceited Ignorance and Dullness, when alone, might have been kept perhaps within some bounds by the sneering smiles of Ridicule ; whereas nothing but the rugged frowns of Severity would effectually restrain them, when associated with Impudence, Immorality, and Irreligion. Thus, instead of the single *field of Irony*, which our Brother surprizingly affirms to be ‘ the most *copious*, and *fruitful*, that ‘ could well have been cultivated ;’ there was layed open by our Scheme a more spacious plain, of double the extent, for the literary exercises of grave, as well as airy authors.

Another very material consideration had no small influence in determining us to the preference of this Scheme. We were sensible, how extremely difficult it was to keep up the same spirit in a Paper, for any length of time. We knew what difference and inequality there is in the writings of different authors, and even of the same at different times : and we foresaw the necessity of publishing many Letters of our Correspondents in the same manner exactly in which they should write them. All these difficulties we found upon examination to be obviated by our Scheme ; and that, without the least inconsistency with our character of Grubeans, taken in its full extent, we might insert in our Paper compositions of all kinds ; which, whether well or ill written, might properly appear there, either as the high or low productions of an imaginary or real Grub-street. This distinction, it is true, into high and low, may be likewise used, with respect solely to the productions of real Grub-street : and then, as the latter denotes all the creeping, groveling pieces

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in prose or verse ; so the former comprehends all the bombast and fustian, all the false and unintelligible Sublime. For as in the precincts of Parnassus there are valleys as well as mountains : so in those of Grub-street, strictly so called, there are *Hills*, as well as *Dales*. But we beg leave to extend the distinction much farther : to range all the meaner Pieces under the *Low Productions* ; and to dignifie with the title of *High* all which are written so much above that standard, as to render it disputable, whether they ought to be ascribed to Grub-street, or not. Those smart Adversaries therefore of ours, who, having nothing to say in particular, so frequently cast a general censure upon our Paper as being *true Grub-street*, on the account of some Pieces published in it, were intirely ignorant of its comprehensive nature and design, calculated on purpose to encourage the correspondence of all sorts of writers, and to contain something sutable to all sorts of readers.

If success against opposition be any mark of a well-concerted Scheme, ours was certainly such ; having succeeded beyond all expectation ; tho' never promoted by any of the artifices usual in establishing a Paper, and continually opposed and depreciated by the generality of Book-sellers, and their hackney authors. Far from being recommended at first by a constant succession of *Advertisements* and *Puffs*, or franked into the countrey by Post-official Clerks ; our *Advertisements*, drawn up now and then on extraordinary occasions, were refused by the printers of other Papers ; and very frequently other *Journals* were sent from the Post-Office, to persons who had given particular orders for ours. In short, notwithstanding the practice of all the little unfair arts in opposing it, and the total neglect of the properest and fairest means of promoting it ; it rose gradually, without the least *working*, to such a number, as yielded

yielded a very considerable monthly Dividend for a good while.

But as the greatest mischiefs are frequently occasioned to private Persons, by such instruments as they imagine the most despicable, and therefore take no care to guard against them; so the declension of our *Journal*, and of all the rest, was owing to the rise and progress of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; of which we had long so little apprehension, that we thought it much more likely to die of a consumption, than to live to propagate so numerous an off-spring. The Projector of this *Magazine* (who, having blown up so many Papers with the powder stolln from them, deserves the name of *Chief Engineer of Grub-street*) has declared, that he took the first hint from our method of abridging the News. But see what vast improvements may be made in any Scheme by an ingenious Operator! so great, that it shall not bear the least resemblance with that from which it was originally derived. To expose the continual false reports in the Dayly Papers, and to prevent the spreading of them, we abridged select articles of News, placing all the different and contradictory circumstances under one view, within so narrow a compass, as not to take up near a twentieth part of the room generally possessed by the News in those Papers. In imitation of this, our industrious Brother SYLVANUS URBAN, projected an Abridgment of all the Letters and *Essays* in the Weekly Papers, &c. which he seemed to form only by cutting out, as it were, at random, as many paragraphs at the beginning, middle, or end of each Piece, as would reduce it within the compass he had allotted for it. So that in his *View*, as he called it, of the *Weekly Essays*, executed in this manner, most of them made a very odd appearance, having neither head nor tail; and many resembled the quarters of a person who had suffered

ferred for treason; each of which might as justly be called a miniature of a Man, as any of these dissevered parts, hacked off from the rest, an Abridgment of a *Letter* or *Essay*.

But in the Poetical part which followed, there was no occasion given to complain of this mangling barbarity: for all the *Epigrams* and *Poems*, in all the News-papers, were reprinted together *verbatim* at full length; without the least mention of any Paper from which they were taken. By which politic omission, they might pass upon the generality of readers, especially in the country, as then first published in this Collection, and very much promote the run of it; as stolen linen, handkerchiefs, &c. are rendered the fitter for sale, by taking out the mark of the owner's name. But this extensive Genius did not think this plunder alone sufficient to store his *Magazine*: and therefore, as in the prosaic part he took in what he thought proper from Pamphlets; so in the poetical, he sometimes reprinted whole *Poems* of a considerable length, which had been published singly.

These materials, collected from above forty Papers, for the copy of which (not to mention that of the Pamphlets and Poems) more than twenty guineas had been payed by the Proprietors; and more than two hundred for the Stamps; he, with the assistance only of a low-prized Operator, heaped together monthly; freeing himself at once from two heavy burthens, Copy-money, and the Stamp-duty. The only charge then remaining being that of paper and print, the former of which he knew how to purchase, as well as to perform the latter, at the best hand; he might very safely offer to the Public a Pamphlet of three sheets and a half, in a very small character, for six-pence, *containing more in quantity, and greater variety, than any Book of the kind and price.* In

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the dispersing of which, he had likewise a very great advantage by his place in the Post-office; which gave him continual opportunities to prevent the progress of other Papers into the country, and to promote that of his own Pamphlet, without the expence of postage to his customers: so that privileges in that Office may sometimes be made instrumental in diminishing the revenue arising from the Duty on Stamps.

From the low manner in which the former part of this mean undertaking was executed, and from the apparent unfairness and injustice of the whole, we thought it very unlikely to meet with any extraordinary success. For almost all the materials belonged to other persons: and, tho' the word *compiled* was not used in the title-page, yet they were really *compiled* together, according to the original and most proper signification; being packed up, like the goods of a pillaged house, in great *quantity* and *variety*, as close as possible, that they might be the more easily carried off. That any number of readers of the higher class would give encouragement to the sale of such stolen goods, we could not well imagine. And if they should, we concluded, that not only the Book-sellers who had shares in the Weekly Papers would use their utmost endeavours to hinder it; but that the Commissioners of the Stamp-office would effectually put a stop to it, by procuring the Pamphlet to be stamped, as in justice it ought to have been. But we were intirely mistaken in both conjectures. For these Gentlemen never vigorously interposed in this affair; tho' by the rise in the number of the *Magazines*, and the fall in that of the *Journals*, &c. it is certain, that, at a moderate computation, the revenue from the duties on Stamps must have sunk at least 100 *l.* a month. And as to the Book-sellers, instead of uniting their strenuous endeavours in a fair and generous opposition to this piratical Pamphlet

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Pamphlet; many, for the sake of an inconsiderable gain, sold it themselves; and some of them set up another of the same nature, formed extremely like it, on purpose to be put off in its room. As That was intitled *The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, or Monthly Intelligencer, containing more in quantity, and greater variety, than any Book of the kind and price: so This was called THE LONDON MAGAZINE, or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer, containing greater variety, and more in quantity, than any monthly Book of the same price: one of which Titles must necessarily be false.* — Thus the off-spring of Grubbean heads was now brought into a much worse situation than before; not unlike that of the honest Man's in the *Fable*, placed between the picking and stealing hands of his two Wives; with this difference only, that, whereas each of these picked out hairs of the same colour, our bosom Friends plucked off ours indiscriminately by handfuls, leaving their wise customers to separate and sort them for their proper use. Yet even in this melancholy situation, we could not forbear laughing now and then, to hear the LONDON MAGAZINER on one side, charging his antagonist with piracy in plundering the News-papers, *in none of which (say'd he) he has the least share*; and the GENTLEMAN MAGAZINER on the other complaining, how *unfair and ungenerous* it was to *supplant an AUTHOR in his plan, design, and title*; and Both upbraiding each other with their mean applications to gentlemen, post-boys, and carriers.

But since these *Magaziners* (one of them especially) have followed the common method used by persons, who, being unable to justify their actions, represent others as bad as themselves; and have recriminated piracy upon us, for collecting and abridging some Articles of News from the

Dayly Papers; it is proper to say something in answer to this accusation, and to shew the disparity betwixt their conduct and ours. — In order to which, let it be observed, 1. That no persons, by paying a Collector for picking up false domestic stories, or an Author for translating foreign ones in a false manner, and by printing them at their own charge, can acquire such a property in them, as to prevent any other person from reprinting them, to expose their falsehood: 2. That the same or different persons can less acquire any such property, in two different Papers, in which they publish the very same stories *verbatim*, either at the very same, or different times; thereby obliging people to pay twice for the same thing. 3. That almost all the articles of News, foreign and domestic, are reprinted from the Dayly Papers three times a week, in four *Evening Posts*; (not to mention *Peny, Half-peny Posts, &c.*) which, containing each the News of the two preceding days, not only have a good sale in the city, but, being published on post-nights, are sent to all parts of the country, where they necessarily prevent the appearance of the Dayly Papers.

Now let a deduction be first made of all the paragraphs of domestic and foreign News, which are false; of all the latter which are falsely translated; of all those which are the same word for word in different Papers of the same or different mornings; and of all which have been reprinted in the Evening Papers, &c; and see to what the remainder will amount: to four or five Articles perhaps, reprinted first in our *Journal* from the Papers of the preceding morning. Let us next cast our eyes upon the *Magazines*: and besides half a sheet of *Domestic Occurrences*, and *Foreign Affairs* or *Advices*, &c. taken from the Dayly News-papers, we shall find three whole sheets
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stuffed almost solely with the spoils of Weekly
 Papers and of Pamphlets; the longer Pieces in
 prose being most miserably mangled, under pre-
 tence of abridging them; and the shorter, with
 all the Poetical Pieces, reprinted word for word.
 And in the last place, let the injury done to the
 Proprietors of the Dayly Papers by the *Journalists*,
 be inquired into, and set against That received by
 the Proprietors of the Weekly Papers, &c. from
 the *Magazines*: and it will evidently appear,
 that, as scarce one Dayly Paper the less is sold, on
 account of the News abridged in the *Journals*;
 so there is a weekly diminution of several thou-
 sands in the sale of the *Journals*, &c. occasioned
 solely by the currency of the *Magazines*. And
 yet the Original Inventor of these *Compila-*
tions, had the modesty to compare our abridg-
 ing of the News only, to the seizing of the whole
crust of a pye; and his own pillaging of *Letters*,
Essays, and *Verses*, of Pamphlets and Poems,
 to the picking up of the remaining *crumbs*. As
 this was the only defence, which, as far as we
 know, he ever made; so it seems very properly
 adapted to the occasion: for how could so mean,
 unfair, and base an undertaking, be more proper-
 ly excused, than by a false recrimination in a low
 and stupid comparison?

This Account of these two *Magazines* has
 been thus particularly detailed, because the one
 was the original project, the other a very early
 imitation; and both so successful, as to in-
 courage still new adventurers to try their for-
 tune in this kind of piratical traffic. For when
 any *new Work* is proposed among some enter-
 prizing Book-sellers, the first Question is, not
 whether it be fair or honest, but whether it be
 likely to take? This being determined in the af-
 firmative, there is seldom any scruple raised af-
 terwards; unless there be some apparent danger
 of a legal prosecution. For in that Maxim,

Where no Law is, there is no transgression, they restrain the signification of *Law* solely to the *Law* of the land; by which if the reprinting of another person's Copy be not expressly forbidden, they imagine themselves at liberty to do it for their own private interest. But this is forbidden by that one general Law of Nature, which enjoins the most diffusive benevolence towards all persons; and consequently forbids the doing of any hurt or injury to another: which is the Summ of all the Laws of Nature, antecedent to all Civil Constitutions, and the foundation of them all. According to which if a man do not conform his actions, but only endeavour to secure them from the penalties of human Laws, he will be guilty of great instances of injustice, and act even below the morality of an honest Heathen. For the tree of property shoots forth so many extensive boughs, and minute branches, that it is impossible to secure them all, by any verbal fence, from the insidious attempts of the crafty and dishonest; who are continually endeavouring to crop off some of them, for their own private advantage, without any regard to the rights of others. Many of which rights, whether acquired by labour, donation, or purchase, are as clearly known by general consent and custom, as by a written law; which does not, when enacted, originally create, but only confirm and secure them, by the addition of proper penalties. — In the Case before us, a person who composes any thing in writing, intended for the benefit of others, has a right to some advantage by way of grateful return from them, for that product of the labour of his mind, as well as for the product of any bodily labour. This original right he may transfer by gift, or for some valuable consideration, to any person; who from thenceforth becomes the sole proprietor of that production, and is thereby

thereby intitled to all that advantage, to which the author only had at first any just claim. The original right to some advantage from our labours is founded on the Law of Nature: Human Laws may confirm that right; appoint the methods of transferring it; and limit the advantages arising from it, in such a manner, that the public receive no detriment thereby. All which was done, in some measure, by the *Statute* of the 8th of *Queen ANNE*; the very words of which acknowledge an antecedent *property*, which was intended by that *Act* only to be secured. So that in case, either that this right or property has not been thus confirmed and secured, or that the law confirming it be expired; an honest man will consider the justice and equity of the affair, and, tho' sure of impunity, will scorn to invade whatever has been generally accounted the property of another, to which he himself has not the least pretence of any particular right.

Had such notions of right and wrong generally prevailed, the *Gentleman's Magazine* had either never appeared at all, or had at least been soon forced to disappear. But the moderate fortune of some; and the covetousness of others, putting them upon buying as much as possible for money; they inadvertently encouraged that unfair dealing in respect of books, which on reflection they themselves must needs condemn; and which, if the like were attempted in respect of other things, would be condemned by all the world. This encouragement soon increased the number of these piratical adventurers, who vied with each other in their expeditions at land; which, like those of their brethren at sea, were attended with very various fortune. To out-doe the two Monthly Depredations in the *quantity* and *variety* of plunder, two Weekly ones were undertaken, by two different

different gangs, tho' not at the same time. — The first was *The Weekly Magazine*; which was begun to be erected in November, 1732, but was soon blown up, like white powder, without making any noise. — The other appeared about three months after, under a different name, tho' a work of the same nature; and with the greatest impropriety imaginable was called *The Bee*. Whereas the whole, instead of one small part of it, ought to have been intitled *The Drone's Collection*; a very short and proper description of a *Magazine*, the compilers of which live, like *drone*s, upon the pillaged labours of the ingenious and industrious. To persuade the world, which otherwise had known nothing of the matter, that some notice was taken of this pamphlet, it was declared in continual Advertisements and Puffs, and in the title itself, for near two years together, that the arbitrary suppression of it (tho' it was never really suppressed by any act of Power) had made a good deal of noise. But all the low artifices to make it make a noise proving ineffectual; having buzz'd and humm'd about in a wretched and expensive manner as long as there were any *Talents* to support it, it died and vanished out of sight, as little missed, as it had lived regarded: leaving scarce any mark or sign of its existence, but the sign of the *Bee-bive*, which has been long in vain exposed to sale at a Broker's in Holborn. — As the deserved catastrophe of these two *Weekly Compilations* deterred all persons from engaging in another: so the great success of the two *Monthly* ones encouraged many to increase the number. The first of which was *The Ladies Magazine*, which, containing as many more sheets as either of the other, was proposed to be sold at double the price. In this (*we hear*) two of the *London Magazines* joined under-hand; but the design not succeeding, they had

had so much dexterity in their *management*, as to make their Co-partners in the *London* contribute to the reparation of their losses by the *Ladies*, under pretence of ingaging the proprietors thereof to lay it down. Since that, at different times, and with different success, several *Magazines*, and other *Monthly Compilations*, under different names, have been set up; but none exceeding the price of six-pence. So that there are at present enow on foot to contain the plunder, not only of all the Pieces in prose or verse which may be inserted in the News-papers; but of all the Pamphlets and lesser Books which may hereafter be published.

If it be objected, that the account here given is not true, particularly with relation to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which contains a great many *Original Pieces*; it is answered, 1. That this mixture of *original* with reprinted Pieces is an alteration, but no improvement, of the first Scheme; the former *Magazines* containing a greater number of more diverting and useful compositions, than the latter. 2. That there is good reason to suspect, that many of these pretended *Originals* are not really such; since two whole *Letters* have been lately detected to have been stolen from *Arch-bishop TILLOTSON*, &c. and from the *Spectator*. 3. But supposing, that one half of this Collection consisted really of *Originals*, and those worth reading; this could no more excuse the Compilers in pirating the other half, than the plea of buying many of their goods in a fair way of trade can justify the common receivers and venders of as great a quantity of stolen goods.

But the unfair practices of these *Magaziners* have received still a much greater aggravation, by the extensive influence which their ill example

has had upon a great number of little necessitous Book-sellers and Printers. These wretches, thinking themselves secure in their poverty, lurking holes, and privileged places, have audaciously reprinted all sorts of Copies which they imagined would sell; and have got them retailed and hawked about in weekly scraps and parcels. Nor are some persons, who affect to make a more considerable figure in business, and would scorn to plead their necessities in excuse, intirely free from either directly carrying on, or indirectly encouraging, this little peddling and pilfering way of trade. Which has increased to that degree within these four or five years, that, unless the Bill now depending put an effectual stop to it, the chief business of Book-selling will consist in the execution of piratical projects, to the great disadvantage of the fair trader, as well as of the Public.

In exposing thus at large, in this *Preface*, the practices of these Literary Pirates in general, and of the *Magaziners* in particular, we have been still pursuing the main end and design of our *Journal*. For these Members of Grub-street have given great cause of offence, not only by the *quantity*, but by the *quality* of their pillage; in *compiling* which, they have indiscriminately packed up good and bad Pieces together, many weakly and wickedly written, which tend only to mislead their readers, corrupting their principles and practice, and propagating ignorance, immorality, and irreligion.

As it was necessary to use a good deal of freedom in the prosecution of our undertaking, by which the interests of so many persons would be affected; it was natural to expect a loud storm of clamour and obloquy to be raised against it. This therefore, when it came, gave us neither surprize, nor apprehension; being conscious of our own integrity, and finding ourselves only charged with

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Some general heads of accusation, without any particular instances to support them. Our Adversaries have complained of the lowness of some Pieces, and of the trivialness of some Critical observations; they have charged us with pragmatism, pride, and self-conceit; with calumny, slander, and detraction; with having injured persons in their properties; and with all these bad things, as being the effects of envy, malice and ill-nature.

The first of these objections has been obviated already: and as to our Criticisms, tho' we must own many of them to be minute and trivial, of which therefore very few are here reprinted; yet we think they were very proper, if not necessary, at the time of their first publication. For they served to rectify the frequent mistakes of our Members, many of whom having only a smattering, or else being entirely ignorant, of the learned languages, are almost continually corrupting their own.

To intermeddle in the private affairs of quiet and inoffensive persons, is certainly impertinent and pragmatical. But whatever is published to the world from the press, lies open to the inquisition of every reader: who, if he finds in it any thing false or fallacious, not only may, but ought to expose it, in order to prevent its bad effects. Nor can the frequent Animadversions in this Paper upon Pieces written on subjects of Literature be justly imputed to pride and self-conceit; as if we pretended to a very large stock of learning and knowledge. Far from entertaining any such vain thoughts; we had never entered upon this undertaking, had we not been certain, from long observation, that a very moderate stock would be sufficient for it. And whether our Correspondents and our-selves have manifested more, than Those whose compositions have been censured,

sured, is intirely left to the judgment of the Public: which, tho' even so favourably given on our side, can not raise in us any high opinion of our learning, which we can never imagine extraordinary, merely from its superiority to that of such Authors.

As we never published any thing properly calumnious, or which we knew to be false; so we took all imaginable care not to publish any thing slanderous, or which, having all the appearance of truth at first, might afterwards prove to be a groundless imputation. In confirmation of which, we can produce a multitude of Papers communicated to us, both in prose and verse, which we suppressed; because they either contained reflections upon persons who had given no offence to the public, or seemed to be only the aspersions of private pique and malice. And tho' we may have frequently given true accounts of the conduct of some persons in their writings, and in the mean artifices to put them off, and the like, not very advantageous to their characters; yet we cannot justly be charged with defamatory Evil-speaking, since we have scarce ever spoken ill in any case, but where charity or justice, to ourselves or others, required it. We have perhaps sometimes lightly ridiculed some instances of folly and vanity in learned or ingenious persons; that they might know they were not altogether unobserved: but we never treated any with severity, but Those who had given just cause of offence, either by first attacking others, or by the ignorance or immorality manifested in their writings, or by their endeavours to impose upon the Public in some remarkable instance.

By expending a considerable sum on the printing of a weak or a wicked book, a man may possibly acquire such a peculiar right and property in it, that no one shall have a right to take it out

his shop or ware-house against his will. But every one has a right to take it to pieces, and to shew the world, that it is not worth near the money demanded for it. This is not to injure the Book-seller by invading his property, which remains just the same as it was before; but to secure others from injury, by warning them not to suffer their property to be conveyed into his pocket, in exchange for things of less, or perhaps no value at all. Nor could this beneficent proceeding turn unjustly to the disadvantage of any book of real worth: since a liberty was allowed of defending, in our Paper, any which had been attacked in it; and which consequently would appear to greater advantage, by having been weakly and unreasonably censured. But this impartiality was not agreeable to many, and especially to some large dealers in impressions of waste-paper, who would fain have had our *Journal* been subservient to their particular interests, by being open to them, and shut against their competitors. In which unreasonable desire being disappointed, they exclaimed loudly against us, and frequently delivered it as their sage opinion, that no Book-seller ought to advertise in our Paper, because *It was against the Trade*. A charge, either entirely false in itself; or plainly intimating, that *the Trade* of the whole Fraternity consists, more or less, in pirating the Copies of other persons, in printing stupid, immoral, and irreligious Pieces, in putting off paltry and unsaleable books, by the help of false title-pages, fallacious Advertisements and Puffs, and many other little and mean artifices. For these and the like unjustifiable practices in *the Trade*, as carried on by some particular persons, are the only things, *against* which any Pieces have appeared in our *Journal*; which never contained any thing in disparagement of *the Trade* itself,

but only of such sinister dealings as disparage and bring a scandal upon it.

As the source of this undertaking has been truly represented above, which therefore did not proceed from envy, malice, or ill-nature: so these bad qualities have had no influence in the conduct of it. — A larger share of the goods of Nature or Fortune is that which generally excites the envy of those who have a less. But as our Grubean Brethren will not insist upon the abundance which they enjoy, either of the favours of the latter, or of the external gifts of the former; they must imagine their superiority in the internal endowments of Nature, improved by industry, to be the sole occasion of our envy. To obviate which imagination, since enough has been say'd already, and since all that can be say'd will not be able to remove it; we shall leave it to the judgment of the reader, whether our envy could possibly be rais'd by their intellectual or moral qualifications. — In proof of our malice, it has been ridiculously alleged, that we have fallen upon persons, meaning their works, who have never injured us: whereas, according to the best English writers, *Malice* is an inclination to hurt others, from a resentment of some injury received, real or imaginary. But taking it, as intended, for such an inclination, without any cause or provocation given, which is the proper sence of *Malig-nity*, and so renders it the same with *Ill-nature*; the following fictitious Case is a true representation of our own, and exhibits a just vindication of our conduct. Suppose we were standing at the bow-window at the Pegasus, and saw an Inn-mate of Grub-street driving ginger-bread in a wheel-barrow, and oratorically *advertising* and *puffing* the excellency of it; which, tho' adorned with curious figures, and flowers, and with letters in gold, (like a book finely bound, lettered, and

gilt)

gilt) we certainly knew, either to be stolen, or to be composed of worthless or noxious ingredients, which at best could yield no nourishment, and might probably occasion some distemper; would it be any instance of malice and ill-nature, to give the audience a true information, and to advise them to preserve their money and their health? Nay would it not be an evident instance of benevolence and good-nature towards them, tho' the Ginger-bread-maker and seller would no doubt loudly complain of it as ill-natured and malicious? Let this Case be only varied a little, and transferred to the food of the mind; the argument will be the stronger, and yield a short but full vindication.

Our adversaries, finding these general objections little regarded, had recourse to the common refuge of defeated controvertists, and endeavoured to draw off the attention of the reader, from things, to persons; pretending to point out those who were principally concerned in our *Journal*. Among whom, they did us the honour to fix upon the most eminent Poet in the nation: an honour, which we had not the vanity and weakness, either falsely to assume, or truly to disclaim. For as to the former, being very sensible of the impossibility of supporting any such pretence, we inserted a ridicule upon it, very early in one of our Papers. And as to the latter, we thought a serious disavowal by any public declaration would be ridiculous; since this must plainly intimate, that we had the vanity to imagine, that several persons of parts and learning did really entertain such a notion. For as to the notions or assertions of the renegado Members of our Society, they deserved no manner of notice; since the strongest denial on our side would not have hindered their folly and disingenuity from continuing and repeating them. This they actually did in November,

vember, 1735, almost a year after that Gentleman had publicly declared, that *he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal in our Paper.* Notwithstanding which, it was asserted in the *Prompter*, N^o 107, that *He first, enrolled, Mr. BAVIUS; in that undertaking, and, then, left him in the lurch.* To what particular time this *Then* referred was never so much as intimated; tho' the expression seemed plainly to denote, that the desertion soon followed the *enrollment.* But if any credit may be given to the Authors of the *Bee* (some of whom are suspected to have written likewise in the *Prompter*) this desertion did not happen 'till after the Year 1733. For at the end of that Year, they scurrilously abused the same Gentleman, as then writing in conjunction with Mr. BAVIUS; who therefore was not *left in the lurch* by him, till four years after his *enrollment*; a pretty long term to be so concisely comprehended, between *First* on one side, and *Then* on the other.

But it is time to pass from such instances of falsehood, folly, and frenzy, to the small, but sole occasion that was ever given for them. Several Pieces, tho' few of any considerable length, in ridicule of that Gentleman's adversaries, supposed by the contents of them to come from his own hands, or those of his intimate friends, had been inserted in our *Journal*; but more frequently for the first year, at the conclusion of the controversy with the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad.* On this slender foundation they raised the report; which they endeavoured to confirm by observing, that, tho' many Pieces in his favour, yet few or none against him had ever appeared in our Paper; tho' it might be certain, no doubt, to them, that several such had been communicated to us. But we can with the greatest truth assure them, that our conduct with respect to these opposite Pieces was the effect of

of the most impartial examination: which determined us to the publication of the one, and to the suppression of the other: which suppression was not more advantageous to the object, than to the authors of such groundless and malicious Reflections, on supposition they could have been discovered.

Having done full justice to this Gentleman and his particular friends, in relation to the few Pieces imagined to come from their hands, which are distinguished in this Collection by the Letter A; we ought to do justice likewise to ourselves, in disavowing any particular advantage accruing to our Paper from them. For tho', according to the distinction lay'd down above, they may be justly looked upon as the very best of the *high* productions of Grub-street; yet they were so far from occasioning a greater demand, that we had more returns of those particular Numbers in which some of them were inserted, than we generally had from others, which contained the *lower* productions, about the same time. So uncertain a criterion of the excellence or indifference of any composition, is its quick or slow sale at the first publication.

From the first appearance of our *Journal*, for about a year and half, the Office of Secretary was executed every week alternately, by two persons, who had agreed to take upon themselves the names of BAVIUS and MAEVIUS, and always to subscribe the former to whatever should be written in the person of the Secretary. When one of these had thought fit to dispose of his interest in the Paper, the chief care of it devolved upon the other; who before had generally appropriated to himself the latter name, but upon this alteration more frequently took the former. These two names, one of which onely had been assumed, by one of those two persons, and both by the
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other,

other, gave occasion to the distinguishing of their respective Pieces in this Collection, by a B. and an M.

The Office of Secretary was held by the same person to the end of the year 1735, at which time he resigned it; having met with great opposition, from some who were then Partners in the Paper, to his endeavours of preserving an exact impartiality in it. They were highly offended, if any bad book, in which they had any concern or interest, was exposed. The publishing of Criticisms upon books without being payed for it was condemned; since (as they urged) the Book-sellers, to whose advantage those Animadversions might turn, would have payed generously for their insertion; or those who might be prejudiced by them, more generously for their suppression. Sometimes it was strenuously insisted, tho' directly contrary to one main design of our undertaking, that no such Animadversions ought to be inserted at all, because it would provoke the Book-sellers, and hinder them from sending *Advertisements*. Nay so far were they prejudiced and blinded by their resentment, as to find fault with Pieces inserted; which, as it afterward appeared, they had never read. And an *Abridgement* of a Book was absolutely condemned by one, as stupid and improper for the *Journal*, which was soon after reprinted *verbatim* in the *London Magazine*, wherein the judicious and honest Censor was a principal partner.

The frequent altercations upon these subjects made the Secretary uneasy in his office; the close attention to which hindered him likewise from completing some undertakings in which he had been engaged. He therefore resolved to secure to himself the command of more time, by resigning an employment, which he found impossible to discharge to their satisfaction and his own; which was not consistent with being solely

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accountable for the choice of the Pieces published, to persons, whose deficiency both as to knowledge and integrity rendered them very improper judges. Upon his acquainting them with his full determination to put this resolution in practice, at the time specified above; a Committee was appointed to examine the papers of our Correspondents every week; and to select out those which they should think most proper to be published: and this method has been continued ever since.

As to the dissatisfaction expressed by Correspondents, on the disappointment of their expectation, and their frequent abuses of the Secretary on that account; they yielded him occasion of diversion, rather than resentment, being always sure to find himself commended as impartial and witty, or censured as partial and dull, according as he had inserted, or suppressed their Pieces. But it was frequently matter of wonder to him, that they could so far mistake the design of the Paper, as to imagine that it could give admission to their lewd or profane compositions, or to their scurrilous Lampoons upon private persons; with a large collection of which kind of *Originals* we could furnish any *Magazine*. Some, who had acknowledged themselves obliged to us for inserting their compositions on some subjects, when we thought them in the right, have abused us for refusing to comply with their desires, when we were sure they were in the wrong. Many, intirely unknown to us, have shewn their resentment, because we would not expose ourselves to trouble and charge by publishing their anonymous invectives. For which caution we had sufficient occasion given by several whom we did know, on whose assurances of indemnification, by their emissaries or themselves, we ventured to publish some things which we imagined for the benefit of the Public; but which have turned to our private disadvantage,

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the principals having either denied their own orders, or shewed no regard to their verbal promises.

But how various soever the opinions and discourses of different, or of the same persons, concerning us, may have been; or with what virulence soever many may have declaimed against us, this has never put us in a worse situation, but rather kept us in a better. For it has been well observed, that not the speaking against any Piece, but the saying nothing at all about it, is a certain sign that it is good for nothing: and it may be questioned, whether the railing of the illiterate and stupid do not promote a run, as much as the recommendation of the learned and ingenious. That our long course has proceeded more from the latter than the former of these causes, we shall not presume to say: but shall only observe, that, as those persons are generally thought to live longest, whose death is most desired and expected, our Paper is now far advanced in the eighth year of its age; having out-lived its most declared enemies, *The Weekly Register*, *The Bee*, *The Free Briton*, *The Prompter*, and his supporter *The Daily Journal*, which had often wished and foretold its speedy death. Which whenever it shall happen, notwithstanding all the noise that has been raised, he who shall make its funeral oration, may challenge all its inveterate Adversaries to produce an instance, for the first six years of its life at least, of any valuable, useful, and good book decried, or any ingenious, learned, and honest person abused in it; provided only, that no one shall name himself, or any of his own Works as an instance.

There are two Observations in the *Dunciad*, which well deserve the serious consideration of all curious readers of Books, Pamphlets, and Newspapers. The first is in the *Preface* to the five first imperfect Editions of that Poem: 'It will be found

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found a true Observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, That when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the State or in Literature, the Publick in general afford it a most quiet reception ; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves : whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.' The second is in the *Note upon Ver. 132. of Book II.* ' Certainly next to commending good Writers, the greatest service to Learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of use to it'. As the former observation shews the natural consequence of such an undertaking as ours : so the latter fully proves the reasonableness, and even necessity of it. So that whenever our Paper shall be layed down, it is highly probable, that it will be succeeded by some composition of the same nature. To preserve in which that exact impartiality which we designed, and which such an undertaking ought to have, it will be absolutely necessary, that no enterprizing Book-sellers, nor mercenary Authors should be concerned ; and that no manner of regard should be payed to *Advertisements*. For as such Book-sellers are continually projecting new Works, and such Authors always ready to engage in any ; they will never suffer them to be criticized and censured, tho' ever so justly. And if they are intent upon the profit arising from *Advertisements* ; in order to secure a good number of them, they will protect all the worthless copies of others from censure, as well as their own.

The employments of printing and selling Books, which formerly were united in one and the same person,

person, if exercised according to the rules of justice and morality, are very conducive to the welfare of the Public, by being instrumental to the improvement of the mind in learning, knowledge, and virtue. On which account, very great regard ought to be shewn towards good Book-sellers and Printers; who, next to good Authors, seem to deserve the highest favour and encouragement. But, as the very best things, when corrupted, are changed into the worst, the printing and vending of false, lewd, immoral, and irreligious Pieces, is attended with the most extensive, pernicious, and fatal consequences; and therefore the printers and sellers of them are the most mischievous and detestable members of any Community, except their Authors. Such persons are doing irreparable mischief even after they are dead; and while their bodies are rotting under ground, the labours of their heads and of their hands are still spreading infection and corruption above it. To prevent and hinder the contagion of which, as much as possible, it is necessary from time to time, to hang up some Memorial of their characters and conduct; that the present age may be deterred, by the sight and stench, from following such vile examples.



TO HUMPHREY PARSONS, *Esq*; Alderman of the City of London.

S I R,



H E Papers, from which the following *Memoirs* are extracted, having begun to make their first appearance that Year, in which you presided over this City as chief Magistrate, wait upon you now, at their second appearance, in a form more convenient to contribute to your diversion. As they were produced in the most eminent seat of Learning within your jurisdiction, your right to them is indisputable : and as several of them were intended for the honour of the City in general, and of yourself, and your Brethren in particular ; they may plead some right to your *Patronage*, in the fullest signification of the word. Which does not mean barely the pompous appearance of an illustrious name at the head of a book ; but comprehends likewise some instance of generosity to the Author. This is the true notion entertained by all the Dedicators of *Grub-street*, and the chief end of the Encomiums in all their *Dedications* ; which end they think so plain and obvious to be understood, that they modestly decline expressing it in any. But if a Patron shew himself very unintelligent, they soon take care to explain their meaning ; and to let him know, that he has lost all the virtues they had rashly ascribed to him, by ascribing them to some more worthy person in their next *Dedication*. — This self-

ii DEDICATION.

selfish and unjust proceeding we have always condemned: and where the conduct of any person in his public capacity has been still the same, we shall never make his negligence towards ourselves any motive to withhold those tokens of our respect, which his former dignity, and his later conduct, justly demand.

In consequence of these notions, Sir, we now present you with this due testimony of our respect: wherein we shall omit all the common topics of praise, applicable to several who have preceded or followed you in your late high Office; and shall mention but one, peculiar to yourself, and which distinguishes you from all your Brethren: That at a time, when the ancient custom of riding on horseback in the solemn procession on the Lord Mayor's Day had been long layed aside, it was a Lord Mayor of the City of London, who first taught the King of France to ride a hunting after the English manner.

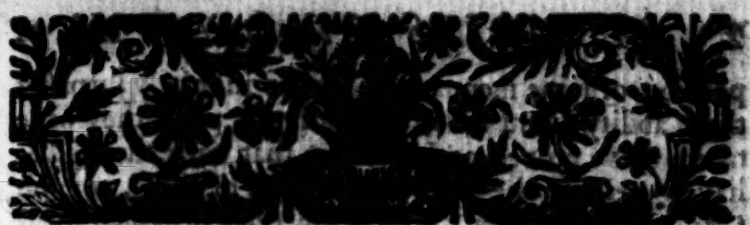
Sir, we flatter our-selves, that you will be very well pleased with this unexpected Address; and the more so, in that it will give you an opportunity of making up some inadvertent Deficiencies to our Brother MAEVIUS, so copious in your praises, by extending your generosity in a more copious manner, to

Sir, Your most obedient,

and humble servant,

Grub-street,
May 4, 1737.

BAVIU



MEMOIRS OF THE SOCIETY OF GRUB-STREET.

N^o I. THURSDAY, Jan. 8, 1730.

*Dullness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end?
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head
With all such reading as was never read.*

Dunciad, B. I.

Grub-street, Jan. 7, 1730.



THE best things here below are liable to be corrupted, and the better things are in their own natures, the more mischievous are they if corrupted. Books are on all hands allowed to be of the greatest benefit to mankind: whence I infer, that a

bad book must be one of the greatest of evils. Our Society has always been composed of such ingenious and learned Members, as have produced the best of books themselves; and done what in them lay to suppress the bad. This procedure has drawn on them the op-

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Mr. DENNIS's Preface to the Usefulness of the Stage.

MEMOIRS of the Society N^o 13

position of some men, whose malice infinitely surpasses their ability; and who, after all the pains they have taken, have proved nothing, but that they themselves have 'neither the reasoning of men of sense, nor the style of polite men, nor the sincerity of honest men, nor the humanity of gentlemen, or men of letters'. These men (if I may so call them) whenever they have been desirous to run down any book, as low, trivial, and contemptible, have bestowed on it the epithet of Grub-street; as if it was a sufficient note of infamy to suppose it to come from this place. But this Paper will abundantly convince the world of the usefulness, dignity, and excellence of our Society, and how mean and despicable our adversaries are. This is reason sufficient to shew, why such a Paper ought now to be published: it may perhaps be rather matter of wonder, why something of this kind was never published before.

For this there have been very substantial reasons, with which the world may be hereafter acquainted: at present it is enough, to put them in mind, that the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris never published any of their Memoirs till thirty years ago; and to assure them, that a learned Member of our Academy is preparing for the press the Antiquities of Grub-street, with its History, continued down to the present time. So that our account in this Paper may begin at this instant; and we may proceed to give the Public a weekly relation of the most important of our transactions.

In the prosecution of this design, we shall relate the admissions of new Members; and frequently give an account, and sometimes an abridgment of such books, as shall receive in a particular manner the approbation of our Society.

It may be objected perhaps, that the latter is constantly done in the several monthly Accounts of the Works of the Learned. To this I answer, that tho' the Authors of those Pieces often display to the best advantage the Works of several of our Members, and are indeed generally such themselves; yet they omit a great number of excellent books: the design of their

under-

undertaking being to recommend those chiefly, which are published for the particular Book-sellers by whom they are employed.

We shall also publish such Dissertations, as the Society shall approve; and sometimes relate the learned debates which happen among our Members on a great variety of subjects. And as historical accounts of transactions foreign and domestic, with which the curious palates of our Country-men are highly delighted, have always been the peculiar product of this Society; care will be taken that this Journal shall afford an agreeable entertainment of that nature, set out in a very copious and exact manner. The care of preparing which is committed to Mr. QUINNUNC, a worthy old Citizen, who has sacrificed his own interest to that of the Public. This great Scholiast has undertaken to collect all the material articles of news from the other Papers; to digest them into a proper method; and to illustrate them with critical observations. He has likewise engaged to publish several occasional Papers, relating to prodigies, murders, apparitions, &c.

Mr. QUINNUNC's constant employment in the service of the Society, obliges him to reside in their house; that he may always be in a readiness to make the most proper use of any intelligence which may be communicated. He is accompanied, in his residence, by Mr. POPPY, an excellent Poet: who will not only frequently entertain the Town with some of his Poems; but is likewise ready to compose Panegyrics or Satires, Copies of verses from friends of Authors, Odes, Epithalamiums, Funeral Elegies, Anagrams and Acrostics, and annual Salutations from City Bell-men to their worthy masters and mistresses, at reasonable rates.

I must not omit the mention of one very considerable Member, who bears the title of Historiographer to the Society, GILES BLUNDERBUSS, Esq. The other Officers receive salaries from the Society; but Squire BLUNDERBUSS has generously declined the receiving of any of the public money; *somebody having left him something to live on.* The world will now

MEMOIRS of the Society N^o 1.

and then be entertained with the characters drawn by him of our deceased Members.

As for myself, the care of publishing this Paper will lie on me. And tho' I shall have sufficient matter from the Journals of the Society, to continue the publication of it weekly; yet if any ingenious and learned persons will favour me with their correspondence, their communications shall be gratefully acknowledged, and faithfully transmitted to the Public, by

Their obliged friend and humble servant,
B BAVIUS.

Our learned Secretary Mr. BAVIUS having given a sufficient account of the general design of this Paper; I shall only mention a few particulars concerning the part I bear in it. The method, in which I shall dispose the News, will be quite different from that used in the other Papers; which all, with great impropriety, begin with the foreign News, and end with the domestic. This seems to me to be like travelling into foreign countries, before we have taken a survey of our own. The disposition of the News is a subject I have long thought of with great concern; and am mighty glad of this opportunity of giving the Public a better model. It must needs please every body to see what has been doing for a whole week, first in London, and in the Country, and at last abroad. And besides, I shall mention the Author at the end of each paragraph; that so the gentle Reader may know on what authority he is to depend for the truth or probability of every article. The first place will be given to the *Gazette*; then the other Papers will be regarded according to their seniority: and where any paragraph needs an explanation, I shall not fail to add a suitable remark. I shall not detain the Reader any longer with prefacing; but wishing him a happy New-Year, give him the best entertainment that is in the power of

Grubstreet, His humble servant,
Jan. 7, 1730. GEFREY QUIDNUNG.

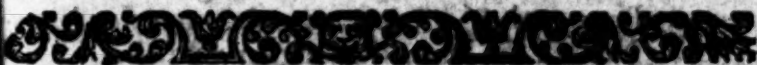
B NEWS

N^o 2. of GRUB-STREET 1730. 6

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, Jan. 3,

Letters from the Old House inform us, that the expected Comedy, call'd, *The Humours of Oxford*, has been rehearsed with great applause, to a very small Audience. WEEKLY MERRY. — Mr. BAVIUS thinks it strange, that a great applause should proceed from a very small audience; unless the Actors agreed, as sometimes they do, to clap one another. M



N^o 2. THURSDAY, Jan. 15.

On cold December fragrant chaplets blow;
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow. Dunciad, B. L.

The ODE for the New Year.

RECITATIVO.

JANUS, the shining round survey,
Where all is pompous, all is gay.
Hence far dull cares with duller spleen are flown.
O! joyous thou thyself appear,
To welcome in the new-born year;
And in thy younger face a look of smiles put on.

AIR.

Happy, happy, British climes,
Fruitful of Saturnian times!
How fair arise their shady woods!
How smoothly flow their silver floods!
Crown'd with CERES laughs each field,
And verdant vistas meadows yield!

B 3

RECT.

Various readings in the *London Journal*, Jan. 10.

1 Whence. 2 Hail the new-born peaceful, 3 Thick rise.
Smooth flow, 5 Green Vistas.

MEMOIRS of the Society N^o 1.

RECITATIVO.

But what are charms of woods, or fields, or meads,
To those more heav'nly charms that freedom spreads?
From freedom all our tastes of pleasure spring; 15
And the rich source of freedom is the King.

AIR.

Sweet are the jes'min's breathing flow'rs;
Sweet the soft-falling vernal show'rs;
And sweet the glooms the grove affords;
And sweet the notes of warbling birds: 20
But not the 'groves, nor rains, nor flow'rs,
Nor all the feather'd songster's pow'rs,
Can ever sweet or pleasing be,
O lovely Freedom, without thee.

RECITATIVO.

No wonder, that so oft *Britannia* fought, 25
Thy blessings, Goddess, to attain:
No wonder, thee so oft the fearless fought,
Through seas of blood, and hills of slain.

AIR.

But let the seeds of peace,
Still more and more increase: 30
Let truth with virtue meet;
And mercy justice greet:
Let friendship reign with love,
As join'd they reign above.

RECITATIVO.

With harmony begin the year; 35
Such as may sooth the nicest ear:
Such as the Royal Race may deign to year.

CHORUS.

As harmony the day began,
Sing on, sing on, till day is done;
And then sing on still to a second sun. 40

Various readings in the *London Journal*.

6 Grove. 7 CHORUS. 8 Play on, play on. 9 Play on.

It prelages no small happiness to our Society, to have the New-year opened, before the most august assembly, with this incomparable Ode, composed by one of our worthy Members. To shew all its beauties would require remarks extended to as great a length, as the longest of Monsieur DACIEN's upon any Ode of HORACE. But, being confined to a narrow compass, I shall only point out some of the principal graces, and must leave the rest to the observation of others.

The whole first stanza is very fine, *Where*, to use the Author's own words, *all is pompous, all is gay*: but the last verse is so particularly beautiful, that tho' one change the order of the words, and endeavour to reduce them to the prosaic style, yet they shine with equal lustre as in the verse itself.

And put on in thy younger face a look of smiles.

When this was read in the Society, M. POPPY could not forbear breaking out into this poetic rapture,

*For this, Great Bard, thou ought'st to wear the crown;
And in thy learned brows a wreath of bays put on.*

The Critics observe concerning lyric poetry, that it is a loose and free way of writing, which seems to despise all sort of method; that it affects transitions, excursions, and digressions, which appear to be made with no art at all; that it neglects the connection of sentences, and is much pleased with frequent exclamations. These rules are all exemplified in this Ode: and accordingly the second stanza begins, *Happy, happy, British climes!* which has no manner of dependence upon the fore-going; but might as well have been placed before it. The excursion to *shady woods*, and *silver floods*, &c. is admirable, at this time of the year; as will more fully appear from the remarks upon the 4th stanza.

The sense of the 11th verse is somewhat dubious,

Crown'd with CERES laughs each field.

Where CERES may be taken either metonymically for corn, or for the Goddess of corn, as if each field had been crowned by her hand. Both these senses are

* The Reverend Mr. LAURENCE EUSDEN Poet Laureate.

8 MEMOIRS of the Society N° 2.

are very good: but if the latter be taken, we ought rather to read *crown'd* by *Ceres*.

A trifling objection has been raised against the next verse upon the word *Visto*, which is generally taken to mean a view, or prospect between trees: and therefore it was matter of wonder, how *verdant meadows* could yield *Vistos*. But the learned Lexicographer, N. BAILEY, ΦΙΛΟΛΟΓΟΣ, under the word *Visto*, says only, *Visto, a prospect. Italian.*

In the next stanza the excursion about *shady woods*, &c. is brought home to the purpose; and a comparison drawn between the *charms* of sylvan scenes, and *the charms of freedom*, which are made infinitely superior to the former.

*But what are charms of woods, or fields, or meads,
To those more heav'nly charms that freedom spreads!*

The charms of woods, &c. are here allowed to be *heav'nly*; but the *charms of freedom* are *more heav'nly*; and these *more heav'nly charms* are in a very poetical manner said to be *spread* by *freedom*.

The 4th stanza, which is a return to the sylvan scene described in the 2d, is likewise an admirable imitation of that fine speech of ADAM to EVE in *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. Ver. 641, &c.

*Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; &c.*

The lyric Poet has indeed taken some of his images from hence: but then he has cloathed them in a different poetical dress, and thereby made them his own. *Fragrant the fertil earth after soft showers*, is changed into *soft-falling vernal show'rs*; and the *charm of earliest birds*, into *notes of warbling birds*, and *feather'd songsters pow'rs*. And tho' the air and turn of the thought are the same in both poems; yet the long-winded epic is here happily contracted into the lyric strain. But in one respect the epic Poet is infinitely out-done by the lyric. For the former puts these words into the mouth of ADAM, when he was retiring to his bower with EVE; who, as well as himself, had several of the objects then present to her senses, and perhaps had observed them all that very day. To speak

Speak of such therefore was very obvious; and no more a proof of a genius, that to talk of the goodness or badness of the weather; which is generally done, when persons are at a loss for discourse. But our incomparable Lyric, in the very depth of winter, when we are all shivering with cold, by a representation very seasonable on that account, entertains us with the united charms of spring, summer, and autumn. As there is a great affinity betwixt poetry and painting, this gives us a sensible pleasure, not unlike that which we should take in viewing, in the coldest weather, some fine landscape, in which the delights of the country, in the vernal, summer, or autumnal seasons, are represented by an artful hand. A Poet of a more timorous genius would have taken great pains to have introduced the seasons in their natural order, or just touch'd upon the pleasures of each. But our Author has no sooner mounted his Pegasus, but in despite of bad ways and weather, he rides immediately into the country, where he meets with *shady woods, silver floods, breathing flowers, vernal showers, &c.* And if a Gardener, who by artificial heat produces fruits or flowers out of season, is admired as an extraordinary artist: by parity of reason, is not that Poet worthy of our admiration, who from the sole heat of his fancy presents us with *breathing flowers* upon New-year's day?

And as this 4th stanza is imitated from JOHN MILTON: so the last *Air* is a fine imitation of that celebrated Lyric Poet JOHN HOPKINS; who, in his Version of Ps. lxxxv. 10. has these beautiful lines

For truth and mercy there shall meet,

In one to take their place:

And peace shall justice with kiss greet:

And there they shall embrace.

But, as according to the proverb, *All is well that ends well*, our Author, like other artful writers, has reserved his finest thoughts and numbers for the *Epilogue*, in order to strike the imagination, and leave a lasting impression upon the audience. This is so inexpressibly good, that I shall not pretend to add any remark, which would rather obscure, than illustrate it.

TO MEMOIRS of the Society N^o 2.

it. I shall therefore only join in Chorus with him,
— and sing:

*As harmony the day begun,
Sing on, sing on, till day is done:
And then sing on still to a second fun.*

M

BAYIUS.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Jan. 9.

Yesterday at the East India sale, about 100 lb. weight of Aquila wood was put up at 10s. and sold to Mr. John Hayward, an eminent Druggist, for 120l. It was lately brought from India by Governour Adams; and is a kind of gum, esteemed the richest perfume in the world, and is found on an island near China; in which Empire, for its delicate scent and scarcity, it is much prized by the ladies, who generally have a small piece of it tied to their fans. DAILY JOURNAL.

— *As one of our Members was reading the foregoing article in a coffee-house; a stranger to him observed, that it was improper to call a wood a gum; and added that this Aquila wood was called also Agallochum and Lignum Alloes; and that it was frequently mentioned in the sacred writings; and was also an ingredient in the Venice treacle.* B

SATURDAY, Jan. 10.

Last monday a woman was found dead in a coach-house, among old lumber, the back side of Church-lane, St. Giles's. APPLEBEE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL.

— *The learned Dr. ZOILUS thinks, that there is an omission of the copyist in this place; and that we ought to read among OTHER old lumber.* B

A project is on foot, countenanced by many Members of Parliament and others, for establishing a Court of conscience in Westminster-hall, for the benefit of the poor of the said city and liberty, and county of Middlesex. LONDON EVENING POST. — *I am of opinion, that a Court of conscience in Westminster-hall will be a great benefit to the whole nation.* B

THURS-

N^o 3. THURSDAY, Jan. 22.

Tros, Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRG. Æn. x.

*Or Trojan, or Rutulian let him be,
No partial difference shall be made by me.*

Wednesday, Jan. 21. 1730.

Mr. QUIDNUNC in the Chair.

A NEW dramatic pantomime Opera, intitl'd *Perseus and Andromeda*, was read to the great satisfaction of all the Members present.

A motion was made, that the former part of this Journal might be frequently employed in political dissertations; as being a more agreeable subject to the generality of readers, than matters of literature. This motion was seconded by Mr. * NOODLE; who desired, that further instructions might be given, to take particular care to vindicate every step taken by the Gentlemen in the Administration. He added, that it would not only tend to the honour of the Society, to give such public proofs of their loyalty and zeal; but would also probably procure a comfortable subsistence for many of the Members, who at present enjoy no great affluence of fortune. This was vehemently opposed by Mr. * NUMSCULL, who told him that he talked like an

* In the kingdom of Timbutam, in the Persian Empire, there sprung up, about a century ago, two powerful contending Parties; which were distinguished by the several names of the NOODLES, and the NUMSCULLS. The NOODLES valued themselves chiefly on principles of civil liberty, and professed an open abhorrence of all kind of tyranny and arbitrary power.

The NUMSCULLS, on the other hand, were great assertors of religion, and of the rights of those persons, who devoted themselves to the service of the Deity. They likewise maintained, that the power of the Prince was *jure divino*, in opposition to the NOODLES, who founded it only on compact or agreement. See *The Craftsman*, Vol. III. No. 92.

an ass; for no Papers sold so well as those which were filled with invectives against the Ministry; and that for his part he scorned any advantages that might arise from flattering men in power. Mr. NOODLE replied with some warmth, that he was a fool and a block-head, and took up the fire-shovel to strike him. Mr. NUMSCULL was not behind-hand with the bel-lows: and a terrible fray had immediately ensued, if the Chair-man had not called them to order.

Silence being with great difficulty obtained, the Chair-man, having summed up the substance of the debate, was pleased to declare his opinion in the following manner:

Gentlemen, It is impossible for any man of sense to deny, that political controversies have been always so generally judged to belong to this Society, that very few have engaged in them, who were not Members of it. The backs and ears of many of you will be a lasting testimony of your sufferings in the glorious cause of writing. But tho' it is certain, that these honours of right belong to you in your private capacities: yet I cannot persuade myself, that we have any claim to them as a body. The unanimity which ought to appear in a Paper, published by our joint consent, would be destroyed by entering on a subject, which as this day's debate has shewn, cannot be handled without great heats and animosities. For my own part, I have endeavoured hitherto, in that share of our Journal, which you have committed to me, to steer evenly between the two parties, and I hope, I have not yet given offence to either; and if I should hereafter do it, I assure you, it will proceed from mistake, not from design. As for the first part of our Paper, I am of opinion that it ought to be most generally confined to subjects of literature: but as a motion has been made, I am obliged to put the question to you, Whether that part shall be employed in political controversies.

The question being put accordingly, it was carried in the negative by a great majority.

B

BAVIUS.

THURSDAY,



N^o 4. THURSDAY, Jan. 29.

— *What street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green.* DUN. B. II.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 28.

Mr. Secretary acquainted the Society, that he had received a letter from an eminent book-seller; which by their orders he read, as follows.

SIR,

Covent-Garden, Jan. 23, 1730.

UPON the publication of the first *Journal* of your Society, I went to three or four coffee-houses, in hopes of seeing it; but met with a disappointment, not uncommon upon the first appearance of a new Paper. Soon after this, I asked the opinion of a learned gentleman, who writes for me, concerning it; who assured me, that it was a very silly Paper, without one dram of wit; and that some ingenious friends of his, who meet at a coffee-house near the Change, had pronounced its doom, That it could not live a week, and that number the first would infallibly be number the last.

This has proved a very false conjecture; and upon reading the three numbers already published, I am forced to dissent from those learned gentlemen, as much in the former, as in the latter part of their opinion. For, I think, your *Journal* may not unjustly be compared to a raree-show, which, as well as those who carry it, has a very plain and mean external appearance; but if we look into it intently, the prospect enlarges by degrees, and gives us a most surprising and delightful entertainment, successively presenting to our view the greatest variety of nature and of

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art. The thoughts of the Town concerning this rare-show are very various: which has united all mine at present in this one, not to lose any time in making application, by you, to the learned Society, for the favour and honour of being appointed their book-seller. An honour, for which it would have been a great presumption to sollicite, without some foundation for such pretensions. On which account, that natural backwardness and modesty, which has been a great disadvantage to me on many occasions, would have likewise restrained me from putting myself forward on this, did I not humbly conceive, that in many respects I may justly hope for a preference to any other competitor.

For I can, with the greatest veracity, and without the least vanity, affirm, that no one person, in the whole fraternity of Book-sellers, has so much promoted the interest of your members in particular, and consequently of the whole Society in general, as myself. No man ever employed so great a number of them, within the same compass of time; or payed them so generously, as I have done. And for the truth of this, I appeal to those gentlemen themselves; and to you, Sir, in particular.

I dare challenge the most eminent of the trade, to shew a catalogue of books of his own printing, equal to that which I am ready to produce. Let the compositions of levity be counted by number, and those of gravity examined by weight; the stock of my antagonist will be found deficient in the sum total, and deceitful upon the balance.

Those, who have made the greatest figure in our way, have generally run chiefly upon some single branch of science, as Divinity, Physic, Law, Poetry, &c. and have frequently raised an estate, by going on servilely and stupidly in one tract of business. But, moved by nobler views, and having a laudable ambition to become famous in the common-wealth of learning, I scorned to confine myself to any one of its parts, endeavouring to the utmost of my power to promote it in all. And tho' Biography, secret History, natural Philosophy, and Poetry, were my chief favourites; yet no part of literature can complain, that it has been disregarded,

garded, much less intirely neglected by me. And, I believe, a perfect *Encyclopædia* of arts and sciences may be collected solely from the books which I have published.

This may seem a paradox to those who form a judgment of the number of books printed for me, by seeing my name in the title page; and may thence be apt to conclude, that where that does not appear, I was not at all concerned. This is a very uncertain way of judging: there being a great many cases, in which it is not at all proper, either for an author, or a book-seller, to put his name to the book he publishes. And I can evidently prove, whenever it shall be deemed necessary, that I have actually printed and sold as many books under fictitious names, or under none at all, as under my own. By which conduct of mine, those which were before kept up at an exorbitant price, have been put into a great many hands, at a moderate rate, to the great advancement of learning and knowledge. This I always preferred to my own private emolument; and for the sake thereof, have exposed myself to continual dangers and losses.

In short, I may venture to affirm, that the mystery of book-selling has been carried to a greater height by me, than by any, either of my predecessors, or contemporaries; and that I have out-gone every one of them in his own particular way. I had gained so great an ascendant over authors, that great numbers were always ready to write upon any subject whatever, by my advice and direction; for which I always gratified them in a handsome manner. And as for those, who, out of private views, declined my acquaintance, and refused me their copies on any terms I could offer, these I obliged to write for me *gratis*; and published and sold many fine compositions, both in prose and verse, under their names.

This extraordinary way of trade, as it gained me the admiration of the world, so it raised against me the envy of many book-sellers, and the enmity of many authors; which was likely to have proved fatal to me. For one of the latter having invited me to a tavern, under pretence of business, infused poison into the wine:

but through the happiness of my constitution, and the protection of the divine providence, that, which was designed for my destruction, contributed to my health, working off only as a strong emetic and purge, and so proved to be physic, instead of poison. This villainous attempt upon my life was owing to * *Papery*; a religion (if it may be so called) which teaches its votaries to do evil that good may come of it, to keep no faith with Heretics, and to make use of private doses and daggers.

Not long after this, upon an invitation from the † King's scholars, I went to Westminster: where I was treated in a most barbarous and inhumane manner; without the least regard to the sacred ground on which the college stands, or to the vicinity of the abbey, of the king's most ancient palace, and of the courts of judicature; which formerly were, and ought still to be, secure places of sanctuary and refuge to the innocent. I used my utmost endeavours to get some satisfaction for this outrageous violence: but as if justice was fled from Westminster-hall, as well as piety from Westminster-abbey, I could meet with no lawyer, who would undertake my cause, tho' I did not pretend to consult any *in forma pauperis*.

And as the first attempt upon my person was made by a profest papist; so I have all the reason in the world to

* Mr. C. having published a satirical Piece, intitled *Court Poems*, which in the Preface were attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. Pope, or Mr. Gay, the former gentleman took an opportunity, at a tavern, to give Mr. C. a strong vomit and purge in a glass of sack. See *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poison, on the body of Mr. Edmund Curl, Bookseller, &c.* printed a little after the transaction, and now reprinted in *Swift's* and *Pope's Miscellanies*.

† Soon after the funeral of

Dr. South, in 1716, Mr. C. having by some means procured an imperfect copy of the funeral Oration, spoken by one of the King's scholars, published it. Upon which, under pretence of helping him to a more perfect copy, they decoyed him to their Hall, where they tossed him in a blanket; and afterwards flogged him severely in the School. Of which see a humorous account in verse, intitled *Neck or nothing*, written by Mr. Wesley, one of the late Uchers.

to believe, that the second was approved, if not incouraged, by a late bishop; who once made a bitter invective against me in the house of Lords, and was since banished for holding a treasonable correspondence with the Pretender. So that under these afflictions, so grievous to flesh and blood, I had this consolation, that I suffered as a good protestant by the friends of popery and arbitrary power; and that my greatest enemies were likewise the most inveterate enemies of our constitution in church and state.

But that which gave me the most sensible affliction was, that, by their false representations, they were at last able to draw upon me a prosecution from the government, to which I have always been so well affected. So that, instead of admitting me into a share in printing the *Gazette, Votes, &c.* for my good services, as I had just reason to expect, I was † advanced to a station, to which, tho' very conspicuous, I had no ambition to aspire. However, I have now got over the sense of that disgrace, as it appears in the eye of the world; and, being conscious to myself of having done nothing that is shameful, am really ashamed of nothing. And in all my troubles I have found that true by experience, which I declared to several persons after a late fit of sickness, That nothing can support a man so well under any affliction as the testimony of a good conscience.

This short account of what I have done and suffered in extending the liberty of the press, the source of all our other liberties, might be considerably enlarged by many more particulars. But what I have already touched upon, will, I trust, set my actions and sufferings, as a book-seller, in a true light, superior to those of any other of the profession; and draw upon me the favourable regards of your honourable Society.

Give me leave to mention one thing more, which, even on supposition that the balance was at present equal, must necessarily, as I imagine, turn the scale on my side. I have myself written many *Things*, both in

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prose

† In Feb. 1727, Mr. C. stood in the pillory, for publishing a lewd book, intitled *The Nun in her smock, &c.*

prose and verse, which have been well received by the Town; and, from the stile and manner of them, have been thought to be the productions of some of the most eminent Grubean sages.

It is not uncommon, for ingenious persons in this great city, whose heads have been a little touched by their misfortunes in trade, or otherwise, to set up for authors, and to make application to become members of your Society; as if it were a kind of hospital, founded for the reception of persons of crazy intellects, and broken fortunes. On the contrary, in the highest tide of business and reputation, and in the full vigour of understanding, I on all occasions shewed the greatest veneration for your learned body. And yet, after all, I am not so ambitious as to desire to be admitted as a member, on the merit of being an author: but shall think all the pains I have taken, or felt, either in mind, or body, well repayed, if by your favour the title of *Book-seller to the learned Society of Grub-street* shall be conferred upon,

S I R, Your most obliged, obedient,
and humble Servant,

CURLUS.

After the reading of this letter, the chair-man proposed, that since the choice of a book-seller was a thing of great importance, it might not be made precipitately; but that all the members should have time to consider maturely of it. In the mean while, to shew the great regard the Society had to the extraordinary merits of Mr. CURLUS, set forth by him in so elegant a manner, they ordered, that this letter should be published in the *Journal* of to-morrow. M.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, Jan 24. On thursday night a country-man was knock'd down in Dirty-lane by 3 street-robbers, who took from him 30 guineas that were sewed up in the waste part in his breeches. COURANT.

— We are sorry, that the man should have any
waste

N^o 5. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 19

waste part in his breeches; and fear our author has a waste part in his hat. B

TUESDAY, Jan. 27. A new Company, for managing funerals, is erecting in this city, composed of various kinds of tradesmen. DAILY POST.—*I suppose this is found necessary, on account of the late great increase of physicians, vulgarly called Jockey Doctors.* B



N^o 5. THURSDAY, Feb. 5.

*Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curl.*

DUNCIAD B. III.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary of the Grub-street Society.

S I R,

THE obligations of the learned world to your Society are greatly augmented by the generous care which they have shewn for the public, in sending abroad their *Journal*. What may we not expect from a Paper which is published with the joint consent of so illustrious a body! Your own learned Remarks on the incomparable Ode of our LAUREATE have given a specimen of the justness and accuracy of your criticisms. In your introduction, you promised the publication of such dissertations as should receive the approbation of your Society. Happy shall I be, if this letter, which I design as an Essay on Miltonic verse, may be approved by so learned an assembly.

Before I enter on the subject of this Essay, I shall beg leave to observe, that poets may be divided into two classes: the Parnassians, and the Grubeans. Of the form

former were most of the Ancients ; and of the latter are most of the Moderns. That beautiful way of writing, which we call imitation, has been managed after a different manner by these two classes of writers. The Parnassians were strangers to the close way of imitation, wherein consists its greatest beauty ; and one of their chiefs call such imitators *servum pecus*. Their way of imitating was very loose, as will appear by comparing VIRGIL'S *Georgics* with those of HESIOD, whom he openly professed to imitate ;

Astræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

But a true Grubean imitator should follow his author step by step, quite contrary to that erroneous rule of HORACE :

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.*

By this means, a poem of the Parnassian kind in one language may be translated into a Grubean poem in another. By this means, a Parnassian tragedy of CORNEILLE has been made to shine with true Grubean honour on a British stage, by an eminent Dramatic writer of your Society. This rule indeed chiefly regards translations : for should an imitator follow a poem written in the same language with the exactness I propose, he would rather transcribe than imitate. In this case then, he may chuse a subject different from that of his author, and so his very words may be made use of. Thus altho' the words may be Parnassian, yet, the sense being Grubean, the whole poem will be so too ; but much more so, if he can pick out such words as are Grubean also*.

But it is not my design in this letter, to discourse concerning imitation in general ; that subject having been already judiciously handled by the learned SCRIBLERUS, in the 9th chapter of his excellent *Treatise περί Καδύς*, or *The Art of sinking in Poetry*. My present intention is to shew, how MILTON ought to be treated ; who,

altho'

* Thus far was printed at first in No. 3. but it was thought better to join the whole Dissertation together, in this edition.

altho' a vehement Parnassian, may nevertheless without much difficulty, be imitated in the most profound Grub-bism. This may be done, either by copying him in those things, which the vulgar reckon his imperfections; or by making use of his sublime stile to express a profound sentiment.

A frequency of digressing is one thing, which has been imputed to him as a fault, by bad judges. In this excellency none has succeeded more happily than Mr. RALPH, who has judiciously made almost his whole Poem, called *Night*, a continual digression from the title. — In this poem, after due invocation, and promising his patroness *Contemplation*, that if she will *design her favour* to his Muse, his *grateful song* shall *resound her praise*,

*With dulcet musick, and attune the hours
Of sleep and silence with melodious lays;*

he begins his poem with telling us, that when the sun goes down, night arises, and then it is either dark, or star-light, or perhaps moon-light. *Mean while* (that is, as I take it, in the space of one night.)

— *revolving time with restless toil,
Thro' all the seasons turns the circling year.*

And so he brings in *spring*, which, he says, *brightens the day*. In the beginning of spring there is rough weather, but afterwards milder, and then the *seamen hoist their willing sails*. In the midst of this digression about spring, comes in another, which consists of no less than 31 lines. In this beautiful digression, our author makes a couple of lovers meet in a grove, where they *sit, and look, and sigh*, and so their *sprightly thoughts with glad-some prospects seem*. He entertains them all the while with *aerial musick*, and the *dancing of Fairies*, who vanish at the approach of a shower. Having described this shower, our poet says no more of the lovers: but leaves us in doubt, whether their passion was cooled by the rain; or they themselves vanished along with the Fairies. Having dispatched the spring, he lets us know, that night comes on in summer; and in the third book, in autumn too. In this book he digresses beautifully to
tell

tell us, that in autumn there is an old ruined castle near Newbury, which formerly was CHAUCER's seat; and that a great battle was fought near it. It would have added to the beauty of this digression, if our poet had carried it on farther, and told us, that there had like to have been another battle at Newbury, at the time of the Revolution. This might have introduced the whole history of that glorious change; and been brought down to the blessings we enjoy under the auspicious government of his present majesty.

Another method of imitating MILTON is to make use of antiquated words, scarce any where else to be met with, such as *dulcet, gelid, umbrageous, redolent, &c.* without abundance of such words as these, a poem will never be esteemed truly Miltonic.

I shall give one instance among many of MILTON's very words being converted to profundity, from your great DENNIS. In the poem entitled *Il penseroso*, MILTON has these words:

*Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.*

This has been admired by the injudicious, as being natural: but you will agree with me, I dare say, that nature is not to be imitated, but mended. Mr. DENNIS, no doubt, thought so, when he composed that fine Apostrophe to the river Danube, in his *Poem on the battel of Blenheim*.

*Thou, like a bittern, thro' thy doleful reeds,
Complaind'st in sullen and in moody groans,
Expressing manly sorrow mix'd with rage;
While thy brown billows sounding on thy shore,
And swinging slow with hoarse and sullen roar,
Kept murmuring consort to thy threat'ning moan.*

It was natural, indeed, to speak of the *swinging of a bell*, as MILTON did; but truly poetical, to speak of the *swinging of the billows of a river*; and far above the imagination of one who had been used to live by a river side, and had no idea of the motion of its

its billows, above what mere nature had conveyed to him.

But it will not be enough, in a poem of this kind, to confine ourselves wholly to the imitation of MILTON: we should also add the beauties of other authors; and place Grubean ornaments in the room of such as are Parnassian. It is a constant rule with the Parnassians, to begin their epic poems in a low, unmoving manner: but a true Grubean will begin at once in a lofty strain, like that great ancient,

Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum;

whom Mr. DENNIS has so happily imitated in his *Poem on the battle of Ramellies, in five Books.*

*Of Belgian Provinces, by union's pow'r,
Deliver'd in Ramillias plain I sing:
I sing the triumph of that wondrous field,
Which rais'd the fame of pious ANNA's reign
Above the glory of great HENRY's days,
And equal'd MARLBRO' to heroic Chiefs,
In Nature's youth and happier climates born.*

When I read this incomparable poem, I can scarce forbear thinking, that Mr. DENNIS has got in his possession the whole poem of that noble author, of which we know only the first verse cited above.

The Grubean figures have been treated of so largely by the learned SCRIBLERUS, that I must refer to his incomparable *Treatise περί βιβλίας*, where they are spoken of at large, with great perspicuity. I shall only beg leave to produce examples of two of the chief of them; the *Hyperbole*, and the *Anticlimax*. For the first, let us cite the never-enough extolled Mr. JOHN DENNIS, in his poem just mentioned:

*Awak'd he rises from his bed in haste,
And after him in haste the sun arose,
Impatient to behold his wondrous deeds.* Book V.

For the latter let us quote the learned Mr. RALPH:

*Where eager, hot,
Impetuous, fierce, he gives up all the rein,*

And

MEMOIRS of the Society N^o 5.

*And spurs his courser o'er the dangerous brook,
The thorny hedge, regardless of th' event,
And pants, and sweats, and toils along the trembling
green. Muses address to the King.*

It must needs be an agreeable surprise to the reader, when his imagination is raised, by the *impetuosity* and *fierceness* of the king, to expect some terrible adventure, to find that his majesty is exposed to no greater danger, than that of leaping over a *brook* and a *hedge*.

I could add many more observations on this subject; but I fear I have already transgressed the bounds of a letter: so I shall beg leave, after wishing prosperity to your illustrious Society, to subscribe myself

Duck-lane, Jan. Your admirer and obliged, tho'
19, 1730. unknown humble servant, B.

An Epitaph on a monument on the south side of the chancel of S. Botolph's, Aldersgate, which is not to be found in STOW, WEEVER, or LE NEVE.

Hic conjuncta sue recubat FRANCISCA marito;
Et cinis, est unus, quæ fuit una caro.
Huc cineres conferre suos soror ANNA jubebat;
Corpora sic uno pulvere trina jacent.
Ille opifex rerum omnipotens, qui trinus & unus,
Pulvere ab hoc uno corpora trina dabit.

In English by Mr. POPPY.

Close to her husband, FRANCES join'd once more
Lies here; one dust, which was one flesh before.
Here, as she will'd, her sister ANNE's remains
Were lay'd: one dust three bodies thus contains.
The all-creating pow'r, th' immense THREE-ONE,
Will raise three bodies from this dust alone.

M.

N^o 6.



N^o 6. THURSDAY, Feb. 12.



*As all is dullness, when the fancy's bad:
So without judgment, fancy is but mad.*

Duke of Buck. Essay on Poetry.

A NEW comedy, called, *The humours of Oxford*, having been read before the society with great approbation, they could not but express their wonder at the bad taste of the town, which had shewn so little regard to so excellent a performance. The young gentleman, who has prudently declined putting his name to this piece, in his *Dedication* to the earl of CHESTERFIELD, modestly calls it an *insignificant trifle*; which yet, 'in the vain hopes that it may entertain his lordship in the study, he humbly begs leave to lay before him. This however he should not have presumed to have done, had not the approbation of the rational and unprejudiced part of the town stamp some kind of value upon it.' Several of these gentlemen, who shewed themselves so *rational and unprejudiced* on this occasion, are members of our society; who stamp a just value upon this piece very early, at its first rehearsal; of which the learned author of the *Weekly Medley*, Jan. 3. gave the first account, informing us, that it 'was rehearsed with great applause to a very small audience.'

The laudable design of this young author is to expose one of those two seats of learning (falsely so called) which breed up persons in the greatest enmity to our society. For being there confined to the reading of the dull authors of antiquity, they often contract a pedantic turn of thought and of expression, directly op-

posite to the Grubean erudition. But notwithstanding all the care of these two seminaries of pedantry, to propagate it throughout the nation; there arise yearly, at both places, persons of a sublime genius: who scorning to be confined to such narrow bounds, spend the greatest part of their time in genteel diversions; and the rest in reading the polite authors of the last and present age. Thus improved, they distinguish themselves very early in the world, by some surprising composition, such as that of this gentleman: who, we hope, may live to be a great ornament to our society; tho' the vivacity of his wit does not seem to presage any great longevity. In vindication of this excellent comedy, against the ill-grounded cavils of the *irrational and prejudiced* part of the town, who did all in their power to damn it, I shall in the first place lay before the reader a short and plain account of the whole Drama; from which, without any illustrations, the extraordinary art of the poet in conducting it will evidently appear.

ACT I. *Lady Science*, desirous to have an account of all the sects, from *SOCRATES* to *WHISTON*, which *Gainlove* could not give her, being come with him to *Oxford*, together with her daughter *Victoria*, and her niece *Clarinda*; *Trumore* a colonel of the guards, and *Shamwell* a pretended lord, come thither in pursuit of *Clarinda*. — Here *Gainlove*, who lately courted *Lady Science*, makes his addresses to her daughter, only with a design to debauch her; whom *Ape-all*, an Oxford scholar, courts likewise, with the same view. These are all walking in *Paradise-walks* pretty early in the morning.

ACT II. *Ape-all*, on news of his father's death, having thrown off his gown, and coming into the walks, attended by a servant with a looking-glass, meets *Kitty*, a tavern-man's daughter, whom he had debauched on a promise of marriage; which refusing now to perform, she resolves to be even with him. —

Haughty, a fellow of a college, who courts *Lady Science*, gallants her hither; where meeting with *Clarinda*, *Victoria*, and *Ape-all*, abundance of polite sailleries passes betwixt them. *Trumore*, upon *Clarinda's*

Clarinda's ill treatment of him, having resolved to return to London, comes to them in a riding habit; but, upon farther ill treatment, resolves to stay, in defiance of her power.

ACT III. *Trumore* having received information, in a letter from an unknown hand, that *Shamwell* was an Irish fortune-hunter, comes into the walks, and delivers it to *Clarinda*.—— Mean while *Gainlove*, first by arguments, then by force, endeavours to debauch *Victoria*; who, getting from him, joins *Clarinda*.—— She, having charged *Trumore* with forging the letter, gives it *Shamwell*; speaking at the same time very advantageously of his accomplishments: upon which he declares, that he wrote it himself, in order to discover the sincerity of her affection.—— *Victoria*, who had been a silent spectator of all this, being now left alone, and seeing *Gainlove* coming, hides herself in an arbour; where she hears him in a soliloquy declaring his sudden reformation; upon which she appears, and a reconciliation follows.—— *Lady Science* returning with *Haughty*, *Gainlove* declares to her his passion for *Victoria*; to which she absolutely refuses her consent, resolving to marry her to old *Mudbrains*, fellow of *Brazen-nose* college, recommended by *Haughty*.

ACT IV. *Haughty*, having sent for *Conundrum*, fellow of the same college, to a tavern, lets him know that he had been married three times already, and was just upon the fourth match; at which *Conundrum* pretends to be very angry with him for his perjury: but upon *Haughty's* recrimination of knavery, fornication, and adultery, they agree; and *Conundrum* promises to marry him next morning to *Lady Science*, who was to come to see the chapel. After this they get drunk together, and are taken by the vice-chancellor.—— *Dash*, the drawer, who has an intrigue with *Kitty*, tells her, that he had been informed by *Victoria's* maid, that an old Granum of her mistress was just dead, and had left her 10,000 l. which *Lady Science* concealed, lest she should refuse to marry old *Mudbrains*.—— *Trumore*, disguised like a lawyer, in order to find a flaw in *Shamwell's* writings, by accident meets *Gainlove*, disguised like *Mudbrains*, at *Lady Science's* lodgings;

where they discover each other, and their designs. — *Gainlove* passes upon her ladyship for old *Mudbrains*, and receives her consent to marry *Victoria* immediately, with whom he is to have 20,000*l.* fortune: but *Ape-all* unluckily comes in, and accidentally discovers him.

— Tho' *Trumore*, who had passed upon *Shamwell* for a lawyer, and drawn him into a bargain about the forging of writings, had discovered this to *Clarinda*; yet *Shamwell* was master of such devilish cunning, as to turn all to his own advantage: upon which she declares herself resolved to marry *Shamwell* next morning. N. B. This cunning being of a devilish nature, the poet did not think proper to acquaint the audience with it.

ACT V. *Ape-all* enters with a letter signed *Victoria*, appointing him to meet her (drest in a veil) at eleven, in order to be married; which in his transport he shews to *Trumore*, and leaves in his hands. —

Trumore shews it to *Gainlove*; who thereupon meeting *Victoria*, flying to him from her mother, to avoid marrying old *Mudbrains*, quarrels with her. —

— *Ape-all* and *Kitty* (in a veil, passing for *Victoria*) as they are going to be married, are met by *Gainlove*, who challenges *Ape-all*; but upon *Kitty*'s shewing her face, he desists. — While *Ape-all* and *Kitty* are marrying, *Gainlove* and *Victoria* being reconciled, agree to be married by the same parson who coupled the others. — While this is transacting, *Trumore* meets *Clarinda* and *Shamwell*, as going to the next church for the same purpose: when she, by feigning to have a regard solely for *Shamwell*'s person, draws from him a confession, that he is only a pretended lord; and then promises to marry *Trumore*.

— *Lady Science* and *Haughty* enter at her lodgings, with *Conundrum* in a clergy-man's habit, as just married. To them *Ape-all* and *Kitty*; who pulling off her mask, discovers herself. Then *Gainlove* and *Victoria* entering, ask *Lady Science* blessing; who refuses it. — As *Ape-all* goes out, he meets his father, whom he imagined to be dead; who discovers himself to be the person who had married him and *Kitty*, *Gainlove* and *Victoria*; and is presently discovered

vered to be *Gainlove's* father too. ——— *Haughty* being arrested by an officer for perjury, and his wife appearing, and laying claim to him; *Lady Science's* marriage with him is found to be invalid, both on her account, and of *Conundrum's* incapacity to marry them. Upon which *Lady Science* returns to her senses, and is reconciled. To compleat all, *Trumore* and *Clarrinda* enter as just married.

[N^o 7. *Thursday, Feb. 19.*] As to the three unities of time, place, and action, the author has shewn the greatness of his art in observing the two former, and that of his genius in neglecting the last.

The time allowed by the Critics is carefully observed, the whole business being transacted within the compass of a natural day, or 24 hours. Nay, in this respect, the affair is conducted so artfully, that there is scarce any perceptible distinction between day and night: and it might as well be reduced within the space of an artificial day, did not *Gainlove*, in the beginning of Act V, say, *Victoria has made her escape this morning*. In the common way of thinking one would have imagined, that she should rather have chosen the preceding night; in which, as *Gainlove* tells us, pag. 56. *Lady Science* was determined to have the marriage consummated with old *Mudbrains*: in which resolution she seems more confirmed, pag. 60 (as indeed she had good reason) by the discovery which had been made of *Gainlove*, disguised like that intended bride-groom. This must be allowed by all *unprejudiced* persons to be an admirable contrivance, for a young lady to run away in the morning, in order to avoid being married against her inclination the night before.

The unity of place is as exactly observed as that of time, the scene of the whole transaction lying within the compass of the city of Oxford, either in *Paradise-walks*, or at a tavern, or at *Lady Science's* lodgings.

With respect to the third unity, that of action, it is highly unreasonable to lay down strict rules, in order to confine the genius of a poet within such narrow bounds as are proper only for that of a critic. It is say'd, that

a dramatic writer, ought to aim at one great and compleat action, to the promoting of which every thing in the play must be subservient. And Mr. DRYDEN, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, tells us, in the person of Crites, that two actions equally laboured and driven on, would destroy the unity of the poem; so that it would be no longer one play, but two; and in the person of Neander, that co-ordination in a play is as dangerous and unnatural, as in a state.

But with all due deference to the authority of this great poet and critic, I cannot see the reasonableness of what is here advanced. On the contrary, if one single action, carried on by a good under-plot, diverts the audience, and shews the capacity of the author; by parity of reason, must not two actions, promoted by two under-plots, shew a double capacity in the author, and give the audience a double diversion? And it can be no just objection against such a piece, that it is *no longer one play, but two*, if two plays, thus united are really more entertaining, and consequently better than one.

As to the political comparison, it is built upon a mistake. For *co-ordination in the state* has been plainly proved, by several able writers, to be neither *dangerous*, nor *unnatural*. And the reverend and learned Dr. CROXALE, in his late excellent Sermon before the House of Commons on Jan. 30. asserts it to be according to the nature of our constitution.

Notwithstanding therefore any thing layed down by the critics to the contrary, our author has shewn his superior abilities in this excellent comedy, by setting on foot two equal actions; namely, the marriage of Tru-more with *Clarinda*, and that of *Gainlove* and *Victoria*: which he has likewise promoted by two different under-plots, carried on by *Ape-all*, *Shamwell*, *Haughty*, &c. That therefore which *Conundrum* (who, being an excellent punster, declares himself *Dramatis persona*, p. 48.) says of *drams*, p. 50. may as justly be sayed of *dramatic entertainments*, that if one action in a play, like *one glass of cherry*, is good, *two are rather better*.

To the three unities before mentioned, some critics add a fourth, the unity of character. In respect of which,

which, it has been objected, that the sudden conversion of *Gainlove* from libertinism, in the third act, occasioned by the repulse he met in attacking *Victoria's* honour, is very unnatural.—But the learned gentleman who made this objection, had forgotten the example of *TERENCE*, in the fifth act of *The Brothers*: where *Demea*, from morose and covetous, turns complaisant and profuse, in an instant: and *Micio*, who always abhorred a married life, resolves, on a sudden, at the request of his brother, and of his nephew, to marry an old woman without a portion.

Having no room to enlarge upon the propriety of the characters, each of which justly deserves a Dissertation as long as this; I shall proceed to the thoughts, and the language: the fineness of both which will likewise give us some insight into the former. — *Ape-all*, speaking of the fellows of his college, says, p. 6, 7. *If one of us miss [prayers] but two mornings in a week, they'll set one a plaguy Greek imposition to do—that ne'er a one of them can read when 'tis done ——— And so, i'gad, I write it in French; for they don't know one from t'other.* At p. 17. he tells *Kitty*, *I'll swear I could never write in my life.* And at p. 25, he says to *Clarinda*, *My two first years I spent very vilely, I confess. ——— I had a good for nothing musty fellow for a tutor, who made me read Latin and Greek.*—Upon which it was observed, as a thing very surprizing, that *Ape-all's* tutor, who could not read Greek, and did not know Greek from French (for ne'er a one of the fellows of his college had more learning) should make him read Latin and Greek for two years; and that this young gentleman, who could never write in his life, should write a plaguy Greek imposition in French. To this it was answered, that all this seeming inconsistency was clearly reconciled by two lines in p. 18. where *Ape-all* proves himself a wit by the shortness of his memory. *I have a sad treacherous memory. ——— This wit is a plaguy in-croaching quality ——— it always kicks poor memor out of doors. ——— Trumore's character of Ape-all, p. 5, 6. makes this still more consistent. To his being a fool by birth, and rake by education [at Oxford,] he has added a Supplement of impudence, with an Appendix of*

of modern foppery; and is come out a little Abridgment of the follies of the age, and a compleat Burlesque on wit and fashion. This compleat Burlesque, with both a Supplement and an Appendix to it, making in all but a little Abridgment, is certainly a great curiosity.

But Gainlove, one of the fine gentlemen in the play, in his first soliloquy at coming on the stage, presents us with a greater, and that in natural philosophy. I generally find my philosophical genius mounts in proportion to the weight of my purse; as the spirits in a barometer do to that of the air. This surprising simile is alone a sufficient proof of the author's philosophical genius; the spirits in a barometer, which mount in proportion to the weight of the air, being a phenomenon not taken notice of, either in Mr. BOYLE's Works, or in the Philosophical Transactions. This extraordinary knowledge is the more remarkable in this gentleman here, because, when he is interrogated by Lady Science in the fourth act, he does not know the Ptolomaic system from the Copernican.

But his knowledge in respect of himself, which is undoubtedly the best, appears from this first soliloquy to be very uncommon: for he knows his own father, and that by a certain criterion, the inheritance he enjoys. With all due respect to my mammy, — I do verily believe, — I am a son of a whore. — I was certainly begot by some star-gazer, poet, or projector, by my inheriting their just nothing at all, pag. 1, 2. But he is mistaken, his fortune mends; and without one shilling in his pocket he courts a young lady with 20,000 l. and succeeds.

To these discoveries of Gainlove's I shall add one of Clarinda's, who has found out a new way of being silent; which, I believe, her own sex will highly approve, it laying no restraint at all upon the tongue. She tells Haughty, p. 21. You are as silent as Pythagoras in effect, — because you never talk to be understood.

It being absolutely necessary to the success of any play, to animate it with lively images of things represented in the prurient stile, our author has taken care not to omit the essential ornaments of double entendres; which are generally put by others into the mouths of libertine

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characters of both sexes. But he produces them from those characters, from which one would least expect them; and by that means has made them the more surprising. For who is not surprised to hear the grave *Lady Science* and her niece *Clarinda*, ladies of strict virtue, talk in the following manner? — *Lady Science*, p. 12. calls *Clarinda* empty cylinder, and exhausted receiver. She, to be even with her aunt, tells her, p. 13. *Why truly, aunt, there are some things in natural philosophy I should like well enough to understand; but you can't teach 'em to me. — I think your experimental philosophy is reckon'd the best.* — She says to *Tramore*, p. 14. *You think us deities, and adore us in courtship; but as soon as you are let into the secret, &c.* — She tells *Victoria*, p. 19, 20. *If a woman has the good breeding not to care an ace for her husband; and the good contrivance to be mistress of his purse; she has both the power and opportunity of taking all the joys of life in a more unlimited degree than when single. And that if she marry Ape-all, she may enjoy her tender inclinations unmolested. And afterwards, p. 38. The fear of dying is always worse than the thing itself; — but if he be too wild for you, marry him, marry him, — and you'll soon make him tame enough, I'll warrant you, Girl.* — *Lady Science* to *Gainlove* in disguise; *Do you think it ever possible to find out the longitude, Sir? — It is such a vast profundity, that I fear it is beyond the reach of any man to fathom it. And pag. 59. Alas, she is a girl, — a mere girl; — however, I don't question, Sir, but you will use your utmost endeavours to make her more like her mother.* This she speaks to him, supposing him to be *Mudbrains*, an old fellow of a college, whom she had never seen; and resolving to marry her daughter, who had 20,000 l. to him that very night.

Mr. Ape-all's opinion of these collegians is very different from that of her ladyship; for he gives us this character of them, p. 8. *Your fellows of colleges are a parcel of sad, muzzxy, humdrum, ignorant, old caterpillars. And of Haughty, in particular, he says, p. 23. that he is a fellow of a college; that's to say, a rude, boggish, proud, pedantic, gormandizing drone. — a dreaming dull sot, that lives and rots like a*
frog

frog in a ditch, and goes to the devil at last, he scarce knows why.

Many more of these elegancies might be mentioned: but from what has been already observed and quoted, I believe it is evident, how well the author has executed his design; which, he tells his patron, was *to rescue the stage from those mean and unmanly representations it has lately been employed in; to bring common sense once more in vogue, and to exhibit an entertainment, which might be diverting and improving at the same time, without one sentence which can possibly be wrested into indecency or profaneness.*

M.

BAVIUS.

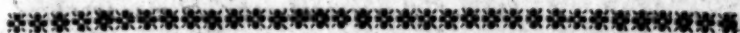
NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Feb. 5. — — Paris, Feb. 11. About 25 years ago a married man was hanged at Layon, and being let blood recovered. He went into foreign countries; gained considerable effects; and upon a general pardon some years afterwards returned to Paris. In the mean time his wife had married another person, by whom she has had several children. Her first husband has demanded her back; but she and her second oppose it. WHITEHALL EVENING POST. Feb. 5. — — Mrs. QUINNUNCE strenuously insists, that as the woman was fairly and honestly married to both husbands, so she ought to have them both. B.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18. — — Gloucester, Feb. 16. On wednesday the Monmouth carrier was robb'd on Cirencester-roads, of a guinea and half, by one highway-man; who, when he rid off, damned him, and bid him sue the hundred. — — This gentleman, it is thought, might formerly belong to the law, by taking his fee, before he gave his advice. B.



N^o 8. THURSDAY, Feb. 26.



Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè?

HOR. de Arte Poet.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grubean Society.

Learned Sir,

TH^{O'} the *Dissertations*, at the beginning of your *Journal*, have been hitherto almost wholly confined to poetry; I suppose you do not intend to exclude the graver sciences. It is on this supposition, that I take the liberty to send you my thoughts on the method of writing *Cases in physic and surgery*. The rules I lay down are drawn from the examples of our present writers on those subjects; most of whom are members of your illustrious society. The ancient physicians were remarkable for their continual aversion to Grubbisin; and HIPPOCRATES, if we compare him with the moderns, was far from deserving the character of *divine*, which many have idly bestowed on him. It raises my indignation, I confess, when I see the *Cases*, which that author has related, so universally applauded: whereas they are conveyed in so cold, so un-affecting, so unadorned a manner, that, however they may instruct, I am sure they can never entertain a reader. The present writers seem very sensible of this; for they generally take great care to provide for the diversion of their readers.

HIPPOCRATES, in the beginning of his *Cases*, tells us, that 'Mr. such-a-one, or Mr. such-a one's wife, or 'child, was ill in such and such a manner.' But a modern author, instead of such low phrase, elevates the subject, by giving the titles of the patient or of his family; and an account of the great offices he had borne in the
common-

common-wealth. Thus I have seen a Case begin, *Nobilissimus infans, filius natu maximus illustrissimi Marchionis (viri muniorum omnium in Re-publi- ca maximorum summe capacis; quem nullae rerum humanarum vicissitudines ab integritate singulari unquam transversum egerunt; ac denique ingenii celeritate quadam incredibili donati)* &c. NOW HIPPOCRATES would only have sayed, *A child of fourteen months old was troubled with the chin-cough;* and then have told us, what methods he used for his recovery. This modern way of writeing, which I beg leave to call the *meteorous*, may be farther improved by the use of swelling epithets. Thus a looseness may be called *ingens alvi profluvium*; a pain in the head, *dolor capitis intolerabilis*; and a restless night may be expressed by *noctem egit ab omni quiete alienam, Et vehementer admodum delirabat.*

The next kind of stile which I shall recommend, is the *digressive*. This agreeably amuses us, and calls us off from the uneasy attention, in which the relation of a melancholy case is apt to ingage us. The gentleman who excells most in this way is the learned Dr. DANIEL TURNER; whom I look upon as one of the greatest ornaments of your society. This learned gentleman has given us the greatest master-piece in this way I ever saw, in his *Art of surgery*. It is in the Case of *an ancient man coming out of Essex under some seeming discontent of mind, who took up his lodging at the Dolphin without Bishopsgate.* This Case extending to full seven pages of an octavo volume, I must denie myself the pleasure of transcribing at length, lest I should take up too much room in your Paper. Having told us very particularly the manner of the old man's cutting his throat, he adds, that * he lay'd aside his razor, leaning himself over the side of the bed, that the blood might fall down upon the floor. In this posture, before he was quite exhausted, he gave several strong groans; which being over-heard by a stranger, waking out of his sleep, in another bed, though the same room, gave an alarm to the said person, who calling out, but hearing no answer, leaped out of bed, and crying aloud at the window for the chamberlain, a

candle

' candle was brought in, and the poor old man found
 ' speechless, as under the agonies of death: however,
 ' finding by his sighing that he was still alive, they
 ' came presently for my assistance, who, understanding
 ' what had happened, hastened to him with such neces-
 ' saries, as I thought I might have occasion for; and
 ' coming to the bed-side, found a stream of blood run-
 ' ning thence to the farther end of the chamber. Then
 acquainting us with the manner of his stitching up the
 wound, he proceeds: ' While this was doing, he fetch'd,
 ' as we say, several sighs; and having clean'd him, and
 ' put him on a fresh shirt, we attempted to get down
 ' two or three spoonfuls of wine, but could not, at
 ' least as I perceived. I then call'd to him, and desir'd,
 ' if he could not speak, that he would make some sign
 ' by lifting up his hand to mine; at which he star'd like
 ' one amaz'd, but could do neither. Wherefore it was
 ' thought necessary to secure his chamber-fellow, who
 ' freely surrender'd himself, without offering an escape,
 ' but readily assisting us all the time, there being none
 ' but these two in the room, and not certain but that the
 ' old man had been assassinated, nothing being found
 ' in his pockets, more than would pay for a night's lodg-
 ' ing, although his habit was very decent, but plain,
 ' like that of a country yeoman of the inferior rank.
 ' It was truly my opinion, that the case was suicide,
 ' the other poor man calling out for help, instead of
 ' making his escape, which he never attempted; but how
 ' innocent soever, he was committed to the Compter in
 ' the morning. Having left orders with the chamberlain
 ' for his farther management, till a nurse could be pro-
 ' vided, I went home in great concern for the poor travel-
 ' ler, who was like to be sent to Newgate, yet upon search
 ' had only two shillings with some farthings found upon
 ' him; but in a few hours after, was earnestly entreat-
 ' ed to go back, for they had heard him speak. Being
 ' well pleas'd at the news, for the satisfaction of my
 ' own mind, I hastned to him again, and calling aloud
 ' (for I understood by the people of the inn, that he
 ' seemed to them a little deaf over night) ask'd him how
 ' the accident came, and whether he had not cut his
 ' throat, or somebody else? He answer'd very low and
 faintly,

faintly, it was the Devil had done it. I then order'd
 the servants to come close to the bed side, when I a-
 gain put the question, that if the Devil had done it,
 whether the razor was not his, and held in his own
 hand when the wound was made? He replied, Yes.
 I then desir'd he would tell us, if the stranger, who
 lay in the bed just by him, had any hand in the ac-
 tion, because he was brought into trouble on this occa-
 sion, and might be hang'd for him: Upon which he
 answer'd with great concern, as loud as he could,
 No, no, no. Whereupon, drawing up a small writ-
 ing, in the form of an *affidavit*, for each witness to
 sign, together with one I made myself before the ma-
 gistrate, I went the same day, and procur'd the poor
 fellow's release: but this as foreign (for which you will,
 I hope, pardon me) passing by. Then our author re-
 turns again to the *Case*, and with the help of several
 minute circumstances, and proper remarks, in about four
 pages concludes. Now, had HIPPOCRATES been to re-
 late this case, we had never been entertained with the
 episode of the *chamber-fellow's being sent to the Comp-*
ter; the many useful remarks and cautions of the doc-
 tor; nor twenty little circumstances, which render so
 melancholy a history more diverting, than could have
 been imagined.

But this is not the only excellence of this author. His
 politeness in the relation of some *Cases* is no less to be
 admired. Thus in the *Case of a lady who had hurt her*
crupper-bone, he speaks in the following manner:
 Going more narrowly to view the appendage of the
sacrum, and laying my fingers thereon, I found it
 depressed or beat in, bearing hard against the *rectum*:
 wherefore, dipping my fore-finger in oil, I gently
 introduced it by the *anus*, where I presently met the
 obstacle, and with the same pressing outwards, and
 attempting to raise up the broken *coccyx*, as I found it
 gave way, I still bore harder, till I had freed the in-
 testine from its pressure, when, withdrawing my fin-
 ger, there followed a copious dejection of the *feces*,
 together with some parts of the *clysters* thrown up the
 day before. — But even this is exceeded by the *Case of*
a cancer on the out-side of the anus: That which I
 thought

• thought remarkable in this case, was a large quantity
• of a brown or dusky salt, like sand, which, upon
• wiping himself after his stool, he had a long time
• before observed, felt very gritty, and of which ha-
• ving for that purpose washed the excrement of one
• stool in several waters, this saltish sand subsiding to the
• bottom of the basin, he had collected near upon two
• drachms; which examining upon my tongue, I found
• by the hot, pungent, and bitter salt, there was more
• of a salt than fabulous nature.

The *marvellous* is a kind of stile greatly to be esteem-
ed for its use in creating our surprise, as well as in
giving us instruction. The ingenious Dr. NICHOLAS
ROBINSON has an excellent talent at this. He tells us of
a young gentleman, who was naturally very silly: but
• it so fell out, as he was one night returning from
• a ball, that a young gentleman tript up his heels,
• and gave him such a bang upon the skull, as shov'd
• his brain right, and recovered some glimmerings of
• wit and genius to him, that was born but one degree
• from a natural. When I read this, I could not help be-
ing under the greatest uneasiness, lest our author should
happen to have his heels tript up; which might *shove*
his brain wrong, and spoil so tow'ring a *genius*. I
could wish the doctor would oblige us with a Treatise
expressly on these *Shoves of the brain*, as a learned di-
vine of your society did formerly on *Shoves of the crup-*
per. He seems to be exceedingly well skill'd in the
rationale of them: if we may judge by his reasoning
on the case now before us. † This shock or fall gave
• him some glimmerings of that light, which, accord-
• ing to the original constitution of his organs, he could
• never naturally enjoy in this meridian of his being;
• and if the blow had been a little stronger, and struck
• the seat of the common sensorium a little more askew,
• or parallel to the axis of the several organs of the
• senses, who can doubt, but that his reasoning facul-
• ties would have shone out in their fullest lustre? But
• then the fine deportment of his carriage, the grace-
• ful mein of his person, and former obliging air, in all
• likelihood, would have been greatly disconcerted,

E 2

and

• *New System of the Spleen and Vapours*, p. 70. † *Pag. 72.*

‘and suffered in the change.’ No less marvellous is another story, related by the same author, * of a mad-man, ‘who, in one of his frantick fits, flung himself out of a window, three story high, but accidentally pitching upon a draw-well, he fell plum down into the water, and being taken up, was perfectly recovered to the use of his senses again. It was computed, he fell near thirty fathom before he came to the surface of the water, and the well was about six fathom deep under water.’ Sure nothing can be more surprising than this, if we consider either the length or the manner of the fall. We may allow thirty feet from the window to the mouth of the well: then there will remain about 150 feet for him to fall within the well, before he reached the surface of the water; and the force his body must by this time have acquired, would, I think, plunge him pretty deep into the water. Now, dear Mr. BAVIUS, do but reflect on the lucky hit of falling plum into the well; then of the providential escape of beating out his brains in banging from one side to the other, before he reached the water; but above all the miracle of his getting out again; and I am sure you will agree with me, that it is as marvellous a Case as ever appeared (I will not say in the history of physics, but) in any history whatsoever. If you shall think this worthy of a place in your *Journal*, you may expect to hear farther from

B.

your constant reader and admirer,
EPHRAIM QUIBUS, M. D.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20. — Yesterday came on before the lord chief justice Eyre a trial between Sus. Fowler, an infant of about 8 years old, by her next akin, plaintiff, and Ric. Woodcock, an infant of about 11, by his guardians, defendant; for a trespass and assault upon the body of the said Susanna, in tearing her in a barbarous manner. The hearing lasted six hours, and it appearing to be a childish action, committed two years since, the jury gave the plaintiff 20l. damages. DAILY POST.

—My brother surely is mistaken in saying, that this appeared

* *New System of the Spleen and Vapours*, p. 399.

peared to the court to be a childish action; for I appear to my impartial readers, whether they ever heard of any action in a person so young, which had the appearance of such manhood. And I think it a most illustrious instance of the forwardness of youth in this virtuous age. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 25.

Last wednesday night died at his lodgings in the Old Baily, THE MORNING POST, a painful member of our society. He was a young gentleman, naturally of a weak and crazy constitution, had been much neglected by his friends, and long under the evil tongue of his enemies; so that it is no wonder, that he died before he arrived at years of discretion. His original name was THE MORNING PAPER, which, upon the prospect of a considerable fortune, he changed for that of THE MORNING POST. He had made a considerable progress in arts, sciences, and religion, under the institution of the *Oratory*: but that prodigy of learning, at the head of it, met with great opposition from his guardians. His lodgings were in Bartholomew-cloze; where his distemper, which was a consumption, increasing gradually upon him, on sunday the 15th instant, he was removed to the Old Baily (a place very fatal to those who go by different names) to the house of a famous physician, called by some a LEACH. The very next day he became delirious, talking chiefly of the *racas at Newmarket*, and giving all persons the titles of *knights*. Among other things I remember he say'd, that 'Sir Roger Williams meking contriution to the Horfes, aquanced the Caggage, rnaeived the ser-vtce, conecluded Lwifferland, and inteded Welch.p in Montgomery.' For my part, I could not but fancy myself in *Montgomery*; where being unwilling to continue, and finding I could be no ways serviceable to my friend, I left him: after which he continued this Welch jargon for three days; and then expired. M.



No 9. THURSDAY, March 5.

Cambridge, March 1, 1730.

Mr. BAVIUS,

YOUR Journals were a very agreeable present to me, on two accounts: 1st, as they informed me of the wellfare of an old friend; and, 2dly, as they entertained me with several learned Dissertations. I long to see the *Antiquities* of your society, which you tell us, in your *Introduction*, one of your learned members is preparing to publish. Pray, do not fail of letting me know by your next, in what forwardness that work is. I am mightily pleased with your colleague Mr. QUIDNUNC. He saves me the *labor improbus* of reading the other Papers, by the judicious collection he makes from them. His *remarks* discover a good critical genius: and had the honest gentleman had the advantage of a learned education, I fancy, he might have made a good critic.

For my own part, my leisure time has been of late chiefly spent in correcting MILTON: who has hitherto appeared with as many faults, as any of the ancient poets. This may, in a great measure, be attributed to his unhappy blindness, which occasioned him to make use of an amanuensis: who, no doubt, often mistaking the sound of his voice, wrote a word of near affinity in the sound, tho' in the sense aliene from what the author intended. Thus our vulgar editions have in the first Book, Ver. 6.

———— on the secret top

Of Horeb.

For which, no doubt, MILTON said *on the sacred top*. In the same book we have, Ver. 182.

———— The

~~The glimmering of these livid flames.~~

Livid, you know, is what we call black and blue, such as is the colour of bruised flesh: and who ever saw a flame of that colour? Surely MILTON designed *living flames*; an easy error of the amanuensis.

There are other mistakes which may be imputed to the transcriber or printer, mere blunders; notwithstanding they have run through all the editions. In the same Book, Ver. 120.

*We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war.*

Flat nonsense! *Successful hope* is ridiculous: if it is attended with success, it is more than *hope*; it is absolute certainty. I dare assure you, it should be read

We may with more success, full hope, resolve.

An easy alteration; by which the sense is clear'd up at once. Besides the mentioning *success* first, and *hope* afterwards, is a pretty anticlimax.

In the beginning of the third Book, when he is lamenting his blindness, they make him say, Ver. 25.

So thick a drop serene bath quench't their orbs;

A downright blunder, as if a *drop* could be *thick* and *serene* (or clear) at the same time. An ingenious friend of ours would read *so thin a drop serene*: but I cannot agree with him. I rather think the words are misplaced, and ought to stand thus;

So thick a drop bath quench't their orbs serene.

At the latter end of the fourth Book, we have, Ver. 988.

*His stature reach'd the sky; and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd.*

A very pretty image truly! as if MILTON would ever have thought of dressing *horror* up with a *plume* of feathers. I'll warrant you he spoke it,

~~on his crest~~
Sat horror plumb.

Horror

44 MEMOIRS of the Society No 9.

Horror sitting plumb upon Satan's crest gives us an image really dreadful. Besides, *plumb* is a word made use of by our poet in other places: for instance, in the second Book, Ver. 932.

——— *All unawares,
Flutt'ring his pinions vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep.*

A little after this, Book IV. Ver. 1013.

——— *The fiend looks up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft*

Very pretty! if his scale was *mounted*, it must be *aloft*: but sure MILTON could never be guilty of such tautology. Depend upon it he designed,

His mounted scale aloof.

Seeing it *aloof*, or at a great distance, gives us an idea of its being *mounted* to some purpose.

I could give you some hundreds of emendations: but as I design to publish an edition of this author, I shall content myself with mentioning only one more at present. It is in the seventh Book, where speaking of the creation of fish, he is made to say, Ver. 403.

——— *Part, single or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray.*

I wonder any man can have patience to read such stuff. Here the sea is represented like a garden over-run with weeds. Who ever heard of weeds growing in the sea? Take my word it ought to be,

Grass the sea-wood, &c.

Our author is speaking here evidently of the *coral*, which is a woody, or shrubby substance, according to PLINY, L. xxxii. C. 2. *Forma est ei fruticis, color viridis.* And tho' it is hard, when brought to us; yet it is soft, and eatable under water. We have OVID's authority, that it is *mollis herba sub undis*; and PLINY says of its berries, that they are *candidæ sub aqua, ac molles*; and adds, *exemptæ confestim durantur & rubescunt, quasi*
corua

cornu sativa specie atque magnitudine. It was this wood or shrub then, that the fish graz'd; not the sea-weed, which has no existence, except in the brains of those who cannot see wood for trees. Pray, my good friend, let me have your *Journals* every week; for I shall not trouble myself with any other news-paper. I am,

Yours affectionately,

-B.

ZOILUS.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET.

WEDNESDAY, March 4.

On Sunday, Feb. 22, just 4 days after the death of the MORNING POST, the POST-MAN died at the same house in the Old Bailey. He was the most ancient of our political members, a zealous protestant, descended from a French Huguenot, and had made a great figure in the world for many years. Since the infirmities of age came upon him, he kept himself alive chiefly by riding into the country: but his horse growing old, as well as himself, he had been obliged for some time to lay aside that exercise. Since Christmas he applied himself chiefly to the resolving of riddles and cramp questions; but a sedentary life soon hurried him to his grave. He was decently interred in Tyndall's burying-ground near Moor-fields, last thursday night. The pall was supported by THE FLYING POST, THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, APPELBY'S WEEKLY JOURNAL, THE BRITISH JOURNAL, THE UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, and THE WEEKLY MEDLEY. The chief mourner was his natural son OEDIPUS; who since his death has taken upon him the stile and title of THE POST-MAN REMOUNTED. M.



No 10, THURSDAY, March 12.

— *Little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.*

GARTH'S Dispensary, Cant. 1.

THAT persons of considerable fortune, or quality, tho' liable to the same capital penalties, with those in a lower station, yet should not have those penalties inflicted on them, has been thought reasonable in all nations: as is evident from their practice, the best interpreter of public, as well as of private, opinions. And tho' this is looked upon by their inferiors as too great a privilege; yet, unless the laws were to be righteously executed upon all, without respect of persons, I cannot think but it would be much better on all accounts, that the rich and great should be exempted, not

Friday, Feb. 27. Yesterday, between 12 and 1 o'clock at noon, came on the tryal of Col. Francis Chartres, at the Sessions-house in the Old Bailey, upon an indictment for committing a rape on the body of Anne Bond, his servant-maid. The prosecutor appeared in court, and proved, that on the 24th of October last she was hired by the colonel to be his servant; that she had lived with him several days before she knew who he was; and that on the 10th of November following, he sent for her up into his room to make his

fire: when he threw her on a couch, and she crying out, he pull'd off his cap and stopp'd her mouth; and then did the crime for which he was indicted: and several other depositions concurring with Mrs. Bond's, and three several persons whom she had formerly lived with, appearing, and giving her the character of a virtuous and religious young woman, the jury, after about 3 quarters of an hour's stay, returned, and brought in their verdict, *Guilt of the indictment*: whereupon he was secured by the keeper of Newgate immedi-

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not only from punishment, for some certain crimes, but even from prosecution.

For, besides that such prosecutions are generally ineffectual to the purpose for which they are carried on, which is the bringing a great criminal to justice, it being more difficult to get a rich man hanged, than to save a poor fellow from the gallows; these prosecutions are the causes or occasions of many and great inconveniences and evils.

They occasion the squandering away abundance of money among the inferior officers (more properly called the knaves) of justice, such as jailors, turnkeys, &c. who not only extort exorbitant sums from their illustrious prisoners, for the privileges of the goal, and other accounts; but likewise sometimes expose them to contempt, by shewing them at a certain price, like wild beasts and monsters, to the populace. Thus villains are enriched by the wealth of gentlemen in confinement, which they would otherwise have spent in a generous manner, to the advantage of honest and industrious people; and the gentlemen themselves are rendered ridiculous to the rabble.

The prosecutions of rich or great men are frequently the

immediately. *Daily Post-boy.*

—The *Daily-Post* says, he brought several witnesses in his defence, who were his servants; but their depositions contained many contradictions and inconsistencies. The *Daily-Journal* says, — his chief defence was a sham letter, sworn to by his footman to come from her, which was proved to be a forgery. — His goods, chattels, lands and tenements are all forfeited; which are say'd to amount to about 200,000 l.

Mar. 2. Last saturday night the sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 10 malefactors received sentence of death, viz. Francis Chartres

Esq. for a rape; &c. *Daily Post-boy.*

Wednesday, Ap. 1. On Monday night last Anne Bond met several persons of distinction, and eminent lawyers, at the Horn tavern in New Palace-yard, Westminster. *Daily Post.*

Saturday, Ap. 11. Yesterday the three judges made their report to the privy-council, very much in favour of Col. Chartres: and last night he was bailed out of Newgate, his two sureties being bound in 500 l. each, and himself in 1000 l. in order to plead his pardon the next sessions at the Old Bailey. *Daily Post-Boy.*

the occasion of much bribery, forgery, and perjury. For if they are really guilty of the crime of which they are accused, they will certainly employ their money in such a manner, as may be most likely to secure them from punishment; and it is ten to one, that it will be successful. And even if they are innocent, they may think it proper to make use of the same method. For it sometimes happens, that profligate persons (especially in cases, where a single oath is of any validity) in order to extort money from those who have abundance, will charge them with some capital crime: which, upon being disappointed in their expectations, they will not scruple, out of revenge, to swear against them in a court of judicature. In this case the person accused may think it necessary to hire some Irish evidences on his side, to invalidate the falshood of one testimony, by the falshood of another. Sometimes to make the counter proof more strong, it may seem necessary to counterfeit letters, &c. under the hand of the accuser. And if this is not likely to be sufficient, as in some cases it is not, a majority of the jury must be bribed even to do justice.

Another ill consequence occasioned by such prosecutions is, that they fix a lasting mark of infamy upon gentlemen, in the opinion of the undiscerning vulgar: who make little distinction betwixt persons accused and convicted; and none at all betwixt the poor and the wealthy convicts, unless to the disadvantage of the latter. For whenever a great man has been publicly accused of any action which is accounted a great crime, unless his innocence appears very plainly (which in the general and willful blindness of the world seldom happens) the imputation upon his honour, like that upon a lady's, is never forgotten, but always remembered to his disgrace. This has a very ill effect upon the minds of the common people, and lessens very much that deference and respect which is due from inferiors to superiors.

All these mischievous consequences attend the bare prosecution of great men, even, if through either their innocence, or prudent management, they escape conviction. But if through the malice or obliquity of a jury,

jury, they are brought in guilty; the ill consequences are much more numerous, and more grievous.

A degradation from their high station immediately follows: and a man of honour is delivered into the hands of a common gaoler, to be loaded with irons at his discretion; and is soon after brought to the bar, and placed among common felons, with his thumbs tied in a most scandalous manner, to receive the sentence of condemnation. This is a mark of infamy upon an honourable criminal, as indelible, as if he were stigmatized: and exposes him, not only for the present, but even as long as he lives, to the contempt and obloquy of the populace.

To condemnation succeeds an application for a pardon; which can seldom be obtained, without false representations of the character of the person convicted, and of the circumstances of his conviction. For the supreme magistrate, who has the sole power of pardoning, supposes all persons guilty, who have been convicted according to law: and tho', out of his gracious disposition, he may be willing to give frequent instances of his mercy; yet he cannot be supposed willing to extend it to any, but to proper objects. Who are such, in the vast number of his subjects, he can seldom know any otherwise, than by the representations of others; upon whose veracity and honour he must depend. But since it seldom happens, that any great man is capitally convicted, who has not before been guilty of the like, or of some other crime of equal magnitude; how can such a person be represented to a prince, as a proper object of his mercy, but by a complication of falsties? These cannot possibly be supposed to proceed originally from persons of honour about the court; and therefore they themselves must be first imposed on by the information they receive from others, who have been induced to give such favourable and false accounts by the prevalence of money. This opens a large scene of bribery and corruption, to the enrichment of vile and profligate persons; who, instead of being in a proper capacity to be instrumental in procuring mercy for others, ought to be made severe examples of justice themselves.

But by whatever means, and upon whatever considerations, tho' never so justifiable and reasonable, a wealthy, but notorious criminal is pardoned; the common people, who know nothing of the true motives and inducements to the exercise of mercy, and if they did, are not perhaps proper judges of them, generally exclaim against it. They think it great partiality, that quality or riches (for they see no other difference) should secure a man from the punishment of a crime, which would expose one of themselves to certain death. Hence they infer, that, when sentence is rigorously executed upon a man in mean circumstances, he is not hanged for having broken the laws, and done any thing that is really criminal and wicked, but for being poor. Affluent fortune they are so far from thinking a circumstance which can any way render a criminal a more proper object of mercy; that they look upon it as an aggravation of his guilt, since his example has a more extensive and fatal influence, the contagion of which they think ought consequently to be prevented by the severest punishment.

And therefore their clamours will run much higher, if ever it should happen, that such a person should obtain a pardon for a crime of which he has been capitally convicted, after having committed the like several times, and by means of his wealth, saved himself from former convictions: one, who, perhaps, from the meanest circumstances shall have raised himself to immense wealth by the vilest and basest methods; who by his slight of hand shall have conveyed to himself the estates, and by his debaucheries corrupted the morals of great numbers of gentlemen: in short, one, whose whole life shall have not only been one continued scene of intemperance, profaneness, lewdness, and villainy, but who shall have continually boasted and gloried in the most flagrant instances of his wickedness. If ever such a case as this should happen, the people, who will look upon such a wretch as a common nuisance, will be apt to censure the compassion shewed towards him, as cruelty to the public.

And yet, even in a case like this, there may be such wise, and just, and good reasons for the exercise of mercy,

mercy, as the vulgar are not able to comprehend; and therefore will certainly repine, and murmur, at such a signal instance of clemency. That there may be such reasons will appear from this one observation, That great men, who have often the greatest personal failings, may be of such consequence, either in a civil, or military capacity, that the taking them off for any of them, may be an unspeakable detriment to a nation. It may deprive it of persons of the most consummate abilities to administer justice, and to manage the whole scheme of affairs at home, or to lead armies, and negotiate treaties abroad.

After employing my thoughts, among other statemenders, to find out a remedy for the great inconveniencies above-mentioned; I cannot think of any more proper, than humbly to propose, that a law may be made, exempting all persons of such a particular dignity or fortune from all prosecutions for rape, sodomy, and murder, committed upon those who have not an estate of such a particular value. I fix upon these three sorts of crimes, because it is in respect of these chiefly, that persons of fortune are exposed to most danger, from those who have little or none; on account of the admission of one single direct witness in these cases, together with concurrent circumstances. This matter may be regulated after the manner of the Game-act; and secure the property of such crimes as are committed for diversion, to gentlemen, who are duly qualified. This privilege would be a good mark of distinction; and more effectually preserve a due subordination betwixt the superior and inferior ranks of men. And tho' the latter might, perhaps, at first raise a clamour against such a law; yet when they had considered the matter calmly, they would be perfectly easy, being convinced of the advantages arising from it even to themselves. For it would oblige them to sit down quietly under the first injury; and thereby secure them from the trouble and charge of vain prosecutions, to which they now so frequently expose themselves.

These sentiments are confirmed by those of the reverend and ingenious Dr. CROXALL, who in Fab. xcvii. has these words. ' One who is already great and opulent;

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is by those very means privileg'd to commit almost any enormities. But it is necessary, that a shew and form of justice should be kept up [among inferior persons]: otherwise, were people to be ever so great, and so successful rogues, they would not be able to keep possession of, and enjoy their plunder.'

M.

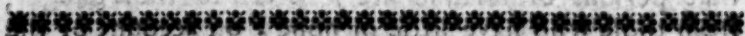
BAVIUS.

This *Dissertation* is followed by a short copy of *Verses*, written by Mr. MAEVIUS, and occasioned by the rev. Dr. CROXALL's *Sermon before the hon. House of Commons, Jan. 30. on Prov. xxv. 5. Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.*

Tuesday, Ap. 14. We hear, that yesterday Anne Bond had 800*l.* pay'd to her by a gentleman of St. Margaret's Westminster. *Daily Post.*



N^o 11. THURSDAY, March 19.



Scribimus indocti, destituti. HOR. Epist. i. 1.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Society of Grub-street.

S I R,

Cambridge, Mar. 15, 1730.

IT is with the utmost pleasure that we see here a book published at London under the title of *A Course of Lectures upon the Materia Medica, antient and modern, read in the Physick-schools at Cambridge, &c. by R. Bradley, F. R. S. and Professor of Botany in the university of Cambridge.* It was particularly obliging in our worthy Professor to print these *Lectures*; seeing not above three or four of our students had the pleasure of hearing them read. As the title-page gave me a great comfort, in informing me that we already had *physic-schools* for the professors to read their private courses of *lectures*: so before I was got through the second page, I was charmed with the full assurance of our soon having a *physic-garden*; and such an one as will
become

* *become the worth and grandeur of this university.* Which, no doubt, will be easily effected, if the money raised on this occasion be intrusted in the hands of our Professor, whose oeconomy is equal to his learning; and whose integrity will be as beneficial to us, as his knowledge. The book now before me gives me a great idea of his genius. For he scorns, like the vulgar writers on the *Materia Medica*, to copy in a servile manner from other authors; but bravely deviating from the beaten road, gives us, almost in every page, something equally new and surprising. I have not yet had leisure to read the whole through with such attention, as is due to so unparallelled a performance; but in a cursory view only I find so many extraordinary discoveries, that I cannot forbear taking notice to you of them.

The stones like marble, out of which gold and silver appear to drop as gums do from trees, are very noble. I question whether the king of Poland or Sir HANS SLOANE were apprised of such valuable curiosities being in their Collections; till our Professor was so kind as to take notice of them in this public manner. It is strange too, that Dr. WOODWARD's executors should be so negligent as to omit the mention of so valuable a fossil, in the *Catalogues* they printed of the Doctor's Cabinets, when we are assured in these *Lectures*, that *† we have of this sort, in that extraordinary Collection purchased by this University.*

The *Spar*, which is found in lead mines, is usually thrown into the furnace, to absorb the sulphur from the metal, and so make it flux with greater ease: but on what false grounds this has been hitherto done, appears from our learned Professor's remark, that *|| Spar abounds in sulphur.*

It was a very curious method, which he tells us SAMUEL RAYNARISON, Esq; made use of *** to preserve the body of water contained in the outward case of an Etites.* This gentleman, it seems, kept it for this purpose always in water. I doubt not but this method was suggested by Mr. BRADLEY, tho' he is so modest as not to mention it. It was, indeed, a most wonderfully ingenious contrivance; for otherwise the water

F 3

within

within would have transuded through the flint stone, as it always does in the collections of other gentlemen.

I am glad to find *Terra Sigillata Lemnia* translated * *Cologne's Earth*. I was always of opinion that *Lemnos* and *Cologne* were the same place, notwithstanding our common geographers put one in the Archipelago, and the other in Germany. It is with some pleasure too, that I find my opinion confirmed, that the *Terra Japonica* is not only called, but also really is an *earth*. Mr. DALE, indeed, in his *Pharmacologia*, endeavours to prove it to be a vegetable juice; because it not only dissolves in water, but is also incorporated with it, and gives it a red tincture, as many other inspissated juices do. Nay, he says, it does not separate from the water when filtered, as all *earths* do; and turns entirely to ashes when calcin'd, which no *earth* ever does. KAMPERZ too, in his *History of Japan*, calls it an *inspissated juice*. But these authors were certainly mistaken.

The pearls and crabs claws † are justly rank'd under the head of Minerals; as are the gums ‖ also, which, no doubt, belong to that kingdom.

‡ The way of producing gums from any plant is new to me, and I believe to every one else. It is done, it seems, by expressing the juice of the plant, and boiling it to a proper consistency; for otherwise it would yield none at all.

It is an useful discovery, that *Aloes*, or (as our Professor calls it) *Gum Aloes* * † is produced by expressing the juice from the leaves of the plant. BOERHAAVE, Indeed, says, in his *Chemistry*, that *Aloes* bruised together, yields a meer green juice, tho' the juice distilling from the same, when lightly broke or wounded, be of a golden colour. He was led into this opinion by some mistaken notions he had of the different juices in plants. One FABIVS COLUMNA too, an author of little credit among the Botanists, pretends that he obtained good *aloes* by making oblique incisions in the leaves of the plants, and placing vessels underneath to receive the juice, which dropped from their veins. PLINY mentions something like this too: but these people were all greatly mistaken.

Mummy

* P. 6. † P. 75, 76. ‖ P. 81. ‡ P. 82. *† P. 84.

Mummy being found in the *Macatomb* in *Egypt*, is an information of no great use to us, indeed, as physicians; but it may serve as a specimen of our Professor's learning.

Benzoinum has been hitherto written in English *Benjamin* or *Benzoin*; but for the future, I hope, it will be always spelt after the new manner, † *Ben's wine*. The flower of *Ben's wine*, we are told, produces a *butanum*: what this *butanum* is, none of my friends can tell me. I beg the favour of you, Sir, to ask Mr. Professor, when you see him at the *Pegasus*, and give me his answer as soon as you have leisure.

|| *Gum anime*, we are told, has been much esteemed by the ancients, they making it an ingredient in their perfumes. Some of our authors have supposed it not to have been known to the ancients: others have thought, that if it was known to them, it must be what *Dioscorides* called *Amminea*, and reckoned a bad sort of myrrh; who says of it ἡ ἀμμινέα καλούμενη ἀποδομή-
μος. For my part, I do not think our *gum* is mentioned in any of the writings of the ancients now extant. I rather believe it is in some of their lost Works; which, I suppose, our Professor designs to make a present of to this university, with the other things which he is so good as to promise us.

I am glad we shall be better able to find the *Valerian* for the future. We have hitherto found it hardly any where about *Cambridge* but in bushy places, and a dry, chalky soil. We shall expect now to find it ~~commonly in the woods, and on the sides of wet banks~~. That on the sides of wet banks I take to be the fittest for physical uses.

The *Ipecacuanba*, we are told, has of late †† been made into a *bolus*, and given to the quantity of a scruple at a time. I would recommend this to the perusal of our physicians; who are so venturous, as to make no difficulty of prescribing half a dram, and often more, of this dangerous root; which our Professor says is hardly ever given, but in cases of the greatest necessity.

These few observations have occurred to me on a very

very slight survey of these excellent *Lectures*. When I have considered them more carefully, I doubt not but I shall find a great number of discoveries, as extraordinary, as they are new. I hope Mr. Professor will be so good as to continue his reading to us; for hitherto *the want of these Lectures publickly has occasioned many to seek them abroad, and fly to foreign universities for that knowledge which we might gain at home.* And, I hope, this good example will have such an effect, that *every professor in their several branches of physick, will take their proper opportunities of reading to us, and explaining the several parts of their knowledge; that we may not want any thing among us, which is necessary to confirm that character which has always been given to Cambridge and Oxford.* I am

B.

Your very humble servant.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, March 14. Thursday evening, one Med-calf, of Theobald's-row, hang'd himself in an ass-house, near the cock-pit at Grays-inn Walks. DAILY JOURNAL.—*It being probable, that some witty person will observe, that this unfortunate man chose a proper place of execution, in the habitation of his brethren; I must declare, that I think it an undeserved reflection upon them, none but two-legg'd asses being ever guilty of so ridiculous an action.* M.



No 12. THURSDAY, March 26.

IT is a happiness peculiar to the gentlemen of our Society, that whatever they publish meets with a good reception; if the account, given by themselves, or their book-sellers, may be depended upon, who are certainly best qualified to give it. Scarce any of their Works,

Works, whether originals or translations, pamphlets or poems, but soon after their first appearance in the world, make a second; occasioned, either by the demand of the public, or the care of the book-seller: in whose power it is at any time to convert the first into *the second edition with large additions*, without any manner of alteration except in the title page.

When a play is to appear on the stage, the town is generally prepared for it by a splendid account of its excellency in one or two of the newspapers, written either by the author himself, or by some particular friend. While it is in action, the audience is magnified from time to time, in the like accounts: and whatever it is in the play-house, it is always *represented* in the coffee-house to a *numerous audience*. When it comes to be printed, if by the good management of a party it has been kept upon the stage, with indifferent success for a few nights, the author is so grateful, as publicly to *thank the town for their great indulgence*; and to make his *acknowledgments* to some of the principal actors, for their *extreme civility, care, and excellent performance*. If it have but just escaped being damned and hissed off the stage, the patron is then assured by the author, that *the approbation of the rational and unprejudiced part of the town has stamped some kind of value upon it*. Soon after this, it dies, lamented chiefly by the book-seller; and none of those friends who were so kind as to celebrate its birth, shew any signs of grief at its death, or bewail its untimely fate, either in an elegy, or an epitaph. Thus it would become, in three months space, as unknown, and forgotten, as if it had been born and died three score years ago: did not the ghost of it appear in shops, and upon stalls, for some time after, to the terror both of book-sellers and authors, till *laid* by that successful composer of *restless spirits*, Mr. JAMES JONES, waste-paper merchant near Smithfield. But the short life which the compositions of our fraternity enjoy, is compensated in some measure, by the loudness and extent of their fame, while alive: for, like the dislosion of a *blunderbuss* at random, they cause people to gape and stare for a good while at they know not what, while they wonder

der at the disturbance raised in the air, by flash, noise, smoak, and stench.

And if the Works of our private members are attended with so much *eclat*, it is no wonder that the weekly *Memoirs* of our society have been so well received by the learned and polite part of the town; which immediately entered into the design of their publication. But since the generality of our readers have not the same penetration; and if they had, since our first *Journal*, which gives an account of our design, is not now to be had; it may not be improper to say somewhat more explicitly of it in this, in order to make it the more universally understood.

It consists of two parts: a *Letter*, or an *Essay*, upon some learned subject; and an exact account of all the most remarkable news, both *domestic* and *foreign*.

Our chief aim in the former is to reform the taste of the generality of readers, which is very much depraved; insomuch that for one person who writes ill, there are at least twenty who judge amiss. — Ill writers and ill judges of writing, (like ignorant doctors and apothecaries) conspire to promote each others business, to the detriment of the public; tho' the readers are much more blameable than the writers, since those read out of choice, whereas many of these write out of necessity. And could the palate of readers be once cured, so as to relish such food of the mind as is wholesome and nutritive, they would nauseate and reject all that trash, which not only palls the rational appetite, and hurts the eyes of the understanding, but likewise corrupts and depraves the mind, and fills it with a complication of diseases. By this means the retailers of lewd and vicious nonsense would be soon obliged to take up with some other employment, if not useful, yet however less prejudicial, to the public.

As our design, being levelled against stupidity, and chiefly wicked stupidity, must be owned to be in itself commendable: so in the execution of it we shall conduct ourselves without any partiality, either towards parties of men, or private persons; nor shall ever designedly insert any thing by way of reflection upon either, without sufficient grounds. And if any thing

of

N^o 13. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 59

of that nature should happen through inadvertency or mis-information; as soon as ever we are better informed, the retraction shall be made as public as the reflection.

M.

BAVIUS.

Then an instance or two is given of our impartial conduct, as to some pieces relating to the tragedys of *Timoleon* and *Sophonisba*. After which follows a *Letter* in defence of Dr. BENTLEY's intended edition of MILTON's *Paradise lost*; mentioning a very probable emendation in *Book vii. Ver. 321.*



N^o 13. THURSDAY, April 2.

IT was formerly usual, for those who opposed the religious opinions generally received in their own country, to advance some-thing very remarkable either in the matter, or the manner of their compositions, which might raise in the world a favourable opinion at least of their learning, or their parts, or both. There was still some-thing, either in the discovery of some obscure part of literature, or in the subtilty of the argument, or the brightness of the thoughts, or the wittiness of the ridicule, or the elegance of the stile, which engaged persons to read such pieces; so that those who abhorred the tenets, could not but be pleased with the manner of delivering them to the world. But of late years men have been so much inclined to infidelity, that the retailers of it have not thought any of these recommendations necessary to the vending of their poison, knowing that the very employment itself would raise an opinion that they had them. Thus a reverend, unsuccessful author, who had by publishing several whimsical pieces, in vain endeavoured to make them and himself public, (the pieces as well as the author for many years continuing in the darkest obscurity) bethought

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bethought himself at last of writeing against the *† Miracles* of our Saviour. Upon this he became immediately famous, and was admired for his wit and learning by some, who, pretending to both, have a very small stock of either, and make a considerable party in the world.

This invective of his against our blessed Saviour consists of such low jokes, and such opprobrious language, that, if we may form a judgment of the wit of the Galilean fisher-men, by that of the fisher-men, and watermen on the Thames, JUDAS himself would have written with more vivacity and elegance against the *miracles* of his master, than the learned and ingenious Mr. WOOLSTON. That *Faith*, which *stopped the mouths of Lions*, he hoped (to use one of his own polite comparisons) might be suppressed by the *braying of asses*: and that religion, which had stood its ground against the Roman eagles, and all the grave owls of Athens, was to be hooted off the stage by the grinning owls of Grubstreet.

I am really sorry to own, that this gentleman was formerly of our society: but elevated by his success, he has for a good while absented himself from our meetings, and thereby saved us the trouble of expelling him out of it. For we are fully resolved to discountenance all irreligious nonsense, leaving our members at full liberty to exert their talents in all other kinds.

M

BAVIUS.

The preceding piece is concluded with some short *Reflections* upon a pamphlet intituled, *The materiality or the mortality of the soul of man, and its sameness with the body, asserted and proved from the Holy Scriptures, &c.* Which are followed by an *Ode* from a gentleman in the King's-bench prison, representing his disconsolate condition.

† *A Discourse on the miracles of our Saviour, &c.* by Thomas Woolston, B. D. sometime fellow of Sidney-college

in Cambridge. He published six of these *Discourses*, and two *Defences* of them.

No 14.



N^o 14. THURSDAY, April 9.

Some short considerations on the limitation of juries, read before the Grubean Society, by TIMOTHY NOODLE, Esq;

THE injudicious verdicts, which some late juries have brought in, having made it necessary to consider on some means of restraining them; I hope it will not be thought improper, if I lay before this learned assembly some reflections I have made on that important subject. My design at present is to speak only of two cases; adultery, and rapes: which, as persons of fashion are chiefly concerned in them, ought not to be left to the determination of those of a meaner rank, of whom our juries are chiefly composed.

With regard to adultery, it has been the custom, to impose an exorbitant fine on the gentleman, who has been free with another's wife. Now, in my opinion, nothing can be more absurd, than to inflict so grievous a punishment, for the commission of what all well-bred persons esteem a piece of gallantry, and not a crime. The virtuous author of the *Epistle from CALISTA to ALTAMONT* has set this in so beautiful a light, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of repeating some part of that useful, as well as entertaining poem.

VOL. I. G Think,

Tuesday, Feb. 17. Yesterday between 9 and 10 in the forenoon came on before the lord chief justice Eyre, in the court of Common pleas, Westminster, the great tryal between the lord Abergavenny, plaintiff, and Richard Lyddell, Esq; defendant, for the latter's having had criminal conversation with the late wife of the said noble-

man. There were nine witnesses to prove the fact: and the defendant called four noble peers to his general character. The hearing lasted many hours; and the jury (of which Mr. Lloyd, brewer, of Hungerford-market was foreman) brought in a verdict of 10,000*l.* damages for the plaintiff. *Daily Post,*

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*Think, whilst my falsehood to thy bed I own,
The hard misfortune is not thine alone:
Survey the glitt'ring world, and thousands see
False as CALISTA, and abus'd as thee.
Beauty is useless, should it fear to range;
Our sex's charter is the love of change:
Our charms more votaries than one demand;
And loath, like gold, the griping miser's hand.
In pleasure's garden all our hours are pass'd
We view the fruit, and where we like, we taste.*

He then proceeds to quote the examples of several persons of distinction, under feigned names, who were bred to these polite and free maxims, and acted accordingly. I confess, indeed, that a certain gentleman was pleased, not long ago, to declare, that the author of this poem ought to be *whipt and pillory'd*. But as he is universally acknowledged to be the greatest adversary to this society now living; his censure will, without doubt, be understood as a confirmation of the truth of what I am urging.—Since then this vulgarly reputed crime is approved and practised by all who have any taste of politeness; I would propose, that the fine should be layed on the husband, who disturbs the peace of society, by making a public complaint of an offence, at which he is bound in honour to connive. In such cases as these, the jury should consist of gentlemen of large estates, who have been brought up in such free and polite maxims, as the author before cited recommends. They ought also to be single men; because those who are married are apt to be prejudiced in favour of the plaintiffs. Were these rules observed, I am persuaded, the peace of society would be no longer disturbed with these frivolous and vexatious suits.

As for rapes, they seem to me to be wholly out of the way of common trades-men. This, being one of those diversions which are proper only for gentlemen, is often very improperly left to the determination of a jury of citizens; who are as unfit to judge in an affair of this nature, as a jury of country-men would be to inflict a penalty for breaking a hedge, or trampling down corn. In a case of this kind, the jury ought to consist

sist of officers, or other men of honour, who would be able to judge, whether the accused person was qualified to ravish, or not. And if it should appear, that the supposed criminal is a person duely qualified, either by birth, education, or fortune, for such entertainments; and that the person pretending to be ravished is much inferior to him in condition; then it might be thought proper to acquit the gentleman honourably, and oblige the woman to live with him, as long as he should please. But if he should desire to have no farther conversation with her, she might be sent to some house of correction. These methods, if well pursued, would soon put an entire stop to these troublesome indictments; and gentlemen would be able to enjoy their proper diversions unmolested. As for persons of a lower rank, a small fine ought to be layed on them, not exceeding the penalty for taking rural diversions, without being duely qualified.

Some, I imagine, will be apt to object, that it will be very hard on the women, that they should suffer violence; and afterwards, not only have no redress, but run the risque also of being punished. To this I answer, that our well-bred author before-cited shews, that women of fashion are too polite to give any occasion for violence. And as for those of an inferior rank, they ought to be punished for refusing what they have no right to denie.

B.

A true copy of a Letter from a lady to her apothecary.

SUR,

I HAVE a silent pain in my back wich flies up in to my stomak and thare it fixis and thare it holdes me al nite and this mornin it as purg me upordes and downwordes and I have a was dele of pain in my wou- rin and frobrin when I make water and all the wittales that I have et since fridey I have not disgustid and I beg that yould mack som thing that tis proper for me and you shal here forder from me in the mornin.

The case of this lady having been referred to the consideration of a committee of the physicians, who are members of this society, it was unanimously agreed to

recommend the following prescription, which is literally transcribed from the last page of the learned Dr. ROBINSON'S *New Theory of Physick*;

R. Chalyb. ℞j urinæ sani pueri ℞j m. fiant in leni calore, donec Consistentiam Massæ aridæ nactus erint; postea repete opus ter quaterve temporibus, & tandem Massa arida facta, repone usui.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, Ap. 4. Yesterday came on a trial at the sessions of peace at Westminster-hall, upon an indictment brought against Mr. Jones, keeper of the Lyon and Cat alehouse in Cary-street, by Mrs. Hyatt, a widow, upwards of 80 years of age; who positively swore, that he did, in a violent and indecent manner, assault her; and that upon her refusing to yield to his wicked desires, he beat and bruised her so intolerably, that she was obliged to keep her bed, and be attended by a surgeon for three weeks: but upon a full hearing, it appeared by three or four credible witnesses, that there was not the least foundation for what the defendant was charged with, so that he was acquitted. DAILY JOURNAL. — *An attempt to ravish a woman upwards of 80, is both an uncommon and unnatural piece of wickedness: Mrs. QUIDNUNC is so frightened, that she has not dared to stir abroad since the reading of this article.* B.

TUESDAY, Ap. 7. Yesterday the grenadiers of St. Giles's Cripplegate, and those of St. Clement Danes performed an exercise of arms in Tothill-fields; the former, personating the Spaniards, defended the almshouses there, which represented the fortress of Gibraltar; but the latter, personating the English, attack'd the place in so brisk a manner with their fire-arms, that the former were put to an inglorious flight, and the others returned in triumph to their respective habitations. DAILY POST-BOY. — *I suppose the inhabitants of the almshouses were not permitted to fight; otherwise their fortress had not been stormed.* B.

No 15.

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N^o 15. THURSDAY, April 26.

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*Pariter lacrum bibliopola Tryphon.*  
Mart. Epig. L. xiii. Ep. 3.

*Die Mercurii, Ap. 15, 1730.*

**T**HIS day having been appointed for the election of a book-seller, there was a very numerous appearance at the Pegasus. Many letters from book-sellers in all parts of the town were read; which, being written in a very different stile, and spelt after a different manner, yielded great variety of diversion to the society. As the *Letter* of the great CURLUS, published in our 4th *Journal*, was much superior to all the rest; so the party which appeared for him seemed to be so: who thought they had secured his election, by putting up against him a person, who, tho' very famous in the world, yet made no great figure in the trade, having been but newly set up. This person was captain L. GULLIVER; who by the advice of some friends at Dublin, and with the incouragement of some copies sent from thence, had lately removed from Redriff, and opened a shop near Temple-bar.

The friends of Mr. CURLUS, not doubting that they should carry the election, were very eager for putting it to the vote: when, to their great surprize, ORTHODOXO stood up, and made the following speech.

GENTLEMEN, Tho' it be certain, that some or other of this society, as writeing upon all learned subjects, are frequently publishing books in opposition to revealed religion, and in favour of immorality; yet, since the name of the author is seldom put to any such pieces, they can no otherwise be known to belong to our members, than by the stile and manner of them. And therefore, as the society can not fix them upon any par-

ticular persons, they can not pass so effectual a censure upon those persons, as they design, whenever the authors have the impudence to put their names in the title-page. Of this they gave an instance in their censure of a reverend renegado, in their *Journal*, numb. 13. and the same day, *Ap.* 1. they passed a resolution, to discountenance all their members who endeavour to promote the cause of infidelity and immorality. With this resolution, I imagine, it will not seem at all consistent, to chuse a person for our book-seller, who has been very instrumental in corrupting the manners of the age. Mr. CURLUS has not only reprinted all the lewd books he could collect, written in English; but likewise taken care to get a great number to be translated out of foreign languages: of which several gentlemen here present, if they think proper, can give, I believe, the most convincing proof. In this sort of trade he became so eminent, as to give occasion to the enriching of our language with a new term; filthy discourse having now for several years been called, by the polite part of the world, *Curlism*. Of which elegant word I wonder that our laborious and learned brother N. BAILEY, φιλόλογος, has taken no notice: who, tho' in his *Etymological Dictionary* (dedicated first to the royal family, and now very lately to the earl of PEMBROKE) he has taken the pains to collect and explain most of the obscene words, frequently used by the dregs of the people, has yet omitted this less vulgar term, which comprehends all manner of obscenity.

To this PRURIENTO made the following answer.

THO' what you have urged against my worthy friend cannot be denied; yet a good deal may be sayed, not only in excuse, but even in vindication of him. It is a maxim, which, tho' not openly avowed, is yet generally followed, by most people in the way of trade, That the same action may be lawful, or unlawful, according as it is done by a person, either in, or out of his proper business. Thus, if a book-seller should tell me, that Col. FRANCISCO was a very honest and chaste person, that all which had been sworn and sayed against him was false, and consequently that I might safely

trust



trust him with my money and my wife; this might be justly accounted a lie. But if the same person should assure me, that the bishop of Bangor wrote *The Tryal of the witnesses*, in order to promote the sale of it; this, tho' perhaps no truer than the other, yet would not properly come under the notion of lying. The reason is: because in the former case, the book-seller, acting out of his sphere, ought to speak the truth, his interest not being concerned; whereas in the latter, his right to promote his own interest in his own proper business, is antecedent, and consequently superior, to my right to a true information. The falshood in this case is of the same nature with that, which even religious, if well-bred, persons oblige their servants to tell almost every hour in the day, viz. that *they are not at home*: which none but vulgar people, bred in a mean, low way, count to be lying. All such expressions therefore as, *It was written by such a person; It sells extremely well; I have but so many left; I never sell it for less; &c.* tho' they all contain falshoods, yet they are falshoods of such a nature, as the ignorance, avarice, and impertinence of buyers have rendered necessary; in-so-much, that without them it is morally impossible to carrie on a trade to any considerable advantage.

This, being premised, naturally prepares the way for a just vindication of the book-sellers in general, and of my friend in particular, as to the printing and publishing of such books, as are commonly called smutty or bawdy: as to which there is a great difference. For the design of some of them is to give a true historical account of former transactions, which may serve as precedents in determining the like cases which may happen, such as *Cases of impotency and divorce, &c.* Others are designed to promote natural knowledge, as *The use of flogging; Art of kissing; Art of getting pretty children; Mysteries of conjugal love; &c.* which all tend very much to the good of the public, by inciting to the propagation of a sound and vigorous off-spring. And books of novels, if the events are unfortunate, are useful to deter young persons from following the like lascivious courses. Now, if the abuse of writings of this



this kind be an argument against the use of them; it will hold equally strong against books of Anatomy, Surgery, Midwifery, &c. which are all perverted by the natural corruption of some readers to the promoting of lewdness and debauchery.

Nay, even as to those books, which, having been written solely with a design to corrupt the minds of persons, contain lewd descriptions of scenes of lust, and therefore may justly be called *bad* by way of eminence; even these have often an effect contrary to that which was originally intended. For, according to the late duke of BUCKINGHAM's just observation,

—*Obscene words, too gross to move desire,*

*Like heaps of fuel do but choke the fire.*

So that possibly some well-disposed book-sellers may sell them, as (what they really are to persons of an elegant taste) antidotes against lechery. And with this view, perhaps, the choicest pieces collected out of *Rocheſter's poems*, and printed under the title of *The cabinet of love*, are publicly exposed to sale at a low price, like penny sermons, for the benefit of the poor.

But setting aside all these favourable constructions, supposing even that these books in all probability will have a very bad effect; yet a book-seller may lawfully publish and sell them, in order to provide a comfortable subsistence for his family. If, indeed, a shoe-maker should pretend to do this, it would be altogether unlawful; because it would be going beyond his last, and acting out of his proper calling. But to publish and sell books being the proper business of a book-seller; he may do it, without inquiring concerning their contents, any farther than whether they are likely to sell or not: and he is no more answerable for the ill effects which may be produced by them, than a cutler or a gun-smith, for the murders committed with swords or pistols.

This, I am well assured, is current doctrine among the generality of the trade; and their practice every day verifies their firm belief of the truth of it. And this is further confirmed by a remarkable account given me by my worthy friend; which, at the same time that it sets him upon the level, in one respect, with the

rest

rest of his fraternity, in another raises him to a superiority above them all. He tells me, that when he began to be eminent for books in this kind of literature, some of his preciser brethren, who did not care to put their names to such books, have given him a valuable consideration for the use of his; under which whole impressions have appeared printed at their charge. He assured me likewise, that several grave persons, who now deal much in religious books, have formerly dealt in the other sort; and that it has been no unusual thing, for a man to appear very devout and religious on a Sunday, after having sold obscene books all the preceding week. The names of these cautious traders may one day appear: but at present this affair is only just mentioned, to shew that Mr. CURLUS is full as innocent, and much more illustrious, than the generality of his brethren; and therefore may justly claim a preference in your favour.

After a short silence, PAMPHLETERO stood up and said.

Tho' what the gentleman who spoke last has said is a full vindication of Mr. CURLUS, as a book-seller; yet I must declare I can not approve of his election, for reasons, both honourable to him, and such as, I believe, will induce him to decline the office of his own accord. As he has distinguished himself by writing, and imitated the stile of some of our most celebrated brethren, both in prose and verse, I think he ought to be chosen a member of our society.

There are two or three resolutions have been passed by the society, with which it is morally certain he will not comply, and therefore can not be chosen our book-seller. It has been resolved, that whoever has that place shall not be an author for the future, nor publish any thing of his own composing, except a title-page, or an advertisement; and that he shall not vend any obscene or irreligious book. As it would be great pity to deprive the world of the ingenious lucubrations of Mr. CURLUS, by his confining himself to the employment of a book-seller; so I am very certain, that he will never consent to do it; much less to deprive himself of the annual profit

profit arising from the sale of [diverting] books. There are three branches of literature, in which he has distinguished himself; *natural history*, and *philosophy* (called by some *obscenity*) and *antiquities*. In labours relating to the two former he spent the vigour of his years: to the last he has applied himself in his more advanced age, as a subject more suitable to his maturer judgment. The testimony of a learned antiquarian, relating only to his collections in one of these sciences, may be justly applied to him in respect of all, *That no book-seller in town has been so curious as he*. Twenty volumes of *antiquities*, and more than twice twenty of *natural philosophy*, and *history*, are a noble stock for one book-seller; sufficient to enable him to carry on in his *Literary* a very profitable business, with ease and dignity in his old age. All these branches of trade will be left almost entirely to him: for as our book-seller will be obliged not to meddle with the two former; so, tho' the other consists of several productions of our society, it will be in Mr. CURLEW's own power to keep it to himself. Since therefore our choice of him would only be the occasion of giving us a second trouble, I don't doubt but you will look upon captain L. GULLIVER as the most proper person to fill the place. He has, it is true, been an eminent author, tho' only in the way of *travels*: but, as he has resolved neither to travel, nor to write any more, he is duly qualified for the place he desires: and he has delivered into the hands of our secretary many curious *Memoirs of literature* relating to the state of learning in *Laputa* and *Balniturbi*, which on proper occasions may be communicated to the public.

They then proceeded to the ballot: and upon casting up the votes, Mr. President declared Capt. L. GULLIVER duly elected book-seller to the society. M.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Ap. 9. We are informed, that with the tragedy of *Cato*, for Mr. Milward's benefit, will be revived an opera of one act, called *The wedding*, wrote (after the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*) by Mr. Hawker;



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Hawker; in which the Hudibrastick procession of Skimington is introduced. **DAILY JOURNAL.** — *I design to carry my wife to see this; and hope we shall both laugh very heartily; which I could never do, at seeing Cato acted before. I hear we are to have Julius Caesar, with the Comical humours of Rustego and his man Terrible. I fear only one ill consequence from this; that the theatres at the other end of the town will quite ruin our neighbours at Bartholomew Fair.* **B**

**MONDAY, Ap. 13.** Whereas a scoundrel dress'd in black, in a chair drawn by a black horse, did on sunday last, about 7 in the evening meet two gentlemen in a chair also, a little on this side Brentford, and insulted them; this is to certify, that if he is a man of honour, as he pretended to be, he will signify in this paper where he is to be met with. **LONDON EVENING POST.** — *I wonder the author of this advertisement should suppose a scoundrel to be a man of honour.* **B**

On friday last George Roufon was tried at Hicks's hall, for a rape of a child of nine years old, and was sentenced to be whipt twice from Islington turn-pike to the church, and to be kept to hard labour at Clerkenwell Bridewell for one year. **DAILY COURANT.** — *He was well served, being a person not duly qualified for those sports.* **B**

**TUESDAY, Ap. 14.** At the late siege of Gibraltar, acted in Tothill-fields, an honest captain, who commanded the fusileers, having made a breach, and standing upon the ramparts, was opposed personally by a certain rev. *Orator*, repulsed and thrown down into a dry ditch. It is apprehended the *Orator* had some design in this, having attack'd him twice before in Lincoln's-inn-fields, but without success. **N. B. The Orator's cannon are all brass.** **DAILY JOURNAL.**





N<sup>o</sup> 16. THURSDAY, April 23.

REMARKS on the *Fashionable Lady*, or *Harlequin's Opera*.

THE farce now before me seems to have been written in imitation of the *Rehearsal*, and designed to ridicule the present fashionable entertainments. The gentle manner in which our poet handles them, is what gives me a singular pleasure. The duke of BUCKINGHAM had hardly a single line, which was not pointed against a particular part of some play then in vogue. But our author is not so severe, he contents himself with bantering them in the lump; and thinks it will be sufficient to turn the works of other men to ridicule, if he himself writes a very silly thing after the same manner. I entirely agree with him in this opinion; and if he will but oblige the town with a tragedy and a comedy of his own composing; I do not at all question, but that both those species of poetry will be equally turned to ridicule.

In my account of this play, I shall speak first of the families; these being greatly in our author's favour, who has hardly written a sentence without one, or more in it. I thought, indeed, at first that he intended to banter a crowd of families; but I was soon undeceived by finding, that the gentlemen at the *Rehearsal* abound with them, as much as the Opera itself. Dr. SPRAT, in his *History of the Royal Society*, among the various professions, to which he supposes philosophy would be useful, enumerates poetry; and pleases himself with the expectation of seeing a variety of apt allusions to the several parts of nature. Mr. BAYLE was of a different opinion, he thought it would be hard to oblige a lady to go through a course of philosophy, in order

order to understand a copy of verses, or a play. † Mr. RALPH seems to be of Dr. SPRAT's mind, and makes his beau (Mr. Smooth) tell his fashionable lady (Mrs. Foible) *Upon my soul, madam, we are perfectly the loadstone and the needle; I obey all your motions implicitly.* And Mr. Merit says to Mrs. Sprightly, *Upon my life, at this rate I shall expect to be shewn up and down the country as an exotick; that, like the Aloe in blossom, can hardly be seen above once in a man's life.* Nay, what Dr. SPRAT little expected, the Royal Society itself has furnished a subject for wit; for Mr. Trifle says to Mr. Whim, *Verily you look as mortified as a discarded member of the Royal Society.* But how learned soever our poet may be in natural history, he will hardly merit a place in the society of antiquaries. He seems not to have known, that the Graces were painted naked, when he made Mrs. Sprightly, the greatest wit in the whole opera, say, *You know my cousin Foible is beautiful as VENUS, and would dress like one of the Graces.* I could wish, that some of our members would compose an index of the similes in this Farce; which would be a thing of much use to future dramatic writers. I shall mention a few which occur to me, as I turn over the leaves: p. 14. *Her brain is as empty as a harpsichord, and her heart as various as its music; her conversation is trifling as an Opera, and her passions a medley like an Entertainment.* P. 15. *You are like a costive poet, who thinks he has stumbled on a new thought, when he has only alter'd the phrase of an old one.* This is put into the mouth of a fine lady; who must needs have strain'd very hard for such a costive simile. P. 30. *I'll have you burnt in effigy, like the Devil and his Holiness, on the fifth of November.*

H

The

† This low writer constantly attended his own works with panegyrics in the *Journals*; and once in particular prais'd himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched Remarks upon that author's *Account of English poets*, printed in a *London Journal*, Sept. 1718. He

was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smil'd and reply'd, *Shakespear writ without rules.* See *Notes on the Dunciad*, B. III. Ver. 159.

The 13th scene of the 1st act is so inimitably fine, both with regard to the machinery and language, that I shall take leave to relate it in a particular manner as a specimen of the whole play. The scene is the dumb conjurer's house. It consists chiefly of a conversation about punch, between *Voice* (*Harlequin's* man) and some sailors.

‘ 4 *Sail.* Shew me but the punch, and i'gad I'll drink, tho' the devil were to pledge me.’

‘ *Voice.* Cra'mercy, old Rock! I love a boy of courage, and so we'll begin the round. Dost see that globe yonder?’

‘ 4 *Sail.* Well, and what then? what's that to a bowl of punch?’

‘ *Voice.* Why 'tis over that globe I study Geography.’

‘ 2 *Sail.* Oons, don't tell us of Jeffery, give us the punch.’

‘ *Omnes.* The punch! the punch!

‘ *Voice.* Ay, ay! the punch, the punch!

‘ You've heard, no doubt, how all the globe

‘ Was soak'd of old with Noah's flood.

‘ See here's a globe that holds a sea!

‘ A sea of liquor twice as good!

‘ Tol dol de rol.

‘ Had Noah's been a flood like this,

‘ And Anak's sons such souls as I;

‘ They'd drunk the deluge as it rose,

‘ And left the ark, like Noah, dry.

‘ Tol dol de rol.’

This, indeed, is very fine; but Mr. *Voice* happens to be a little out, in his chronology; for ANAK was not born till a great while after the deluge. But to return:

‘ He takes off one half of the globe, and brings the other full of punch, to the front of the stage; they sit on the ground to drink.’

‘ *Voice.* This, my buffa, is your true *Aqua vita*, and your true *Lignum vita*; which is, being interpreted, *Unum necessarium*, meat, drink, and cloaths, punch! all that the heart of man can desire!

‘ 4 *Sail.*



4 *Sail.* I gad a very pretty fancy! I swear, a world of punch! on my life we'll drink a world of punch.

*Voice.* Ay, ay, my boys! we'll be the Alexanders that shall conquer this world; tho' we cry for more, as he did, when we've done.

1 *Sail.* Did Alexander cry for more punch, then? I gad I think he was in the right. ——— I should have done the same myself.

3 *Sail.* Oons! who talks of crying over an ocean of punch? Let the world spin, I say, and a fig for the Spaniards. I say, let the world go round.

What a world of wit is here! I would not but have read this scene for the whole world. It has made my head go round almost as fast as the world itself.

The language is every where just and elegant; as will appear by the few following instances. Act i, Sc. 9. Mrs. Sprightly tells Mr. Merit, *I'm afraid you'll die of the English disease at last, you'll certainly hang yourself, and be brought in lunatick by the coroner's inquest; which I take to be a fine complement on the English nation.* And Mr. Merit answers with great politeness, *You are as keen as the north wind, in a March morning, and almost as loud; while I, like a duck'd fowl, have scarce breath or courage to make you an answer.* Sc. 17. The delicate Mr. Modely says, *I feel a sort of an antipathy to an old English tune, that shocks me worse than the setting of a saw, or a concert of midnight cats in a gutter.* Act iii. Sc. 10. Prattle says to Mrs. Sprightly, *I vow, and protest, Mem, were I married to Mr. Whim, I should dream of nothing but wet weather every night, and, at nine months end, be brought to bed of a cloud.*

As for the songs, I shall content myself with giving Mrs. Foible's opinion (p. 71.) which is applicable to most of them, *they are worse than a psalm at an execution, or an owl at midnight.*

The plot seems to be to bring in fine things; which Mr. BAYES declared was all that a plot was good for. Thus Mr. Ballad gets drunk, that he may take Death out to dance; and Death is introduced for no other reason, but to give him an opportunity to do it. O Death



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(says Mr. Ballad) *thou long-liv'd mortal, give me thy hand, and let's lead up a dance. Oons, we'll have a Death's dance, more to the life than Holben's.*

To conclude, the whole play is charming; and very well deserves all the encouragement the town has given it. B.

BAVIUS.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grub-street Society.

S I R,

**T**HE author of THE FASHIONABLE LADY, &c. having told his patron, that it was an *Essay to entertain politeness and good sense*; I have sent you a short specimen of polite and sensible language collected from that Opera, which I hope you will think proper to insert in your next *Journal*.

*Mr. Ballad.* Blood! p. 1, 65. S'death! p. 61, 65. Gad, Before George. 75, 87. I'gad! p. 2, 66. Oons! p. 2, 16, 18. Before George p. 35, 57, 59, 61, 80, 87, 89. Cod so. p. 80. By the lord Harry. p. 2, 5, 65, 80. Pox. p. 75, 80. What a Devil! p. 43, 59. A devil knows what. p. 61. Go to the devil. p. 2. Confound your Amphion, p. 2. Confound the plot. p. 80. Confound this Italian. p. 2. Confound these damn'd critics, they are as unmannerly as the devil. p. 89. Cry mercy, here's the devil too——My service to you, you black whore's bird, with all my heart. p. 87.

*Mr. Modely.* Dem it. p. 2. Devil take your criticisms. p. 57. Devil take him. p. 89.

*Mr. Smooth.* Gad! p. 40. Dem it. 10, 18, 40, 41, 90, 91. What a pox! p. 18. Pox take 'em. p. 19, 20.

*Capt. Hackum.* S'death! p. 28, 88. Blood! p. 27, 90, 91. Blood and thunder! p. 9, 57, 88. What the devil! p. 55, 88. Oons! p. 57, 58. By the devil. p. 6, 55. Pox of your entertainment. p. 57. Confound the wizard. p. 88. You whore-son lubberly dogs, what a devil do you here? what must you have your fortunes told too, with a pox? ——— Fine fortunes, and be damn'd to you. p. 55.

*Mr. Whim.* S'death! p. 47, 49. Oons! p. 26,

49,

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' 49, 78, 79. Marry with a pox. p. 50. What a plague! p. 50. What a pox! p. 25, 79. What the devil! p. 24. What a devil! p. 26, 50, 78.  
' Mr. Trifle. S'bud! p. 75. S'death! p. 75.  
' Voice. Pox! Plague on't. p. 20.  
' Mrs. Foible. Oh Ged! p. 21. Devil take 'em!  
' p. 29. Dem your genius. p. 92.  
' Mrs. Sprightly. Ged! p. 68, 69, 72. O Lud!  
' O Lud! p. 31. Devil take her. p. 34.  
M. Your humble servant, J. T.

S I R,

**A** LONG with your Paper of this day, my hawker brought me (the printed copy of) the lists of our profession, as delivered into the House of Commons. Throughout the whole I can find but one name with the addition of Esq; and that is in the King's-bench list: and therefore I intend to search for his name on the roll of attorneys of that court, for I can never believe it can be so enter'd there; but if it should, I shall hope to find it at the head of the roll in capitals, and not as in the printed copy, crowded in at the sag end, without any other, than an alphabetical distinction: nay, I shall expect to find along with the addition of Esq; that he is entered with the style and title of *Capitalis Attorn. de Banco coram nob.* There are instances of attornies being obliged to quit trades they carried on, or else being put out of the roll of attorneys: and, I hope, my brethren of that court will move, that he may either wave his privilege of Esq; or else be put out of the roll of attorneys, as a member of your Society,

Your constant Reader,

Ap. 9. 1730,

*Gen' un' Attorn' de Com' Banco.*

The same gentleman communicated the copy of the two following *Epitaphs*: one on an attorney, buried in the church at Beccles in Suffolk; the other on a bailiff.

**H** I C jacet corpus Thomæ Wrongey generosi, unius Attornatorum curiæ Domini Regis de Banco apud Westm.

*Juxta libertates & privilegia ejusdem curiæ, tertio die Aprilis, privilegio suo non obstante, morte arrestatur, hic in sepulchri prisona detinetur. Nec aliqua Legis subtilitate ab eadem ante generalem Goalæ deliberationem liberandum; cùm Christus ad totum terrarum orbem judicandum venerit.*

**H**ERE lies John Coom,  
A Bailiff of the Boom:  
When he dy'd,  
The Devil cry'd,  
Come, John, Come.

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, April 16. Mrs. Boscawen, mother to the lord visc. Falmouth, died of a fever on tuesday night, at her house in Park-place, near St. James's, being near 80 years old. 4 EVENING POSTS.—*I am assured, that this lady for many years never omitted the receiving of the holy sacrament every sunday; and would never be diverted by any visitors, even of the greatest quality, from going to prayers at the usual hours every day in the week. A rare example this for persons of fashion, who are apt to make religious duties give place to diversions. This constant course of regular devotion, as it was accompanied with all the virtues of a Christian life; so it was attended with a happy death: to which she resigned herself, not only with calmness and submission, but even with chearfulness and alacrity.* M.

SATURDAY, April 18. A few days since Mr. Collins, a weaver in Shoreditch, was knocked down in Gracechurch-street, by a street-robber, who made off immediately; two gentlemen seemingly coming to his assistance: but when he came to himself, they departed, and he found he had lost his purse with 14 guineas. DAILY POST-BOY.—*This way of robbing seems to have been learned in Westminster-hall: where it is common for the person who did the injury, to get off unhurt; and for him who received it, to receive double from those who pretend to give him assistance.* M.





No 17. THURSDAY, April 30.



*Here all his suffering brotherhood retire;  
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire.*  
Dunciad, B. I.

To Mr. deputy JAMES JONES, waste-paper merchant,  
in the Long-walk, near Smithfield.

Dear JONES,

**I**F you have not quite forgotten your old friend, let me know it. In the last age we maintained a constant correspondence, of which I beg I may not be deprived, tho' my privileges in other respects are now much increased. Time was, I confined myself to one *poor* island, and was content with the freedom of the city of London: but now I am become a denizon of the whole globe, and have the choice of forty kingdoms to live in. And tho' the novelty and variety with which I daily meet in my travels, afford me continual diversion; yet I cannot forget the pains and the pleasure we have often taken together, in consulting the peace and happiness of mankind, by bundling up whole heaps of the Works of the Learned, and throwing them into your dark repository of humane literature.

The spirit of the brain, distilled by the heat of the imagination, like some chemical preparations, when exposed to the air, is apt to smoke, to take fire, to crack, and bounce, to the no small disturbance of the neighbourhood. Nay, the very insipid *phlegm*, and even the *caput mortuum* of the brain, after this chemical operation, being mixed with ink, and spread upon paper, have the same combustible, noisy qualities, with the spirits themselves. But, to thy immortal honour be it spoken,

it



it is in thy power to suppress this noise, to extinguish this flame, and to dispell this smoke, so as they shall give no more offence to the eyes, ears, and noses of Christian people.

How often have I been an eye-witness of thy particular regard to myself, and other authors of the same class, in piling up our Works above the reach of the tallest and most gigantic critic! Long, learned, and laborious *Commentaries* upon the Scriptures usually formed the basis of the structure; upon which were raised a great number of *Sermons* and theological Discourses. Controversies in divinity, and politics, supported on both sides by the same texts differently interpreted, defended by scholastic distinctions, and confirmed by authorities of great *weight*, lay very *heavy* upon the expositors of Scripture. Next to these were placed Controversies in physic, tending equally to the health of the body natural, as the former do to that of the soul, and of the body politic. Histories of our own, and of foreign nations, giving a different, and sometimes a contradictory account, of the same transactions, and yet all professing the strictest impartiality and veracity, were layed all together in the next rank. Upon these were spread philosophical pieces, with a *substratum* of Mathematical Demonstrations, made easy in an unintelligible manner to the meanest capacity. Philosophy was pressed down very close by phylological books, and pamphlets, novels, plays, poems, &c. But superior to all appeared *Daily* and *Weekly Posts*, and *Journals*, &c. which being written in haste, and containing light trivial matters, upon a thin, weak paper, required, and received from you the greatest instances of tenderness and care.

In this disposition of the materials which composed this structure of erudition, all the world must acknowledge your great intellectual and moral qualifications. Nothing could better manifest your skill in this kind of architecture, and your regard to sound doctrine, contained in the voluminous Works of those learned and painful divines, Mr. DOOLITTLE, Mr. HENRY, &c. than to make them the foundation of the whole learned edifice.

Your

Your great love of peace and union is conspicuous in your continual endeavours to reconcile the most bitter adversaries; whom, tho' at never so great a distance, you bring near to one another, and oblige them even to lie close together, without the least disturbance. Thus you happily put an end to the altercations among the Non-jurors, about *the necessity of mixing wine and water in the Eucharist*, &c. and to those among some bishops and deans, about *the nature of CHRIST's kingdom*, &c. When polemical writers in the heat of the argument make digressions to things altogether foreign to the first subject of the controversy, (which is generally done) and the world begins to be tired with reading and buying, (which after a while it always is) you then step in to the assistance of the book-sellers on both sides of the question, and by purchasing the remainder of the impression, put an end to the whole dispute. Thus you evidently prove yourself that in reality, which the old gentleman at Rome only pretends to be, the supreme, infallible judge of controversy, to whose final decision all persons are obliged to submit.

But your authority and power extend much farther than he even pretends to carry his: for you determine controversies in physic, and other arts and sciences, as infallibly, as those in divinity. And therefore it is hoped, that you will speedily interpose, and reconcile Dr. TURNER, and Dr. BLONDEL; who have poured out such a profusion of learning and logic, *concerning the marking of children*, that it is feared, they will soon intirely exhaust, not only the argument, but themselves. When you admit those gentlemen's compositions into your Literatary, it may not be amiss to place the reverend and learned Dr. MITCHELL's *Dissertation concerning Sooterkins*, as a proper moderator between them.

Your pile of History, I hope, will soon be considerably raised by the addition of several *Secret* and *Critical Histories* lately published, which are written with equal elegance and veracity.

I have often been concerned at the ill success of my worthy friend the CANTABRIGIAN PHILOSOPHER; who happening *to jar the string in the harmony of human understanding*, among those, who were below his own height;

beight; they, instead of subscribing to his doctrine, were for tying him fast, and sending him to Bedlam. Had he dextrously screwed up this string to its right key among those of the same pitch, and stricken gently upon it, they, by a secret necessary sympathy, would have stricken exactly at the same time; and the Greenian philosophy had then been as much admired and applauded as ever the Cartesian was. But this had deprived you of an opportunity of shewing your generosity to a person undeservedly fallen under the obloquy of the world, for writing above their capacity, and of taking his sublime Works into your protection.

Your constant regard to the *Belles Lettres*, and to poetry in particular, is very remarkable. The abortive off-springs of the Muses, whom no parish-clerks (tho' generally great lovers of rhyme) would vouchsafe to interr, you have decently layed in your own vault. Others, who have been sent out by their parents, from their garrets in Grub-street, to seek their fortune in the world, so young that they could not speak plain, nor even tell their own names, you have charitably taken into your house. The deformed, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and the crazy, those dismal objects, which are continually plying at book-sellers shops, for alms, receive it certainly at last from you. Nay, so extensive is your goodness, that it reaches even to those who are manifest cheats, and beg under false names; those, who, like the ragged letter-carriers of the penny-post, run about with *Epistles* in their hands; the sturdy, *satirical beggars*, who abuse all who refuse them relief; and the noisy *balkad-singers*, bred up in idleness and lewdness, who are continually disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood, and spreading scandal about town: all these, by the greatest instance of charity, both towards them, and the world, you take up and confine, in order to make them useful and serviceable hereafter in some proper way. Insomuch that your Literary is a lively representation in miniature, of three famous hospitals, St. Bartholomew's, Bridewell, and Bedlam.

The poetical gentry, I remember, were always grumbling at their being placed under the News-papers;



pers ; and when mounted on their Pegasus, were still verifying the proverb relating to their beggerly fraternity, by endeavouring to *ride* over the heads of our Mercurial authors. But these, mounted on their post-horses, which were fleetier and lighter than the jades of the other, still kept the supreme place which you had assigned them. While the poor depreſt philosophical pieces, tho' assisted by mathematical engines, groaned under the intolerable weight of leaden poetry.

There used likewise to be some disputes about precedence among the Mercurial writers, even those of the same political principles ; who, after they had quarrelled in coffee-houses, and other places, continued their contentions for superiority even in this place of repose : but you soon ended those ambitious contests, by tying up promiscuously, and so uniting, WALPOLEANS and PULTNEANS, in one and the same cord.

Thus my letter is insensibly extended to a greater length than I designed ; my thoughts having been carried away by the pleasing images of things once so grateful to me in my own countrey. And as I have, by the magic of fancy, been now present above this hour with my old friend, and assisting him in ranging in his Library the Works of the learned : so, by the same means, in spite of my enemies, I meet the whole society of my friends once a week at the Pegasus. To whom I desire this Letter may be shewn, as a testimony how much I have them and their affairs at heart, even under the greatest discouragement, in a place where they are at present, especially the political writers, the frequent subject of ridicule.

I shall expect with impatience, to hear of the receipt of this ; and desire to be informed at the same time, what authors you have discharged out of your hospital, to be employed in new occupations at home ; whom you have sent to travel abroad, since I left England ; and who have succeeded in their room. Those who travel, I think, always move northward ; so that I must not hope for the pleasure of seeing any of them here, to give me an account of your wellfare : which I shall hope to receive very soon from your  
own



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own hand, and therefore the greatest satisfaction imaginable to,

Paris, March

M. 25, 1730.

Dear JONES,

Your most obliged

and affectionate servant; N. M.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grub-street Society.

S I R,

I Perfwade my self, that the following copy of a Bill from a Welch surgeon to one of his patients will not be a disagreeable entertainment to the generality of your readers. I assure you it is matter of fact, the original Bill (of which this is a copy) being in a lawyer's hands: so that, in all probability, a law-suit will commence between our ancient Briton and the lady; who has a heavy charge laid against her of *hatred, malice, envy, &c. and running away from and breaking the windows of hur surgeon*, which has consequently put hur Welch blood in a ferment. Your inserting this in your next Journal will oblige

Yours unknown, B. S.

Dr. DAVEY SHONES his Bill, at Oswestrey, for Mrs. SUESANNA MADOX.

Nov. 9, 1729.

|                                            |    |    |    |
|--------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| FOR dressing hur mortify'd elcere up-      | l. | s. | d. |
| on hur lege, and clen it from stin-        |    |    |    |
| kin, with sprits of Chamfire, Tinct.       |    |    |    |
| Myrhe, an udder dings prapor for 49        | 3  | 1  | 6  |
| tims. 15 tims it cost me 2 s. 6 d: evry    |    |    |    |
| rim before I cow'd get the stinkin         |    |    |    |
| flesse away, and the oder 34 tims —        |    |    |    |
| For lancin and scallin the boune           | 0  | 10 | 0  |
| For ungts, ols, and linimt. to anointe the |    |    |    |
| stinkin lege                               | 0  | 7  | 6  |
| For pills aurea gilded with gould          | 0  | 7  | 6  |
| For drams and cordiolls for hur and hur    |    |    |    |
| companeons                                 | 0  | 7  | 6  |
| For lodgen, care, and attendunce uppon     | 1  | 12 | 6  |
| hur                                        |    |    |    |
| Carried over                               | 1  | 6  | 6  |
|                                            |    |    | 6  |

For

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|                                                                                                                                                     | l.    | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| Brought over —                                                                                                                                      | 6     | 6  | 6  |
| For runnin away, and hindrin me to have<br>tim to make hur cure to purfickton —                                                                     | 2     | 10 | 0  |
| For envy, hatred, and mallis, and ill-will<br>in spaakin uttrin and purnouncin sev-<br>rall reflecshons, and fals storees uppon<br>me and my hous — | 1     | 12 | 0  |
| For brekin my glas in the glas windos with<br>hur hors is nos. —                                                                                    | 0     | 1  | 0  |
|                                                                                                                                                     | l. 10 | 9  | 6  |

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Ap. 24. Yesterday Rich. Ellis, *alias* Rogers, convicted of endeavouring to extort money from Jeremiah Amet, stood in the pillory in Gracechurch-street, and was very ruffly treated by the populace. DAILY COURANT. — *I suppose our author means roughly, unless he alludes to the ruff about the worthy gentleman's neck.* B.

MONDAY, Ap. 27. On saturday last his royal highness the prince was at the new theatre in the Hay-market, to see the *Author's farce*, and *The tragedy of Tom THUMB*, which was acted with very great applause. DAILY POST. — *My little grand-son says, he will write a Tragedy called Jack the giant-killer; which, I do not doubt, will be likewise received with very great applause.* B.

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I

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N<sup>o</sup> 18. THURSDAY, May 7.

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AN ESSAY towards a new Theory of Physic, in a *Discourse* read before the Grubean Society, by EPHRAIM QUIBUS, M. D.

*Nunc, ratio quæ sit morbis, aut unde repente  
Mortiferam possit cladem conflare coorta  
Morbida vis hominum generi, pecudumque catervis,  
Expediam.* Lucret. Lib. VI.

**B**EING very sensible of the great honour you have lately conferred upon me, in admitting me a member of this Society; I think myself obliged to endeavour to shew, that I am not altogether unworthy of the place you have allotted me amongst you. I flatter myself, that I shall be able to do this, by discoursing after a new manner, on a subject of the highest importance; the health and safety of mankind. I am about to propose a *Theory of Physic*, different from all, which have been already invented: a theory not depending upon precarious reasonings, but supported by a great number of curious and exact observations.

In the first place, I lay down this universal proposition, that all diseases whatsoever owe their origin to animalcules. This will seem no very surprising doctrine, to those, who are already convinced, as indeed most are, that each animated body was once contained in one of those animalcules, which the sagacious LEWENHOECK first discovered in the *semen masculinum*. It is certain, that not only this, but all the other fluids whatsoever, contain a great variety of animalcules, of different forms, which inhabit each fluid, as their proper element. There are very few, who have not had the pleasure of seeing those in vinegar and pepper water:

ter: and those who are sufficiently curious and diligent, may see other minute creatures even in those pure and unmixed fluids. Now, I only desire it may be considered, that there are many various fluids secreted in every animal body: and it being granted that each of these fluids has several proper inhabitants, it will necessarily follow, that there must be an almost infinite number of various animalcules in all such bodies. Hence, it will be easy to understand, that various diseases may arise. Thus, if we receive any aliment into our stomachs, which is of a destructive nature to those animalcules, which inhabit the proper fluid contained therein, the consequences must needs be various, according to the different effects of this invasion on the constitution of the animalcules. If they are able to give sufficient resistance to those violent attacks, and overcome them; we are sensible of some disturbance in our stomachs: but the peccant humour being thrown off, is carried down through the intestines, and so the disorder is ended. On the other side, if the animalcules are not able to sustain the attack, but sink under it; a number of their carcasses, lying dead at once, will cause an uneasy and dangerous putrefaction in the stomach. And if the admitted food be of such a nature as to occasion strong convulsions in them, this effect must have a secondary one on the stomach; and, causing a tender motion in its fibres, oblige it to throw up and discharge the offending matter, and the animalcules together. Nor will this disorder cease, till its cause be removed: nor will the stomach even then perform its offices justly, till a sufficient supply of new animalcules be generated, to restore it to its natural state. And hence appears the necessity of administering an emetic in these disorders of the stomach: which by vellicating its fibres will oblige it to throw up the contending parties; before the whole constitution suffer by so dangerous a conflict. After the operation of the emetic, we usually administer an opiate, which generally puts an end to the disorder. Whether this be effected by any power those medicines have of taking off the uneasy vellications of the fibres; or whether they have a property of invigorating the surviving animalcules; or whether opium



may not even contain some eggs of the same animalcules; seems not altogether unworthy of our inquiry.

Should I explain every disease, according to my hypothesis; it would take up much more time, than we allot for our meetings. I shall content myself therefore to speak only of some few at present; and reserve the others for some future opportunities. — I have found, in observing human blood on the microscope, that there is one particular animalcule, amongst many others, which is not very much unlike the sea tortoise in shape. This I am persuaded, is the general cause of fevers. It is not improbable, that this creature is more prolific in some seasons and constitutions, than in others. When it happens that great numbers of these are generated, the vessels are distended, and the animalcules, pressing each other, cause a greater motion in the blood, and consequently a quicker and stronger contraction of the arteries. The bodies of these creatures being very broad, and their heads small, they frequently attempt to pass through some minute vessels, which can not admit them. This accident stops others that follow them; and more continually following, without being able to proceed, a dangerous obstruction is necessarily made, great numbers of the creatures choaked, and the life of the patient in the utmost danger. Now, if by proper medicines we can cause any of the glands lying near these obstructions to dilate so far as to admit a large quantity through them, there is hope that the disease may be removed. If the glands of the skin are thus affected, great shoals of the animalcules are thrown off in a profuse sweat; if those of the intestines, by stool; and if the kidneys, they come away by urine. Give me leave to add, that the sediment of the urine is nothing else but these animalcules dead in great numbers, which sink to the bottom of that fluid: as will appear by examining them on a good microscope.

I have observed another animalcule to be very frequent in human blood, which very much resembles a lobster. This no doubt is the cause of the scurvy. For, when it is driven towards the surface of the body, along with the matter, fitted for perspiration, it lays hold on the vessels with its claws, and causes those uneasy

easy irritations in the skin, of which persons subject to that distemper are apt to complain.

I could easily account for all the symptoms of every disease, if the time would admit of it; and could shew how even our thoughts depend on variously figured animalcules. So that when we speak of maggots in the brain, we use a more literal expression than we generally imagine. I shall beg leave to take another opportunity of discoursing before you on the application of this *Theory* to practice; and endeavour to lay down a most certain method of curing all diseases whatsoever, by a various treatment of these troublesome inmates. B.

Mr. BAVIUS, Chelsea, May 2, 1730.

**Y**OUR learned Society having for some ages claimed a right of publishing accounts of wonders; I desire to lay before you one which lately happened in this place. A lady, who had for some time lost the use of her speech, was directed in a dream to come to the Physic-garden here, and eat of a plant: the form of which, and place of growth, were at the same time revealed to her. In obedience to this vision, she came; and, tho' a stranger to the place, went directly to the plant; eat heartily of it, and made signs for a draught of water: upon the drinking of which, the use of her tongue was immediately restored.

Our correspondent proceeds here to communicate the name of the plant, and give a learned description of it: but our Society were unanimous in their opinion, that the name of so pernicious a plant ought to be suppressed. And the learned Mr. *Professor* HECATOM thought it not improbable, that a plant, which had a power of making a dumb woman speak, might augment that faculty in some others to such a degree, as to become very destructive to the peace of society. He added, that he was of opinion, that as much care ought to be taken in destroying this plant, as was formerly applied to the extirpation of wolves. Dr. QUIBUS, on this occasion, informed the Society, that he had discovered some glands in the tongue, which separated an

oily liquor, incapable of mixing with the nervous fluid; that this liquor was full of little nimble animalcules, on which he judged the volubility of speech to depend. He added, that he did not doubt, but that the plant, of which the lady had eat so plentifully, contained a large quantity of oily, lubricating particles, which were capable of restoring the before-mentioned glands to their wonted tone and use. B.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 6.*

Complaint was made, that several anonymous persons, who by their stile plainly shew themselves to be latent members of this Society, frequently send copies of verses to the authors of other news-papers, in order to be published: some of which are immoral, as particularly a *Copy on a lady*, printed in the *Universal Spectator*, Numb. LXXXI. and others are in defence of our Society, against its most inveterate enemies, particularly Dr. SWIFT and Mr. POPE. This practice was declared to be of most pernicious consequence; and a Resolution was passed, That for the future endeavours should be used to find out the authors of scandalous and immoral verses, and a public censure should be passed on them, exposing them to the world by their true names. And, as to those who write in defence of the Society, they are ordered to bring or send their pieces hither, that they may be published with our approbation in our *Journal*. And particularly the author of the admirable *Verses in vindication of Sir RICH. STEELE*, against Dean SWIFT, printed in the *Daily Journal*, Sat. May 2, is desired to send a correct copy of them with additions. The five last lines were much applauded by the Society:

*Thus S—t, a dean by O—d made,  
A burlesque on his holy trade,  
From highest summit of buffoonry fell,  
(Loaded with the contempt he merits well)  
For ribbald wit, to the profoundest hell!*

Mr. MAEVIUS observed, that the cadence of the three last lines represented, in a surprising manner, the fall of



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of the DEAN, from the summit of buffoonry to the profoundest hell; than which as nothing could be more profound in place, so nothing could possibly be more profound in poetry. Mi



No 19. THURSDAY, May 14.

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AFTER some general *Reflections* upon the *Epistle* of CALISTA to ALTAMONT; and some particular ones upon a short *Copy of verses*, relating to the same unfortunate lady; Mr. MAEVIUS observes, that the proper end of writing on such occasions, is to suggest to persons such reflections upon the follies and misfortunes of others, as may be useful to secure them from exposing themselves to the like inconveniences and miseries: and then declares, that he has had this end solely in view, in the following *Verses* on the same subject.

WITH native charms adorn'd, improv'd by art,  
Whatever glads our eyes, or warms our heart;  
'Midst the *beau monde* to view sublimely plac'd,  
With splendid wealth, and noble titles grac'd;  
Thus rais'd, thus blest, unfortunate by all;  
With blessings curs'd, and only rais'd to fall:  
At once from pleasure, wealth, and honour torn;  
Expos'd to pain, necessity, and scorn.

But when this melancholy tale is told  
To the gay young, as lecture, by the old;  
Let both, to kind compassion mov'd, bemoan  
Her sudden ruin, whilst her fault they own.  
Let them recount, what deep, what num'rous sighs  
Sprung from her breast, what torrents drown'd her eyes;  
When pale, dishevell'd, prostrate on the floor,  
Her fate she wail'd, and curs'd her natal hour:

'Twixt



'Twixt glimm'ring hope perplex'd, and dark despair,  
 Begg'd that the silent grave might end her care.  
 The grievous pangs of one such dismal day,  
 Whole years of highest, sensual joys, outweigh. 20

But greater pains succeed, more pungent woe,  
 When words all fail'd, and tears no more could flow:  
 When grief unutterable, mute distress,  
 Which neither thought can form, nor words express,  
 Raging within, subdu'd the mortal part, 25  
 The vital current stopp'd, and broke her heart.

Lament the fair by lawless love betray'd;  
 Who, from the path of honour having stray'd,  
 Could not, when once disclos'd her guilt and shame,  
 Survive the death of virtue and of fame. 30

O love! O friendship! turn your eyes this way:  
 This tragic bed, this scene of death survey:  
 This is your work.—There lies the fair ador'd:  
 The love for her, the friendship for her lord,  
 Conspicuous shine alike:—this glorious end 35  
 Of both, displays the lover, and the friend.

How virtuous is this age, which dares to blame  
 The mulct impos'd on this destructive flame!  
 The laws of hospitality defy'd;  
 And all the stronger bands by friendship ty'd: 40  
 The nuptial vows dissolv'd; the marriage bed  
 Defil'd; the spouse through shame and anguish dead.  
 For crimes like these is any mulct too high?  
 For less the criminal deserves to die.

Flie wretch, in exile from thy native shore, 45  
 Where British eyes may ne'er behold thee more,  
 But never hope to lose in distant climes  
 The sad remembrance of thy fatal crimes:  
 Think on them still; and strive by night, by day,  
 With floods of tears to wash thy guilt away. 50  
 Think not of pleasure, nor of ease below:  
 Thy doom is sorrow here, or future woe. M.

The  
 In Nov. 1729, the lady she died in December, about  
 A—being detected in a fortnight after her deliv-  
 criminal conversation with ry of a son, who died in  
 Mr. L—, her lord's inti- January. Mr. L—, to a-  
 mate friend, was sent up the void paying the 10,000 l. da-  
 same day for London; where mages, fled beyond sea.

The controversy betwixt the POPEANS and the THEOBALDIANS being lately revived, by the publication of *One Epistle to Mr. A. POPE, in answer to Two of Dr. YOUNG's*; a short extract of the contents of the *Preface* has been sent to our Society by an unknown hand. This they have ordered to be published; declaring at the same time, to shew their impartiality, that if the gentlemen concerned think fit to send an answer, it shall be published in our next, if there appear no substantial reason to the contrary.

There having been last week published *One Epistle to Mr. A. POPE*, with a curious *Preface*, we here give the reader a short extract of the contents of it.

SOME people have been very *scurrilous* against Mr. POPE, which I am sorry for; therefore I am more *scurrilous*. Some folks have been very *dull*, which I am sorry for; therefore I will shew I am *duller*. Some have said I could write nothing *myself*; therefore I have got some *other writers* to do this. No body should abuse those that have not abused first: therefore having shewn in this *preface*, that Dr. ARBUTHNOT and Dr. SWIFT knew nothing of any intent to satyrize us, we abuse the said gentlemen personally in the *poem*. But we ourselves requiring more respect than they, and being neither scholars, doctors, nor divines, call ourselves *gentlemen*: which sure no body will deny, because one of us is the son of an *alehouse-keeper*, one the son of a *foot-man*, and one the son of a ————  
*Sic subscribitur* \* JEMMY M——E SM——

A.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, May 7. We hear that Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated comedian, hath obtained a reversionary grant of the patent of master of the theatre royal in Drury-lane, granted by his majesty king George the 1st, to the late Sir Richard Steele, Kt. which expires in 1732. ST. JAMES'S EVENING POST. — As Mrs. Oldfield is to be master, our author should have informed us, who is to be mistress.  
M.

No. 20.

\* This person reported a publisher; it being written himself author, but was only by Mr. Welsled, and others.

N<sup>o</sup> 20. THURSDAY, May 21.

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*Shall we not censure all the motly train,  
 Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?  
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,  
 And wet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme?*

YOUNG'S 1st Epist. to Mr. POPE.

**W**HEN in our last we inserted a short account of a curious piece of reasoning, in the *Preface* to a certain *Epistle to Mr. A. POPE*; we had not read the epistle itself, which merits a more serious treatment. We have been informed, that the person most concern'd disapproved our taking even that notice of it. However, no private consideration must prevent us from pursuing the general design and duty of our Paper, which is to record the productions of Grub-street; and to prove our impartiality, not only by remarking upon such of our unhappy brethren, as (not unfrequently) chance to fall into immoralities or scandals, but by doing justice to our greatest enemies, of which we have now a glorious opportunity, even to Mr. POPE. We must be forc'd to own, this piece, tho' truly Grub-street, will be taken for a libel, till the facts asserted in it are proved, and till it be known *who* are the authors that assert 'em. For all accusations against a man's character, without an *attester*, are in moral honesty *presum'd SLANDERS* and *LYES*; and the persons who publish such without full proof (tho' they may be members of our Society, tho' they may style themselves ever so *gentlemanly*, nay, tho' they were *knights of the Bathos*) will be accounted *LYERS* and *SCOUNDRELS*.

To remove so great a blot from our gentlemen, we here publicly invite any person of credit and character



rafter to stand forth and attest any of the following facts, which are contain'd in the said Paper.

Who will be so good as to say, that he hath seen or known of, any prose or verse work of Mr. POPE's, call'd *The Progress of Dullness*; or by any other title, which included a Satire on any branch of science whatever, besides what is now contain'd in the *Dunciad*? *Pref. p. 6.*

That the late duke of BUCKINGHAM paid any pension to CHARLES GILDON, which he took from him since his acquaintance with Mr. P. *Notes p. 22.*

That the present archbishop of CANTERBURY hath past any censure on Mr. P. *Epist. p. 11.*

That Mr. P. ever writ, or spoke, complimentally, or over civilly, of or to CH——RS. *Ibid.*

That Mr. F——N and he ever were at distance or variance with each other. *Ibid.*

That the rev. Mr. BR——ME ever asserted or complain'd, he was not gratify'd with a competent sum for his share in the *Odyssey*; nay did not own, that he thought himself highly paid. *Ibid. 19.*

That Mr. ADDISON, or any other but Mr. P. writ, or alter'd, one line of the *Prologue to Cato*. *Ibid. 12.*

Who will name any young writer, allow'd to have merit, that hath been personally discourag'd by him; or who hath not received either actual services, or amicable treatment from him. *Ibid. 8.*

Who will instance any one riotous, lewd, drunken, or indecent action, at any time by him committed? or any unpunctual dealing between man and man? or name one person to whom he owes a shilling, or a couplet? *Ibid. 18, 19.*

Who will give any instance of his avarice, or want of hospitality, bounty, or charity to any friend, acquaintance, or needy deserving person? or of his taking money, pension, or present, for praising or satyrizing any one in his life? *Ibid. 20.*

Whoever will testify any of these things, which you have asserted of Mr. POPE, shall receive for reward, the panegyricks of all our Society.

But we must here suggest to our brethren a caution or two. It would be proper some body who knows should



should tell us punctually *what is Mr. POPE's estate?* without which, it will be very hard to judge, whether he is *avaricious* or not? We would also ask two questions: one in regard to what is said of his *learning Greek*, since folks will be apt to think he could not well fail, during his long employment upon *Homer*, to do that in ten years, which every lad at the school and university can in three. My question therefore is, which of you gentlemen hath *examin'd* him, and is sure he is more ignorant than himself?

The other is, *what evidence* will you produce, in a point you hint at, (doubtless of great importance to the commonwealth of learning) *whether Mr. POPE be, or be not, a woman's man?* Since he has no *wife* of his own to appeal to, can any of *your wives* or *daughters* bear testimony in it? or will you procure it from a *lady* (suppos'd to have some hand in this piece) who has confidently reported he once was *whipt*; and 'tis thought very well knows, whether or no he stood in need of such an operation? That lady is a *woman of honour*; and if she affirms it, the thing is clear—— But methinks it is a little hard in you to take away *all Mr. P's abilities*; since you allow him none as a writer. You assure us in the first page he is a *bad poet*; nay hardly allow him that, for you say in the next, he is only a *stealer* from *bad poets* and *dunces*: (It is strange he should chuse to steal from *such*; but if so, you have just cause to complain of invasion of property.) You assure us, he is not even a *versifyer*, but steals the *sound* of his verses: (To *steal a sound* is sure as ingenious as to *paint an echo*; and I wish, for the sake of harmony, we too had this secret.)

In page 12, he is *as bad as OGILBY*—— nay as *Mr. ROWE*. In page 13 he is *dull*, he is *lively*; he is *quick*, he is *languid*. In the remaining pages, *people like him too well*, he has *too many friends*, he lives at *ease*, and is *pretty well to pass*.—— All this, my friends, we cannot possibly help, and in Christian charity should be sorry for.

But the Devil is what follows. Your *Preface* sorely complains, that some of you (I hop'd *all*) had been *abused without provocation*. But gentlemen should consider,

der, that to some people dullness is provoking; and that in such case, to call gentlemen *dull* is no abuse, tho' it may be a rudeness. You cannot bear, gentlemen should be treated as vermine and reptiles. Now, to be impartial, you were compar'd to *flying fishes, swallows, ostriches, didappers, tortoises, and parrots*; not vermine, but curious and beautiful creatures. You complain of being rank'd with the *dullest beasts*: (you great wits have short memories, for you see there is no *beast* in the whole list) and with the *dullest men*. Alas! alas! my brethren, what will your enemies say, when you speak thus of each other?

But I pray, gentlemen, do not you your selves take too much liberty? Let us lay the saddle on the right beast (*horse* I mean). What provocations could your unknown honours ever receive, from any of those eminent persons, who never heard of your names, and whom you have abused in this very poem? What injury has been done any of you by the late duke of BUCKINGHAM? whom you call a *vile poet*; and *bad judge*, p. 1. What by the learned bishop ATTERBURY? whom you call a *blockhead*, and a *bungler*, p. 16. What by the ingenious Dr. ARBUTHNOT and Dr. SWIFT? both whom you excriminate in your *Preface*, and yet call the one a *quack*, a *pedant*, &c. p. 16. and the other *something worse*, p. 20. What harm have you had from Mr. JERVAS, his majesty's painter? whom you call a *breaker of God's commandments*, p. 17. What from the right hon. the E. of BURLINGTON, the lord BATHURST, or others? to whom you gentlemen, that profess yourselves so *well bred*, have given as hard names, as to the rest. 'Tis true, you have at present omitted these last, in a sober fear of cudgels and *scandalum magnatum*: but you have set asterisks, with a promise to re-place them hereafter, p. 16. And may probably make it good, as soon as those noble lords shall be either in their graves, or out of the kingdom: witness the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and bishop of ROCHESTER, whom gentlemen may safely libel.

But, my brethren, to comfort you, after what I have said (perhaps with severity, but the severity of a friend) your poem is infinitely more innocent than the

*Dunciad.* For in the one, there's no man abused but is very well pleas'd to be abus'd in such company; whereas in the other there's no man so much as named, but is extremely affronted to be rank'd with such people, as stile each other *the dullest of men.* A.

The foregoing Paper having been read by Mr. MAEVIUS, and approved;

Mr PAMPHLETEER® complained to the Society of a paragraph in FOG's *Journal* of last saturday, which he read as follows;

'If you will examine the pamphlet, called *Observations on the Treaty of Seville*, supposed to be written by a profound politician; if you will look into several other papers, which come from the same quarter, you will find it there positively asserted, that it was the most *Serene Powers* of GRUB-STREET, that hindered the K. of S— from accepting the *Provisional Treaty*, &c.' This, he say'd, he believed was a downright calumny, and that there was no such reflection made in the *Observations*, &c. However, if there were, it was a groundless reflection, the generality of this ancient Society being extremely well affected to his majesty, and the present ministry. In proof of this, he say'd, it was known, that several wrote weekly *Dissertations* in defence of the administration, particularly the two authors of the *London Journal*: who have brought such unanswerable arguments in defence of places and pensions, that, as AULICUS, in his letter published in the *Craftsman* of last saturday, justly observes, 'Every good subject will agree with the orthodox writer of the *London Journal*, *That there is no reason why a brave man, who has worthily served the public, should be incapacitated to serve it any longer, because he is rewarded by the public.*'

Upon this Mr. ORTHODOX® say'd, that as to the loyalty of either of those gentlemen he had no objection; but he wondered why Mr. AULICUS should give either of them the title of *Orthodox*, which they seemed both to despise. And that tho' they professed great *humanity* to all mankind, yet they had treated his pro-  
fession



cession with the greatest inhumanity in the following paragraph in their last *Journal*.

‘ But some knowledge in *natural or experimental philosophy* he may easily obtain: ’tis a noble study, for besides the pleasure which attends those researches, it will inspire him with great and sublime ideas of the *author of nature*; and which is more it will infallibly teach him the *will of his Creator, and his own duty*. The study of *this book of nature* will save him the trouble of reading ANY OTHER BOOKS; by which indeed, he will learn little more than how to wrangle well about *distinctions without a difference; to repeat sounds without sense; and to hate mankind without a reason*. Let him therefore carefully avoid the study of the *art or science of divinity*, as he would preserve his *humanity*, and keep *his head clear, and his heart sound*.’

This doctrine I think my self obliged to oppose, not only as I am a divine, and consequently obliged to recommend the reading of the H. Scriptures, which are here represented as of no use; but likewise as I have the honour to be a member of this Society, which will receive great prejudice by reducing arts and sciences into a narrower compass. Besides, this gentleman seems not to act with that sincerity and impartiality, which the great patrons of natural religion, uncorrupted by revealed, so much recommend. For he himself has often used *distinctions without a difference, and repeated sounds without sense*, as CALEB D’ANVERS has evidently made appear. Now if this way of writeing be common to other sciences, and of great use, particularly in political dissertations; why is *divinity* reproached with it? And if he learned it by dipping into theology; why is he so ungrateful as to decry a science, to which he is so much indebted? But if his account of this science be true, he has gone very deep into it, and is certainly a profound divine; for he has made it manifest to the world, that neither *his head is clear, nor his heart sound*.

In order to cure the latter, and to remove all hypocritical professions, so inconsistent with the dignity of human



human nature, I shall recommend the following prescription, published in the *Craftsman* of last saturday.

*Proposals for a general Toleration, in a Letter to a member of Parliament.*

That no INFIDEL or DEIST, by whatsoever name or title dignified or distinguished, whether Arian, Socinian, Bangorian, Free thinker, or Atheist, shall be liable to any of the penalties that are to be inflicted by virtue of any Act of parliament for suppressing blasphemy and prophaneness.

Subject nevertheless to the following proviso, That such person do in some of the courts at Westminster-hall, or at the quarter sessions of the peace, publickly under his hand abjure his baptism: which abjuration shall be entered on record in the respective courts; and a certificate to be given gratis to the person, of such his abjuration, which abjuration shall be pleadable upon any prosecution. And that no person so abjuring shall from thenceforth be admitted an evidence in any case civil or criminal.

M.

BAVIUS.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, May 16. In Applebee's Journal of this day is the following preamble to a Paper. The following is a true copy of a Paper, which Abraham Israel, the Jew, delivered to the printer of this Paper, who was executed on tuesday last at Tyburn. — *I hope there is some mistake in this matter, and that our cautious brother Applebee is yet unhang'd.* M.

MONDAY, May 18. On saturday Mr. Sawyer, one of the King's scholars at Westminster, was presented to his royal highness the duke, in his apartment at St. James's, and repeated the following compliment to his royal highness, being one of *his own exercises* at Westminster-school, viz.

*Dos est magna parentum  
Virtus.*

*Anglicæ exemplar pulchrum, GULIELME, juventæ,  
Ut decus, ut noster, Dux bone, crescis amor!*

In

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In te conspicimus quicquid mirabile visu est,  
Quicquid in alterutro dulce parente nitet.  
Quod facis, O pergas virtutem utriusque parentis  
Excolere ; & regno dos tibi major erit.

Mr. Sawyer had the honour to kiss his royal highness's hand, and was afterwards entertained at dinner at court. DAILY POST.—*My little grand-son GIFFERY QUIDNUNC, a boy about the age of the duke, has translated these Verses ; but having no friend at court to introduce him to speak them to his highness, I am forced to content myself with shewing my own loyalty, and my grand-son's ingenuity, by publishing them in this Paper ; and I do assure the world, that these verses are his own exercise, as the original was that of Mr. SAWYER.*

*The virtue of parents is a great portion.*

Fair pattern of our youth, how you improve,

WILLIAM, at once our ornament, and love !

Wond'ring we see, whatever grand, or sweet,

Shines in each parent, in your highness meet.

To cultivate their virtues still go on ;

A portion these far greater than a throne.

M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 20.*

About three weeks ago, died that young blind member of our Society, OEDIPUS, alias, *The Post man remounted* ; who, upon the sickness of DUNCAN CAMPBELL, set up for resolving all hard questions ; thinking it very proper, that a deaf and dumb conjurer should be succeeded by one who was stark blind. His sedentary life brought upon him a complication of distempers, which the famous Dr. LEACH was not able, with all his skill, to remove. To promote whose business and his own, this eminent physician printed upon young Elzivirian types frequent advertisements, remarkable for correctness and beauty ; in which he was equalled by none but the ingenious Mr. CLIFTON. Both which gentlemen as much contempt the little mechanical ornaments and niceties of printing ; as Mr. CROSSGROVE of Norwich is careful in observing them. Mr. OEDIPUS was buried in a very private manner ; and

he is the third political writer of our Society, who has died under Dr. LEACH's hands within these five months.



No 21. THURSDAY, May 28.

IT has been a frequent practice with the members of our Society, when at any time they have engaged in an undertaking of this nature, to write Letters to themselves, in order to excite others to do the same, and so assist them in filling up their Papers. For our parts, we are forced to lay aside many of the Letters, which are every day directed to me. Some are pleased to bestow such high compliments on me, that my modesty will not permit me to read them to the Society; whilst others treat me in so rough a manner, that it is not thought for my reputation to discover their censures to the public. A third sort of correspondents so far mistake the very design of this Paper, that I am forced to lay their Letters aside, or take the liberty of making many alterations in them.

B.

BAVIUS.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grubean Society.

S I R,

THE honourable Mr BOYLE, I well remember, in a *Preface* to one of his excellent Treatises, seems to wish, that at some considerable distance of time, we had a clear account of the authors who have appeared in public, upon what subjects they have written, and what truths they have brought into the learned world. Mr. BOYLE seems very much pleased with this thought; and I believe you will agree with me, that it would be much more useful now, than at the time that gentleman wrote. I heartily wish he had left us a specimen of such a work as this; but as he has not, I despair



despair of ever seeing so useful a thing well accomplished. In these times every body must at first sight apprehend the advantage of such a thing as this: and I must own, upon the consideration of the views our present writers seem to be possessed with, I had once a mind to have written something upon this subject myself, for these last twenty years; and I really believe, according to the method I proposed, it would have been comprised in a small volume. The chief reason of my not proceeding in this affair, was the publication of your *Journal*: which being the work of so ingenious a Society, and, as I thought, aiming at much the same thing, quite disheartened me from making any progress in it. I confess your Papers hitherto have not been altogether adequate to the method I proposed; or which I flattered myself I should find in them. For I do assure you, I should have spent very little time upon the gentleman, whom I found to have told the world nothing but what was published twenty or thirty years before, to much greater advantage. I never intended to say a word upon the many *Novels*, *Plays*, and such things, as have been written only to amuse, without making any one discovery, or adding the least truth to science.

And now, Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to tell you, I was not a little surpris'd upon reading your last Paper, to find you had condescended to make your remarks upon a *Farce*; and that written by no more considerable a person than Mr. RALPH; one, who would certainly have lived and died in obscurity, had it not been for the ingenious author of the *Dunciad*, who left him to be hooted at by the *owls*. I am sorry to find you should have no greater regard to the honour of your self and Society, than to offer to ridicule a person of his stamp, especially upon so frivolous a subject, as that of a *Farce*. You don't seem to reflect, that VIRGIL's satirizing BAVIUS (as your worthy President observes) gave the common people of Rome an occasion of thinking him not altogether inconsiderable; and at least has been the means of handing his name down to posterity. For heaven's sake, Mr. BAVIUS, what occasion was there to publish, in your 16th *Journal*,



*Journal*, that medley of wretched similies, and Billingsgate language, you have collected from that gentleman's *Farce*? Is it not sufficient, that such language is vented in Goodman's-fields to *make night hideous*; but that you must needs have it over again in your weekly Paper, to stun the ears of your readers? Indeed I cannot forbear delivering my thoughts freely to you, that such subjects, and such authors, will sink your Paper, much below the idea I had conceived of it. I apprehended your design had been to let us know the character of each author and writing that shall appear in public: and with this view your Paper will certainly merit esteem. I will allow you indeed, when you are recommending an author to the world, to give us some farther taste of his beauties, than your bare word; nay, even to extend your panegyric to the length of a Paper: but when you speak of a mere scribbler, a word shall satisfy me without giving yourself the trouble of any quotations, at least very few. You may perhaps imagine, that I apply the word scribbler to this author out of some private pique or quarrel: but I do assure you, I have no other aversion to him, but what has been given me by his writings, having no acquaintance at all with his person.

You may possibly think me a very odd whimsical fellow: but I do assure you, I had no sooner read the *Recipe* from Dr. ROBINSON's *Theory of Physic*, than I sent for the book, and could not prevail with myself to lay it down, till I had gone through almost all the *Recipes*. I have not indeed yet ventured to read his *Treatise upon the spleen and vapours*. For you must know, being a single man, I prudently considered, that those rapturous thoughts upon a certain passion, would go near to overwhelm me. Your quotations from Dr. TURNER are indeed somewhat different from this last gentleman's, being so very plain and easy, as not to give an over great conflict to any of the senses; so that I could read your quotations from him, without any farther desire of his writings, than what proceeds merely from an ambition I have to furnish the empty shelves in my library.—Now, Mr. BAVIUS, as I doubt not but several of your readers are led into the same way of  
thinking

thinking with myself, you would be very obliging to give us only short hints of the dangerous writings of such men as these; and not put us to the expence of buying books, to indulge a passion we can infinitely better gratifie in *Don Quixote*, or *Gulliver*. In short, if you approve of my method, and resolve not to spend your time upon such scribblers, as are only the amusement of tyros; I shall gain my end in reading your Paper: if not, for reasons I have already told you, I think I had better let it alone.

I am, S I R,

Fetter-lane, April

Your very humble Servant.

28, 1730.

P. S. I will allow you to dwell a little longer, and be more particular, when you censure any Writing of a person, who has before, upon other subjects, written better.

Upon reading this *Letter*, Mr. President, with the approbation of the Society, ordered me to let the writer know, that it was one part of our design to give a particular account of books, published only since last new year's day, that being the æra from which our *Memoirs* begin; and that we shall take notice, of those antecedent to that time, only occasionally. That however, if this gentleman will communicate to us any critical remarks upon authors, either before, or since, we shall consider them with the greatest impartiality, and not suppress them but upon the justest reasons.— That he goes a little too far in censuring us for *condescending to make our remarks upon a Farce*. For can those subjects be too low for our notice, which are become the entertainments of the highest audience? Are any of our theatres supported by any dramatic pieces, but *Farces*?—He is likewise desired to forbear for the future all opprobrious appellations of any gentleman of our Society, such as *Scribbler*, &c. which he has in so contemptuous a manner applied to the learned Mr. RALPH, at the same time extolling our profest enemy, the author of the *Dunciad*. Who in a virulent *Note*, pag. 148 of that book, says, that *he was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French*; and that

that being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a Play, he smiled, and replied, SHAKESPEAR writ without rules. Now, tho' this account be very improbable, yet supposing it true, it carries in it a real panegyric on this gentleman, by a tacit acknowledgment of his extraordinary parts. Without which, a person, not understanding any language but English, and consequently not thoroughly understanding that, could never have raised himself to that eminence, as to be the inventor of a new species of poetry, \* a Pindaric Ode in blank verse; a species so sublime, that not one person has had the presumption to imitate him therein. M.

The next Piece is a Letter from H. N. reflecting upon the author of the *Sessions Paper*, for suppressing a great part of the truths delivered at Trials, and sweetening that which he relates with salvoes and mollifying clauses; particularly in the case of Col. CHAR-  
TRES.

Then follows a Copy of Verses by Mr. MÆVIUS, occasioned by the publication of *Memoirs* concerning the noble Colonel's life, and of *Epistolary Poems*, relating either to his case, or to that of the unfortunate Lady A——

WHEN sickness reigns, and sharp diseases spread,  
Physicians thrive by living, and by dead.  
When crimes increase, if little villains swing,  
Or great escape, Grubean authors sing:  
Of Those the facts, the fortune, or the fate, 5  
In lewd, gay, dismal numbers, These relate.

The pains our bodies from disease endure,  
By art, or chance, physicians often cure.  
Of vice, the mind's disease, the fiercer rage,  
These scribbling quacks inflame, but ne'er assuage. 10

If rapes, or lewd intrigues amuse the town;  
Joyful they seize these subjects for their own.  
In prose, or verse, inspir'd with wine, or ale,  
In phrase obscene they tell the nasty tale.  
Sad, merry, wretched, short-liv'd mortals they: 15  
Their works and selves forgotten in a day.

Thus,

\* The Muses address to the King.



Thus, where by chance some filthy ordure lies,  
A swarm of blind, light, lean, and hungry flies,  
Warm'd by the solar rays, and buzzing round,  
Transported at their own harmonious sound, 20  
Feed on the fragrant heap with vast delight,  
Luxurious all the day, then die at night. M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. May 27.*

The THEOBALDIANS, who had been driven out of the field the last campaign by the publication of the *Dunciad*, opened this, at the beginning of this month, with the publication of *One Epistle to Mr. A. POPE: An Extract of the Contents of the Preface to which Epistle*, sent us by a POPEIAN, was published in our 19th *Journal*. In the *Daily Journal* of May 16. appeared the following *Epigram* by a THEOBALDIAN.

Of all thy *short-liv'd* progeny, this last  
Has met with harder trials, than the past.  
With rueful eyes thou view'st thy wretched race;  
The child of guilt, and destin'd to disgrace!

Thus when sam'd JOAN usurp'd the pontiff's chair,  
With terror she beheld her new-born heir:  
Ill-starr'd, ill-favour'd into birth it came;  
In sin begotten, and brought forth with shame!  
In vain it breathes, a *lewd abandon'd hope*!  
And calls in vain th' unhallow'd father, *Pope*.

We should be glad to hear the names of Mr. POPE's *short-liv'd progeny*; all those children whom he owns being, to our sorrow, alive, and in good health: we likewise desire to know what the epigrammatist means by a *lewd abandon'd hope*.

In our last *Journal*, we offered a reward to any person who would attest the truth of any of those facts, there mentioned, and which had been charged upon Mr. POPE in the *One Epistle*, &c. To which we have hitherto received no answer. But instead of it, in the *Daily Journal*, May 23. there is a complaint against us for publishing the *Contents of the Preface* above-mentioned: wherein they charge us with saying that one of the authors is *the Son of a W——*. In our *Journal* there is no more than the Son of a ———

the



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the *W*—— is added by the complainant himself, no doubt upon good reasons.

The observation about the *genealogy* of the three gentlemen was not, we imagined, levelled against *the merit of the Poem*, but against the appellation of *gentlemen*, which the authors had assumed in the *Preface*. We beg the favour of the \* *gentleman*, who wrote the Letter in the *Daily Journal*, to write his next in plain English: for we could not apprehend what he meant by charging us with *pouring out a lying spirit upon the genealogy of the supposed writers of the ONE EPISTLE*. M.

The POPEIANS have sent us the two following *E-pigrams*.

*On J. M. S. Gent. by Mr. TH—— N.*

M—— goes two years, and then alas produces,  
Some noisy, pert, dull, flatulent abuses.  
So some stale, swollen-out dame, you sometimes find  
At last deliver'd: but of what? Of wind.

*On the same.*

To prove himself no plagiarist, M——  
Has writ such stuff, as none e'er writ before.  
Thy prudence, MOORE, is like that Irish wit,  
Who shew'd his breech, to prove 'twas not belsh — A



No 22. THURSDAY, June 4.

*Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around  
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound.*

Dunciad B. II.

**M**R. PAMPHLETEER desired leave to read to the Society a paragraph or two out of the last *London Journal*, May 30, which he did, as follows.  
‘The visionary and whimsical, the disappointed and envious, poor and idle fellows, half-scholars, and scarce half-wits, have been always troubling the world

\* It was *Edm. Curl* book-seller.

‘ world with schemes of reformation.’——Mr. ORTHODOXO, begging pardon for the interruption, say’d, The observation was very just, and that this very author had given a very flagrant instance of the truth of it in his *Journal* of May 16: where he had recommended the study of *natural or experimental philosophy*, to the intire exclusion of *divinity*; and had propos’d to reform the world by the reading of the *book of nature*, which book alone he affirmed would infallibly teach a man *the will of his Creator, and his own duty*, and save him the trouble of *reading any other books*.

Then Mr. PAMPHLETEER proceed’d: ‘ We swarm at this time with state-mountebanks, political quacks, and *reforming vermin*; who, without a shilling in their pockets to buy a dinner, and without one virtue to cover ’em from infamy, write satyrs upon the age, and cry aloud for *orthodoxy in the church*, and against *corruption in the state* —— Some saucy pert fellows, through their own ill conduct thrown upon the world, offer the service of their pen to a *great man for bread*, and humbly beg to become *sordid advocates for power*, and *patrons of venality*: but fancying, that they are not rewarded equal [he means equally] to their merit, they strut, look big, vow revenge, and immediately turn pamphleteers and journalists against the government. Nonjuring, Jacobite priests, shabby, wandering, vicious, ignorant parsons without a cure, night-house wits, and beggarly poetasters, are our great *scribbling statesmen*, and *railing advocates for public national faith*, and *public Roman virtue*.’

Mr. President then stood up and say’d, Tho’ this Society pass’d a resolution, Jan. 21. not to publish any political Dissertations in their *Journal*; yet since several of our members do it weekly in other Papers, those Dissertations come properly under our cognizance, and we ought to commend or censure those, whose labours in that kind deserve either our approbation or animadversion. And, I think, we should take particular care to promote civility and politeness among those of different parties; and oblige them, as far as we are able, to treat one another like *gentlemen*, with decency and

good manners. But above all, we should hinder, as much as possible, all scandalous reflections upon the persons or professions of each other. But our author's conduct is the reverse of this, who here virulently abuses several learned persons among us, with the most opprobrious names; calling them *visionary, whimsical, disappointed, envious, poor, idle fellows, half-scholars, scarce half-wits, state-mountebanks, political quacks, reforming vermin; saucy pert fellows; nonjuring, Jacobite priests; shabby, wandering, vicious, ignorant parsons without a cure; night-house wits, and beggarly poetsasters*. This strain of rhetoric he certainly learned in our Society; and which may properly be used towards some persons, and on some occasions: but it is base and ungrateful in him, to turn this artillery against us. The upbraiding some of us with our poverty and inability to buy a dinner, is a plain proof, that, notwithstanding his aversion to divinity, he has not preserved his humanity.—The want of *virtue* (a want in his opinion much less to be dreaded than the want of a dinner) which he objects to us in the next place, is a vile, general aspersions, built on no other foundation than a political maxim, always asserted by the superior, and as constantly denied by the inferior party. The maxim is this, That whoever write *against* the present administration of the government, have not *one virtue to cover 'em from infamy*. Which is equally true with that maxim generally received by dedicators, That all those who are at any time in the administration, while they continue therein, have all the *virtues* which can adorn the brightest character.—Some of you, gentlemen, it seems, have offered the service of your pen to a great man for bread; but fancying yourselves not rewarded according to your merit, you strut, look big, (at which I much wonder, since you have now neither money in your pockets, nor dinner in your belly) *vow revenge, and immediately turn pamphleteers and journalists against the government*. In this accusation I see nothing that bears hard upon you, but the imputation of pride and vanity, which made you over-value your services, and desert your patron. And indeed, if the case be as [this gentleman has represented it, I think you are inexcusable.



table. For not only poverty and pride are very inconsistent; but you have likewise acted very inconsistently with your own offers, and your own interests. You had offered the service of your pen to a great man for bread. Did he not give you that, and meat with it? If he did, why was you dissatisfied, and so ambitious as to grasp at more? Why were you so ungrateful, as to turn against the great man who fed you? Had you continued that, which, it seems, you had humbly begged to become, viz. sordid advocates of power, and patrons of venality (poor patrons surely who wrote for bread) you had then become whole-scholars, and whole-wits; you had had the inward comfort of a dinner; and the outward cloak of virtue to cover you from infamy; and might have made in all respects as good a figure as this learned and loyal gentleman. But I presume the representation is intirely, or at least partly, false; and that you either never made any such offers, or else declined the performance of them upon better motives. However, be the case as it will, such language is unjustifiable, and altogether unfit to be used by one learned gentleman towards another.

Then Mr. ORTHODOXO spoke in the following manner: Tho' the observations made by the gentleman who spoke last are very just, as far as he has proceeded; yet I think the latter part of the paragraph in question much worse than the former. 'Nonjuring, Jacobite priests, shabby, wandring, vicious, ignorant parsons without a cure, night-house wits, and beggarly poetasters, are our great scribbling statesmen, and railing advocates for public national faith, and public Roman virtue.' This is a most false and malicious representation of our Society, as if it encouraged persons who are not only disaffected, but declared enemies to the present happy establishment. As I have by taking the oaths qualified myself to hold that preferment I enjoy (with which, tho' not very considerable, I am perfectly satisfied) I can not look upon myself, as particularly aimed at under the names of Jacobite priest, or parson without a cure. Nor do I know any of my brethren, who are concerned in writeing political Papers, who can come under either of these denominations.



But even in case some *nonjuring, Jacobite priest* should have sent a political letter to our brother FOG, which he had printed in his *Journal*; if it were sense and truth in itself, would the political opinions of the author make it degenerate into nonsense or falsehood? Or could this great change in any writing be effected solely by the circumstances of the writer; who might perhaps be a *shabby, wandering, vicious, ignorant parson*, and yet capable enough of transcribing the sentiments of virtuous and learned men? If a vicious and ignorant clergy-man advance any thing of his own head, I think it ought to be examined very carefully by the reader; who will indeed be naturally very backward to be swayed at all by such authority. But I can not see the reasonableness of what this gentleman has added to compleat the character of a *shabby, wandering, vicious, ignorant parson*, and render him altogether unworthy of the least regard, that he is *without a cure*. It is true, the two former parts of this character may be removed by a good *cure*; and a *shabby, wandering parson* may thereby become a spruce and settled divine: but preferment, I fear, has no tendency to remove the two latter parts of the character, vice and ignorance, and to render a clergy-man virtuous and learned. If therefore such a person be vicious and ignorant, it signifies nothing in this argument, whether he be so with, or *without a cure*. Nay, let a man be very learned and virtuous, and have likewise very good preferment; yet this can give him no advantage in controversial writing, over one who is in a meaner and more unsettled condition. Does this gentleman himself pay a greater deference to the reasonings of the bishop of St. David's, than to those of Mr. WOOLSTON, because the former has a very large *cure*, and the latter is a *shabby, wandering parson without any*? What then makes the difference in the case, and gives one *shabby, wandering, &c. parson* a prerogative above another? Heterodoxy. This covers a multitude of sins. And this gentleman frankly declares in this very *Journal*, 'I never knew any orthodox men, who had just notions of morality; and, 'I think, from the nature of their heads, 'tis impossible they should.' This is pronounced *ex cathedra*,  
and

and with all the assurance of Old Infallible; in imitation of whom, he has lately exercised two illustrious acts of supreme authority. One in his *Journal*, No 563. where he has established a new canon of scripture, removing the books of the *old and new Testament*, and substituting in their stead the *book of nature*. The other is in No 564. where he has taken upon him intirely to alter the old Martyrology, striking out at once all the martyrs of antiquity, and placing in their room a new set of saints, even the rebels of forty one. His words are these: 'They fought for us, and they perished for us: these were martyrs indeed! not to *idle opinions* and *senseless speculations*; but to *to their country, to virtue, to the laws and liberties of England*; and we, their happy sons, reap the benefit of those virtues here, which entitiled them to so great a share of happiness *hereafter*.' These patriots were first canonized by pope BAXTER, who placed them in *The Saints everlasting rest*; which did not prove so to them: for in the next edition after the restoration, he left them all out; but how he disposed of them was never known: this gentleman can tell best where he found them.

Mr. MAEVIUS then stood up and say'd, Mr. President, I should not have troubled the Society with a word on this occasion, had only my own case, and that of my poetical brethren been concerned; who I suppose are here intended, by the terms of *night-house wits*, and *beggarly poetasters*. But when I see almost our whole Society struck at, by some or other of the polite appellations here bestowed upon us, I think we ought to take this matter into consideration, and shew our just resentment against this apostate member; whom, I don't doubt, we shall find upon inquiry, either to have been, or perhaps actually to be, one of those very characters which he endeavours to represent in such a contemptible light. However I do assure him, I think it much more reputable to be a *parson without a cure*, or even a *beggarly poetaster*, speaking or writeing his own real sentiments, as occasion offers, than to be a *parson* highly preferred, or a well-fed *poetaster*, vilely prostituting his pen for pay to the dictates of others.

Here Mr. President interposed, and say'd, Gentlemen, I think enough has been spoken upon this subject. The zeal of this gentleman for the present establishment, I highly approve: but I wish it had not carried him so far into general and invidious reflections upon our members. Had he known any one of us who deserved the character of a *Jacobite* writeing weekly against the government, and pointed him out; I should have joined heartily with him against any such person: more especially, if he were a *nonjuring, Jacobite priest*, whom I have always had in the utmost detestation. But as his reflections are general, I must declare them to be unjust aspersions upon us; and that he justly deserves to be censured on this account. However, I think it the best way to do nothing precipitately, but to suspend our censure for a while; in hopes, that in one of his future *Journals* he may soon set this matter in a clear light, to the full satisfaction of this learned Society. M.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, May 30. The politicians begin to talk with some confidence, but upon what foundation we know not, of a project of a truce, or rather a suspension of the design of introducing Don Carlos into Italy for three years. DAILY POST-BOY.——The politicians *always* talk with some confidence, and generally *without* any foundation; *unless* when they contradict their former confident conjectures. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 3.

Tho' the [late] *bishop of ROCHESTER* was a great enemy to our Society, in the time of his prosperity: yet we do not think it at all honourable to take our revenge upon him in his adversity; and in a whole body to attack a person, who has no power or opportunity to defend himself. It is indeed very common, for some particular members of our fraternity to take all advantages against their adversaries; but this is an ungenerous way of proceeding, and such as we think ourselves obliged to condemn. In the *One Epistle to Mr. POPE*, occasioned by two lately published, the bishop is represented

sented as the *plague of all churches, a confounder of states, a sop in verse, and a bungler in affairs*. We shall not give a repetition of the vindication of the bishop in all these particulars, as it is printed in a *Letter to the author of FOG's Journal*: but we can not forbear declaring, that it was a generous action in the vindicator, whoever he was. And we think it very proper to insert here part of the introduction to that Vindication.

‘ Every body knows that prelate must be a stranger to their quarrel. — He is banished from his country, from the conversation of his friends, and even from a correspondence with all Englishmen; which one would think might secure him from all attacks of this nature. — No man of spirit would strike another while he was down, or had his hands tied: and this is the condition of that unfortunate prelate. If the authors have fallen upon this method with a view of gaining the public over to their side, I believe they are mistaken. For I rather think it will stir up indignation in every generous breast, as it did against the author of the *London Journal* at the time of this bishop's exile: for even that writer's own party were shocked, to find a person (supposed to be a brother) fall upon him at that juncture, in such an unkind, and even unchristian manner.’ M.

VERSES by Mr. C — L.

1.

FROM serious arts, or glorious arms,  
You bid me seek the palm of Fame;  
And flie those sweet seducing charms,  
That tempt me to a poet's name.

2.

Advice, my friend, is but in vain,  
Whene'er in love, or verse we stray;  
The pleasing poison turns our brain,  
And we against ourselves obey.

3.

Those passions differ but in this:  
The maid possess'd, we strait remove;

10  
Unluted



Unfated with poetic bliss,  
 "The more w'enjoy, the more we love.

4.

Would the eoy Muse on me but smile;  
 Through life's short space I'd her pursue :  
 Nor fame, nor wealth, should me beguile ; 15  
 For her I'd bid 'em both adieu.

5.

I ask not, Fate, the states-man's skill,  
 Realms to direct, and kingdoms guide ;  
 Wisdom, like WALPOLE's, which is still  
 More perfect found, the more 'tis try'd. 20

6.

I wish not Fame's loud trump should breathe  
 My name, with those that kingdoms spoil :  
 Nor do I, for their laurel wreath,  
 Or envie CESAR, or ARGYLE.

7.

To shine in verse is all my aim : 25  
 My fondest wish, my darling hope,  
 Is but to emulate the fame  
 Of WALLER, DRYDEN, or of POPE.



N<sup>o</sup> 23. THURSDAY, June 11.

\*\*\*\*\*

**T**HE first piece is a *Letter* from a reverend Di-  
 vine to a Lady, giving an account of the imagi-  
 nary legal murder of her husband, in a medicinal and  
 chirurgical way : of which her ladyship intirely ac-  
 quitted the person accused, by marrying him.

*An*

N<sup>o</sup> 23. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 117

An excellent new BALLAD, OF THE TRUE E——sh  
D——n to be hanged for a r—pe.

1  
O UR brethren of E——nd, who love us so dear,  
And in all they do for us, so kindly do mean,  
(A blessing upon them ! ) have sent us this year,  
For the good of our Church, a true E——sh D——n:  
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;  
The worst you can say, he committed a r—pe.

2  
In his journey to D—bl—n he lighted at Ch—st—r,  
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;  
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her;  
But she valu'd her honour much more than her life.  
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape  
To a room full of guests, for fear of a r—pe.

3  
The D——n he pursued to recover his game;  
And now to attack her again, he prepares:  
But the company stood in defence of the dame; [stairs:  
They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down  
His D——nship was now in a damnable scrape;  
And this was no time for committing a r—pe.

4  
To D—bl—n he comes, to the Bagnio he goes;  
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore:  
No scruple came on him, his gown to expose;  
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before:  
He made himself drunk with the juice of the grape;  
And got a good clap, but committed no r—pe.

The

Dublin, June 2. This morning Dr. Tho. S——, dean of Ferns, was arraigned, for forcibly and feloniously ravishing one Sus. Runcard in this city last April; and committed prisoner to the custody of the sheriffs. *London Evening Post* June 9.  
Dublin. June 13. Yester-

day at the King's Bench came on the trial of &c. but no evidence appearing, he was acquitted. 'Tis reported the dean intends to indict her for perjury; he being in the county of Wexford when she swore the rape was committed in Dublin. *Daily Courant*, June 23, &c.

5

The D—n, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,  
 Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight :  
 For why ? they had both been brought up to the trade  
 Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.  
 My landlord was ready his D—nship to ape,  
 In ev'ry debauch, but committing a r—pe.

6

This Protestant zealot, this E——sh divine,  
 In church and in state was of principles sound :  
 Was truer than STEELE to the H—n—r line ;  
 And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.  
 Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,  
 For no other crime but committing a r—pe ?

7

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,  
 Each priest had a concubine, *jure Ecclesiæ* :  
 For who would have F—rns without a *Commendam* ?  
 And precedents we can produce, if it please ye.  
 Then why should the D—n, when whores are so  
 Be put to the peril and toil of a r—pe ? [cheap,

8

If fortune shou'd please to take such a crotchet,  
 (To thee I applie, great SM—r's successor,)  
 To give thee lawn-sleeves, a mitre, and rochet ;  
 Whom wouldst thou resemble ? I leave thee a guesser,  
 But I only behold thee in \* ATHERTON's shape,  
 For sodomy hanged, as thou for a r—pe.

Ah !

\* John Atherton, bishop of Waterford, was executed at Dublin for bestiality, Dec. 5, 1640. But he constantly denied the crime all along, and with his last breath. And the chief witness against him, who was afterwards hanged, confessed at the gallows, ' That what he had sworn a-

' gainst the bishop was utter-  
 ' ly false. And the whole  
 ' kingdom of Ireland, espe-  
 ' cially the county wherein  
 ' he lived, have ever since  
 ' been, and are at this day,  
 ' possessed with an opinion of  
 ' his innocence. N. B. All  
 ' who

9

Ah ! dost thou not envie the brave Colonel Ch——s,  
 Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten ?  
 To hang whom, all E—d would lend him their garters;  
 Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.  
 Then throttle thyself with a yard of strong tape,  
 For thou hast not a great t' atone for a r—pe.

10

The D--n he was vext, that his whores were so willing ;  
 He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall.  
 He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling :  
 But here was to pay the devil and all.  
 His troubles and sorrows now come in a heap ;  
 And hang'd he must be for committing a r—pe.

11

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice :  
 Why are they so willful to struggle with men ?  
 If they would but lie still, and stifle their voice ;  
 No devil, nor D—n could ravish 'em then.  
 Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cipe,  
 Ty'd round the D—n's neck, for committing a r—pe.

Our

' who appeared against him  
 ' came afterwards to disas-  
 ' trous deaths. Any person  
 ' that hath a mind to be sa-  
 ' tisfied of the truth of this,  
 ' may enquire at the Sene-  
 ' ca's head near Somerset-  
 ' house.'

The preceding account was  
 published in *The Tatler* No.  
 120. Jan. 14, 1709. in an-  
 swer to an impudent lie in  
 the *Preface to The Case of*  
*John Asherton, &c.* published  
 just before by E. Curll ;  
 wherein it was asserted,  
 ' That the bishop confessed  
 ' the crime for which he suf-  
 ' fered.' Notwithstanding

which public contradiction,  
 of which the late Dr. Tindall  
 could scarce possibly be igno-  
 rant, he had the honesty and  
 modesty to make a great  
 flourish with this *Case*, in  
 one of his late Libels against  
 the bishop of London. Tho'  
 his disciples ' the Deists of  
 ' this age declare themselves  
 ' of opinion, That the most  
 ' unnatural lusts are, *in foro*  
 ' *conscientie*, no more crimi-  
 ' nal, than a child's eating of  
 ' dirt, coals, &c.' See *The*  
*religious, rational, and mor-*  
*al conduct of Matt. Tindal,*  
*L. L. D. London, 1735. pag.*  
 7, &



Our church and our state dear E—nd maintains ;  
 For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad :  
 She sends us our b—ps, our jud—s and d—ns,  
 And better wou'd give us, if better she had.  
 But Lord ! how the rabble will stare, and will gape,  
 When the good En-sh D--n is hang'd up for a r-pe!

The Poet seems to have made a great and willful mistake, in the term *True E—sh D—n*, here several times repeated: for tho' this D—n may be a *True-born English-man*, he is certainly a *true I—sh D—n*, who has thus emulated the fame of a *Scotch Colonel*; and who in all probability will rise above him, being sung by a much better poet, than any of the *Epistolary bards* that have celebrated the other. M.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, June 4. Last week Dr. Bradley, professor of Botany in the university of Cambridge, was to view the new pot-house at Black-wall; where he found an extraordinary clay for garden-pots, for the preservation and health of plants; and has settled the several proportions requisite from the smallest herb to the largest orange-tree, and bespoke on his own account a large number to be sent to Cambridge. DAILY POST.

— I hope this learned professor will proceed to view the rest of the pot-houses, and likewise the glass-houses, which he has not yet viewed: from whence we may justly expect great improvements in pots and bottles; a subject, which if he once take in hand, he will not fail to exhaust. M.

On wednesday Marg. Worland was committed to Newgate on the oath of her husband, for cursing their majesties. THE EVENING POST.—A proper way for a loyal husband to get rid of a rebellious wife. M.

FRIDAY, June 5.—Rome, May 20. Several complaints having been made to the Conclave, that the Chevalier de S. George's coach-men always drive furiously, and sometimes overturn other coaches in the streets, without respect of persons; the sacred College desired him,

him, in the handfomeft manner, to order his coachmen to take more care for the future : whereupon he ſent a gentleman to aſſure them, that he will turn them out of his ſervice as ſoon as he comes to town from Albano. DAILY COURANT.—Father WOOLSTON, *I'm informed, ſays, this is not to be underſtood literally ; it being highly improbable, that the Chevalier has ſeveral coach-men ; and if he had, that they ſhould overturn coaches in the ſtreets. That it is therefore only a prophetical and parabolical narrative, by way of warning us, what his coach-men (i. e. clergy-men) will do here, if ever they have an opportunity : they will always drive furiously, and overturn other coaches (i. e. churches) without reſpect of perſons. This allegorical interpretation of our learned Father may, in ſome ſenſe, be called literal ; it being very remarkable, as he juſtly obſerves, that the words coach-men, clergy-men, coaches, and churches, begin all with the ſame letter.* M.

SATURDAY, June 6. From Scotland they tell us, that the rev. Mr. Tho. Ray, a miniſter of the Kirk, has been fined by the venerable Aſſembly, for the deteſtable ſin of powdering his wig on a ſunday. FOG'S JOURNAL.—*This deteſtable ſin, I ſuppoſe, was ſabbath-breaking, in performing the barber's, inſtead of the preſbyter's office, upon that day.* M.

Juſt publiſhed, a print of a very handſome draught, preſented to the right hon. Sir Robert Walpole, curiouſly engraved by Mr. Fourdrinier, and highly approved of by the ingenious and learned, for its emblems and devices. CRAFTSMAN.—*Upon reading this advertisement, I bought the print for my little grand-ſon GEFERY ; (who, by the way, is almoſt nine years old, being born on the 10th of this month, about 9 at night, tho' for political reaſons I keep his birth-day on the 11th.) He was highly delighted, and much admired the emblems and devices ; and, what pleaſed me moſt, took particular notice of the ſix latin verſes at the bottom : the two laſt of which (in all good Epigrams the beſt) run thus :*

*Invidus impropere, ſrudeat, vel garriat amens :*

*Hunc qui tanta patrat docta Minerva regit.*

*On which occaſion, he ſay'd, he was heartily glad to find*

*stri in frideat common; tho' he had been lately whipp'd at school for making it short, and not remembering frideo, fridi, in As in præsenti.* M.

WEDNESDAY, June 10.—*Hillsborough in Ireland, May 10. Tuesday the 19th, there was a prodigious lightning, thunder, rain and hail. A large ball of fire set the cabbin of Will. Coburn on fire; tore up trees by the roots, oversetting hedges and ditches; tore a house to pieces, and carried one of the beams half a mile through the air, and darted it into the earth near two foot deep; threw out three flashes with prodigious noise, and almost suffocated people with the stench of sulphur; and plunged several times in the river Lagan, throwing the water a great height, where it is supposed it was quenched.* DAILY COURANT.—*Father WOOLSTON, we hear, has publicly affirmed in a Coffee-house, that this miraculous story implied absurdities, improbabilities, and incredibilities, if taken literally; but according to its mystical meaning, aptly pointed out to us, a certain red-hot Irish D—n, who has lately made a prodigious noise. He explained the allegory at large; and shewed, how exactly the letter and the spirit tallied: desiring his audience to observe the particular force of the words, lightning, thunder, rain, hail, and ball of fire; the three flashes, noise, and stench; the ball's plunging several times in the river, where it was at last quenched. The over-setting ditches, he said, was impossible in a literal sense; but taken figuratively the expression was very elegant; the wisest of men having called a whore a deep ditch, whom all men must own very apt to be over-set. Several gentlemen of our Society being present, who have obliged the Town with Epistles, Satires, Translations, Ballad-Opera's, Tragical-comedies, Comical-tragedies; &c. much admired his Discourses, and highly applauded his penetration, wit, and learning.* M.

Dublin, June 2. On Tuesday the 19th there was a great thunder and hail, which began about Tondragee, &c. The hail was of an uncommon shape in long and rough stones, and tore up all the cabbage plants; and on Friday the 22d, they lay a foot deep in several places. DAILY COURANT.—*It is not certain from the words of our Irish author, whether the hail-stones or the cabbage-*

bage-plants lay a foot deep: *I am inclined to think it was the latter.* M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 10<sup>th</sup>*

*The Comical Tragedy of TOM THUMB* having had so great a run, (this being the 33d day) has raised the envy of some unsuccessful poet against the author, and occasioned the following Parody.

*Act I. Scene 1; pag. 1.*

*y Thumb first*

*Dood.* When Good brought this *Thomas* forth,  
man *F—g*  
land

The *Genius* of our triumphant reign'd:  
bard

*Arthur*

Then, then, O did thy genius reign.  
*F—g*

*Nood.* They tell me it is whisper'd in books  
by the mouths  
hero,

Of all our sages, that this mighty  
piece,

By *Merlin's* art begot, has not a  
bone

On *Folly's* self his skin, joke  
gristle.

Within but is a lump of  
its leaves, non-sense.

*Dood.* Would *Arthur's* subjects were gristle  
such all;

If *F—g's* pieces prove non-sense  
might bones

He then break the of ev'ry foe.  
will fides

This being apprehended, by the greater part of the members present, to be designed as a satire upon the author, for whom they have a great value:  
M 2 they



they were against the inserting of it in our *Journal*. But I observed to them, that let it be designed as it would, it was in reality a panegyric; which the two last lines evidently shewed. And that even the two preceding lines, which seemed to carrie in them the greatest reflection, had really none upon this performance, but upon the plays which were ridiculed by it. The collection of those plays is *Folly's self*, upon whom our author begot this *mighty piece*: which being more like its mother, than father, is consequently a *heap of nonsense*.—Mr. CURIOSO was wonderfully taken with the art of whispering in books, which it seems was known to the *Sages* in king ARTHUR's days; an art as ingenious, as that of painting a sound.

M.

BAVIUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*Last friday, a very modest young gentleman, alias M—, alias S—, who had been concerned in a Libel against an eminent physician, had the correction of the cane bestowed upon him, which he received with exemplary patience and resignation.*

A.



N<sup>o</sup> 24. THURSDAY, June 18.



*Thou too, great WOOLSTON, here exalt thy throne &  
And prove no miracles are like thy own.*

Dunciad, B. III.

Mr. WOOLSTON having thought fit to publish very lately a second Part of his *Defence*, the Society ordered the following Letter, sent about two months ago, to be now published.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**T**HE great usefulness of such a Paper as yours is generally acknowledged, which may assist us in

in forming a just judgment of books. Nothing can depreciate this sort of criticism, but ill-nature and personal reflections: neither of which (with great pleasure I can say it) have I yet found in yours. In your last [N<sup>o</sup> 13.] you made some short *Remarks* upon a late pamphlet concerning the *Materiality and mortality of the soul*; which endeavoured to deprive us of the belief of future existence, and of the pleasing hopes of a glorious immortality. You have sufficiently exposed the absurdity of that author's criticisms on the Scripture, in three or four flagrant instances; by which we may judge of the rest. It was those *Remarks*, which encouraged me to send you this; not doubting but the generous design of it will meet with your approbation, and be seconded by something of the like nature, more worthy and acceptable to the public.

In that Paper you cursorily touched upon the character of Mr. Woolston; which occasioned the following considerations upon his Case. I had no sooner read the first of his *Six Discourses*, but I plainly perceived, that his undertaking did not proceed from an honest and sincere desire of removing error, and re-establishing truth: for then he would have written with good nature, modesty, and decency. But since his pieces are full of malicious reflections, arrogant boasts, and scurrilous banter; since he has treated not only his adversaries, but even his subject, the most sacred person, and the most sacred things, with a most audacious and blasphemous ridicule; it is evident, that the true motive of his undertaking was only to gratifie the irregular passions of his own depraved heart.

Upon this, one would at first sight imagine, as such pieces justly deserve a legal prosecution, that this was the most proper method to prevent the mischief which would probably arise from suffering them to be spread abroad among the people with impunity. But allowing the right of such prosecutions to be built upon the strongest foundation; yet I think they ought in good policy very seldom to be put in practice. It is natural to pity all persons who suffer the penalties of laws; and especially those who have brought these sufferings upon themselves, by a disinterested design (as they pretend)

tend) of undeceiving others, and by obeying the dictates of their conscience, in publishing to the world useful and necessary truths. Such prosecutions seem to carry in them an intimation, which is always propagated as much as possible by the sufferers, that there is something extraordinary in what has been advanced, which cannot be answered by argument, and therefore this coercive method is pursued. And thus a person is often rendered very considerable in the eyes of the world, who was either altogether obscure, or even contemptible before; and his writings and notions are much farther diffused by those very means which were intended to suppress them.

The first step therefore to be taken, in relation to such writings, is to publish a proper *Answer* to them: which should not be written by a person who is in a much higher station in the world, or is more famous in the republic of letters, than the antagonist. For the dignity and reputation of the person concerned renders the controversy more considerable, and imperceptibly raises an obscure adversary to a kind of equality with his opponent. And as elevation is generally attended with envy, if any hasty thoughts, or unguarded expressions appear in such a work, under the sanction of a great name, the world is apt to disregard the most laborious and learned performance.

Such an *Answer* ought likewise to be written in the same manner with the piece which is to be refuted; and must accordingly be either serious, or ludicrous, or both. Whoever undertakes to mount the stage, and dispute with a Merry-Andrew, must put on grave, or comical airs, in conformity to his: for if he be deficient in either, he will be judged by the learned audience to be inferior in the argument. This conduct towards heretical buffoons, seems to be recommended by the wisest of men, Prov. xxvi. 5. *Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.*

Upon these accounts, tho' your Society has sufficiently cleared itself from the scandal brought upon it by one single member; yet I hope some of your learned body will give the world a new account of the state of this controversy, and supply the defects which may appear



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appear in the past management of it. And notwithstanding this miraculous writer, in the opinion of the patrons of reason, has treated the subject with great depth of learning, strength of argument, and poignancy of wit; yet I expect to see much more of all three, displayed in the defence of revelation, if your Society shall think fit to encourage their members in such an undertaking: which will be very acceptable to the generality of your readers; and in particular to, Sir,

April 6, 1730.

Your most humble servant,

PHILO-LIBERT.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, June 11. We hear that the effigies of the late Will. Congreve, Esq; has been curiously done in wax-work at the expence of 200l. DAILY POST.

—It is pity it was not done before, that the basso-relievo, on his monument in Westminster-abbey, might have been curiously done after it.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 17.

The Society being informed, that Mr. CURLUS, representing his disappointment in not being chosen their Book-seller in April last, had from that time spoken very disrespectfully of them; and was even the author of the Letter published against them in the *Daily Journal*, May 23. (of which they took some notice in their 21st *Journal*) they ordered the following short remonstrance to be drawn up, as the sense of this learned body.

That they thought, that their whole conduct in relation to that election had been very much to the honour of Mr. CURLUS; and for this they appealed to their *Journals*, No 4. and 15; from the latter of which it will appear, that the very person who opposed that gentleman's being elected their book-seller, at the same time declared, that he ought to be chosen a member. They very much approve his having lately cleared his LITERARY of books of *Antiquities*, more proper for a Dutch genius; and retaining only such as relate to biography, secret history, natural philosophy, and poetry,



poetry, subjects much more suitable to the brightness of his parts. They desire him, whenever he casts his eyes upon the titles of these books, not much to regard the printed names but to recollect the real authors; which would continually put him in mind of his obligations to our Society. That he would find, all his wealth and reputation in the world were originally owing to his acquaintance with our members; who were still willing to contribute to the advancement of both.

THE following Copy of verses is taken from the *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, p. 118. to which a translation is subjoined.

*An causæ sint sibi invicem causæ? Aff.*

Authore invito, tenues mandare libellos

Furtivis solitus bibliopola typis,

Ultiores pueros deceptus fraude malignâ

Sensit, ab excusso missus in astra sago.

Nec satis hoc; mensâ latè porrectus acernâ

Supplicium rigidæ fert puerile scholæ:

Jam virgæ impatiens pueris convivia fundit;

Vicinique crepat jurgia nota fori.

Elagra minas misero extorquent repetita; minasque

Quo magis ingeminat, vapulat ille magis.

*Whether causes can be mutual? Aff.*

**M**UCH had piratic MUN by pamphlets got:  
For print he would, if authors would, or not.  
By vengeful boys decoy'd, he takes ten flights  
From blanket, loftier than from Grub-street heights.  
Nay more: stretch'd out at length on maple board,  
Feels boyish pains in rigid schools abhorr'd.  
Impatient of the rod, 'Ye dogs uncivil,'  
He cries, 'by — I'll sue you to the devil.'  
Lashes loud threats extort: in greater store  
The threats flie out, the wretch is lash'd the more.

Mr. BAVIUS objected against the impropriety of translating *latè porrectus* by *stretched out at length*. But Mr. MAEVIUS vindicated it, by saying, that one of the agents had assured him, that the patient was *stretch'd out at length*, as well as *in breadth*, and therefore

N<sup>o</sup> 25. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 129

fore the translator, as well as the author, might chuse which he pleased. M.

Mr. J. M. S——e catechized on his One Epistle to Mr. Pope.

**W**HAT makes you write at this odd rate?  
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.

What makes you steal and trifle so?

Why: 'tis to do as others do.

But there's no meaning to be seen.

Why, that's the very thing I mean. A.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*Whereas it has been reported, that a certain wit received a damage from a match at cudgel-playing, we are informed that the said report is utterly false; the said wit being perfectly sound and unhurt, and never stirring from his lodging all that day. And if the said wit will please but to signify where he lodges, or may be found, a certain gentleman will wait upon him, and if it is untrue, ask his pardon. A.*



N<sup>o</sup> 25. THURSDAY, June 25.

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**A** Conjectural emendation of a place in MILTON's *Paradise lost*, B. I. V. 451. not taken notice of by Dr. BENTLEY.

*While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, SUPPOS'D with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.*

*Suppos'd* is either non-sense, or at best extremely flat: instead of which, I suppose the author wrote *suffus'd with blood*, from *suffundi sanguine* or *rubore*, for *infecti* or *colorari*.

PHILARCHÆUS.

To

To Mrs. M. H. on her working a coat in silks.

1

WHEN MIRA's hands her needle thread,  
What gaudy scenes our eyes surprize!  
We view a grove, or flow'ry bed,  
Beneath her snowy fingers rise.

2

In every leaf such beauties dwell,  
So fair they spread, so full they bloom;  
Her skillful fingers far excell  
The painter's quill, or artist's loom.

3

On the rich bed fresh roses blown,  
The jes'min and the myrtle meet;  
And, as they mingle, seem to own  
More fair her cheek, her breath more sweet.

4

That lilly from her hand she took,  
Which with the snow in whiteness vies;  
That bright carnation from her look;  
That shining amarant from her eyes.

5

Those opening buds but half reveal'd,  
That promise soon a fairer hue,  
Shew like her breasts with lawn conceal'd,  
Which boast their sweets and softness too.

6

What, tho' the absent sun retir'd  
The naked field no longer warms;  
Each blossom, by her art inspir'd,  
Opens as wide, as gayly charms.

7

Thy flow'rs for ever hold their prime,  
Nor frosts, nor chilling winters fear;  
Since near thy hoop, that happy clime,  
'Tis spring, or summer all the year.

Let

8

Let autums then the lilly hide,  
Our roses blast, our myrtles chill;  
When seated close to MIRA's side,  
'Tis June, or fragrant April still. 30

9

Victorious nymph! whose hand has done  
Beyond weak nature's fainter power:  
Waking each plant without the sun;  
Swelling each bud without the shower. 35

10

When every field beside is seen  
Robb'd of its pride; we here behold  
Gay spreading stems of lively green,  
And yellow fruit of ripening gold. 40

11

Pity, lov'd maid, that envious years  
Thy youth should hurt, thy sweets consume;  
When wrought by thee each bud appears  
Unchang'd, and always in its bloom.

12

Each youth with thee must surely grieve 45  
The partial rigour of the sky;  
That MIRA's works must bloom and live,  
When MIRA's beauties fade and die. T. N.

*A King at arms disarmed at law. A BALLAD.*

1

**Y**E fair injur'd nymphs, and ye beaux who deceive  
'em,  
Who with passion engage, and without reason leave 'em;  
Draw near, and attend, how the hero I sing  
Was foil'd by a girl, tho' at arms he was king. 25

2

Crests, mottos, supporters, and bearings knew he, 5  
And deeply was studied in old pedigree;  
He wou'd sit a whole evening, and not without rapture,  
Tell who begot whom, to the end of the chapter.

In



3

In forming his tables, nought griev'd him, but solely,  
That the man died *coelebs*, or else *sine prole*: 10  
At last, having trac'd others families down,  
He began to have thoughts of increasing his own.

4

A damsel he chose, not too slow of belief,  
And fain wou'd be deem'd her admirer in chief:  
He *blazon'd his suit*; and the sum of his tale 15  
Was his *field and her field*, join'd *party per pale*.

5

In different stile, to tie faster the noose,  
He next would attack her in soft billet doux:  
His *argent and sable* were laid aside quite;  
Plain English he wrote, and in plain *black and white*. 20

6

Against such *achievements*, what beauty could fence?  
Or who would have thought it was all but pretence?  
His pain to relieve, and fulfill his desire,  
The lady agreed to join hands with the 'squire.

7

The 'squire, in a fret, that the jest went so far, 25  
Consider'd, with speed, how to put in a *barr*:  
His words bound not him, since her's did not confine her;  
And that is plain law, because Miss is a minor.

8

Miss briskly replied, that the law was too hard,  
If she who is minor, may not be a *W—*. 30  
In law then confiding she took it upon her,  
By justice to mend these foul breaches of honour.

9

She handled him so, that few would (I warrant)  
Have been in his *coat*, on so *sleeveless* an errand:  
She made him give bond for stamp'd *argent and or*,  
And *sabled his shield*, with *gules blazon'd* before.

10

Ye heralds, produce, from the time of the Normans,  
In all your records, such a base non-performance:

Or

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Or if without instance the case is, we touch on ;  
Let this be set down as a blot in his scutcheon.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, June 18. Yesterday a solicitor was committed by the court of Common-pleas, for serving copies of a writ, when he had not any original. DAILY-COURANT.—*This is not accounted mal-practice among our fraternity ; it being very common for our solicitors to serve their patrons with copies of translated writs, of which they cannot produce any original.* M.

SATURDAY, June 20. At the fittings of the court of Common-pleas, Guildhall, a cause was try'd between two gentlemen for fighting, and a verdict of 50 l. with costs, was given against him who struck the first blow. POST-BOY.—*This was not according to the received maxim, The second blow begins the quarrel.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. June 24.

EPIGRAM.

On Mr. M—RE's going to law with Mr. GILLIVER:  
*Inscrib'd to Attorney TIBBALD.*

Once in his life M—RE judges right :

His sword and pen not worth a straw,

An author that cou'd never write,

A gentleman that dares not fight,

Has but one way to tease—by law.

This suit, dear TIBBALD, kindly hatch ;

Thus thou mayst help the sneaking elf ;

And sure a printer is his match,

Who's but a publisher himself.

A.

ADVERTISEMENT.

**W**Hereas J. M. S. a tall, modest, young man, with yellowish teeth, a fallow complexion, and a flat-tish eye ; shaped somewhat like an Italian in the shoulders, hip, and back parts ; in mourning apparel, wearing a brown eye wig ; hath absented himself from his lodging in Orange-street, and is not to be found at the places he usually frequented, supposed to be disordered in his head,

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and to have gone away suddenly, in apprehension of falling under the hands of the physician: Whoever will give notice of the said J. M. S. to Dr. Arbuthnot in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, shall receive two guineas reward, to the end that the said unfortunate young man may be brought to his right understanding. A.



No 26. THURSDAY, July 2.

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*The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit;  
He grows a mad-man, and then turns a wit.*

GARTH'S Dispens. Cant. IV.

Dr. J. M — RE to Mr. J. M —  
Pestel and Morter in Abchurch lane, June 27.

Cosen JEMEY,

**N**otwithstanding you have so far estranged yourself from our famely, not only to have left off all dutifal correspondence with me, your own Uncle by the father's side, but to have renounced our very name, and taken to you a strange one; yet in your present miserable circumstances I hold my selfe bound, both as a Christian and as a physitian, to take some care of you. I find by the public advertisements, that you are absented from our relations, for fear of falling into the hands of a Docter. I should not blame you, Cosen M—RE, for flying from any Docter, had I heard of you at my shop in Abchurch lane; and truly I have cause to take it ill of our kinsfolke, that they should think of putting you to any Physitian but my selfe. Pray, what can that Docter do, but (like all the rest of his fraternity) trust in his learning, and so forth. Now I, Cosen JAMES, trust not in vain learning, but in the blessing of God. Is any man so blind, so irreligious, so unchristian, as to deny that I, with the blessing of God, can do a thousand times more



more than any gradual phyfician without it? Cofen, Cofen, you are in the wrong to fpeak (as I hear you do in one of your poems) of a *Quack*, as a terme of reproach. Your uncle is no gradual phyfician, no more was your great uncle a gradual phyfician, but of a more elevated rank, than to mount by *degrees*. Was his ftage, do you think, of lefs dignity than that on which you have of late (as conspicuously, tho' not fo fortunately) attempted to fhew your felfe? Was he ever his own Merry Andrew, as you are; and delivered the bills with his own hands, as you were notoriously known to do but t'other day? Call *Quack*, as you please, Cofen; but let me tell you, I am as well reputed in my lane, as you at your tavern, by men as *well borne*, of as honeft character, and better pay-mafters, than your felfe. Every morning I rife, I rife worth ten thoufand pounds, Cofen: and had you thought fit not to misbehave toward me, you might have had more good uncles than one.

But to wave this matter, as I was faying, I was forry to hear Cofen JAMES was fallen into this condition. I ever fear'd it would come to this, fince he hearded with witts. Indeed, when he bragg'd of his witts and his verfes, I hop'd in God it was not true. I remember from his youth he was given to *fibing* and *telling tales* about verfes. When your father and I join'd to put you to a great fchool, remember that when they put you upon verfifying, you had fo little talents for it, that you got the leffer boys to do your exercife: and once, when you brought Dr. FREIND about three hundred verfes, he was fo furprifed at your parts, that he asked, how long you was making them? You answered, in half an hour; and flood to it like a gentleman. 'Tis but t'other day, that a witt, as I hear, gave you the ufe of half a dozen verfes; and, Cofen, you printed (or fuffered to be printed) without gain-faying in advertisements, that he had ftoln them from you. Truly, Cofen, when a man fteals, he fhould ftal more wifely; and not break one of God's commandments for fuch trash as poetry. Befides, let me tell you, Cofen, that of all the things that can be ftoln, great or fmall, the hardeft to ftal are the gifts



of God : and you might as well pretend to steal my skill in worms and phyfic, if I may *parvis componere magna*, as that man's knack in poetry. From all this, I was still in hopes you would never come to be a poet, but live with your relations, fear God, and study the law. Alas ! alas ! all these hopes were over, when you writ a Play, and called your selfe Esq; both at a time. You did not indeed, all at once, seem to forget your *father*, or the *house* of your *father* ; for you made the hero of your said Play a *foot-man*. But from that hour, Cosen, you never vouchsafed to look into Abchurch-lane.

Alas ! poor Cosen JAMES, I am sorry you have still so much occasion for the uncle you despise. Few, very few ; I might say, none but my selfe, can give you redress. Does the Cork-street Docter pretend a cure ? First let him know the cause. I defy him and all his fraternity to tell me that : but, for once I will tell them ; The cause is *Worms*. Let 'em not deceive you, Cosen, it is a *worm*, a large *worm* ; nay, perhaps, many *worms* in your head. Your head, I say, Cosen, when you was a boy at school, produced nothing but lice and scabs ; and when you grew a man, nothing but worms. Let not this seem incredible : for tho' you cannot see a head, you have seen a nutt, where one large maggot has eaten up the whole kernel. Just such is your case ; and whcever tells you otherwise, flatters you. It is well known, this is my province, nor can any other Docter contest it with me : witness a thousand undeniable Certificates, which would be too long for this Paper, tho' probably some of them may be found at the end of it : as what Paper is not full of them ? It shall suffice to mention my unparalleled success, when several years ago I was sent for to worme the Witts at *Button's* : many of which received the greatest benefit by me, tho' they were so ungrateful as to deny it themselves ; but justice was done me, for the worms were owned by all their relations and acquaintance.

The brain, Cosen, is divided into three cells or ventricles ; one for the imagination ; one for the memory ; and one for the judgment. See the great Spanish Physician

fitian Don JOHN DE HUARTE's *Examen des Ingenieurs*. The last of these ventricles I shall not speak of in your case, it being certainly too small to be of any consequence in the cure, and that for which you your self never had any concerne. The ventricle for memory, I am willing to think, may be larger, notwithstanding the proverb, that *Witts have a small one*; because another proverb says, *it ought to be large* in people possessed of another of your qualifications. But the third ventricle, I will venture to say, is totally filled with worms; or perhaps, as I said before, one huge worm, which, for want of a name, I must call a *Dragon Cornudrum*.

Having now shewn you the cause, I will give you some hints for a cure. You may apprehend the severity of a stranger, trust therefore the tenderness of a kinsman; who will first attempt the most gentle remedies, and not proceed to the more powerful, unless compelled by the obstinacy of the worm, or your self. First, we shall use *fumigation*, to open the pores, and soften and facilitate the passages. I know my Cosen's constitution perfectly well: no man is more easily put into a sweat by the mere sight, or holding up, of a sword, or a cudgel. Perhaps this effect may proceed even to *liquifaction*: in which case, we may be content with the gentler remedy of *fumigation*, without the rougher of *suffigation*. Certain maladies are driven away onely by frights: thus agues have trembled and fled; and many Witts, thought desperate, have been recovered in like manner. Some, I know, have been of opinion, that the morsure of these worms, which we call Witt-worms, are much of the nature of the biting of mad dogs: which makes the afflicted follow their noses directly, and snap at every body they meet: This sort are known by one effect they usually produce in patients, in females especially, and in men most like females (of which my Cosen JAMES appears to be by his very make and formation.) This symptom is a *foul mouth*, and loud *barking*: for this I would use *immersion* (than which, nothing is observed to be more prevalent) either sudden and total like the cold bath, as in the case of the dogs; or gentle and gradual, as in

the convenient vehicle of the ducking-stool, as in the case of the ladies. There is also another external application, which seems, indeed, the directest of all, and makes the nearest approach to the seat of the disorder, I mean by the *nose*. Moderate tweaking may precede; then a little twisting; or finally, when the part is used to handling, if need be, tagging and pulling pretty lustily. In a word, using all means, either to sollicit, or force the worm from its usurped throne, the head; and to restore it to its true masters, the reason and understanding. But, dear Cosen, to conclude; if any of the gentler ways will do, far be it from us to proceed, either to this, or *suffigation*, the last of remedies. If you will repair to my shop, and fairly surrender your selfe, well and good: if not, (for all your old trick of changing your lodging and absconding) which is as well known to me as all your other behaviour, I believe, Cosen, you will one day be catched, and have some, if not all of these remedies adhibited to you. So wishing you to think in time, I remain

Your loving Uncle,  
J. M—RE.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**Y**OUR just warmth for restoring the true reading in some of our English poets, must needs be very agreeable to every lover of criticism. I wish you would oblige the world more frequently with your learned emendations; a province which I have always thought belongs in a good measure to the members of your illustrious Society. It would be worth your while to collate all the most ancient editions, which are commonly the best. Who can make sense of the following passage concerning VENUS, in CHAUCER's *House of Fame*, B. 1. as it stands in Mr. URRY's edition?

And also on her hedde parde,  
Her rose garlande, white and redde,  
And her combe for to kembe her bedde,  
Her doves, and dan Cupido.

But in that scarce and valuable edition *emprynted by Wylliam Caxton*, the sense is clear,

Rose



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Rose garlandes smellyng as a mede,  
And also flyng about her hedde  
Her doves, &c.

That the passage ought to be read thus, may farther appear by comparing it with the description of the statue of VENUS in the *Knights tale*.

A citriole in her right hande had she,  
And on her hedde, full-femely for to se  
A rose garlande, freshe and well smellyng :  
Above her hedde her doves flitteryng :  
Besorne her stoode her sonne Cupido.

If your learned Society approve of this reading, as I have restored it, it will be a pleasure to

Cambridge, June 23,  
1730.

Your humble servant.

P. S. The learned author of the Greenian philosophy has obliged the public with a curious print of Clarehall, drawn by the hand of Mr. Professor BRADLEY. There are two new things in this picture. Mr. BRADLEY is created M. D. and the sun is placed in the north.  
B.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, June 25. On tuesday a great cause came on in the court of King's-bench, when a woman, who was one of the principal evidences, falling in labour in court, was carried to a coffee-house, and instantly delivered of a child : which occasioned the deferring of the cause till next term. EVENING POSTS.—*It is feared by one side, that the sudden delivery of this woman will occasion a miscarriage next term.* M.

On monday the Indian king, and the prince, and five of the chief of his court (all Blacks) were introduced to his majesty at Windsor : the king had a scarlet jacket on, but all the rest were naked, except an apron about their middles, and a horse's tail hung down behind : their faces, shoulders, &c. were painted with red, blue, and green ; they had bows in their hands,  
and



and painted feathers on their heads. The king lyes on a table in a blanket; but the prince and the chief of his court lye on the ground. EVENING POST.

—The five Indian kings, several times mentioned in the News-papers, are on a sudden reduced to one. The appearance of these American Nobility, in the three colours of our three honourable orders, and with feathers on their heads is very remarkable; and shews, that the desire of being distinguished by those colours, and by feathers in caps, is natural. His majesty seems to keep state better than the European princes; his scarlet jacket being a more illustrious distinction from his naked subjects in the day. And at night he scorns to be upon a level with them, and preserves his superiority even in his sleep, by lying on a table; whereby he is likewise secure from all bed-tester plots.

M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 1.

## EPIGRAM.

A gold watch found on cinder whore,  
Or a good verse on J—Y M—E,  
Proves but what either should conceal,  
Not that they're rich, but that they steal. A.

EPITAPH on the monument of the honourable ROB. DIGBY, Esq; and of his sister the hon. Miss MARY DIGBY, in the church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, erected by their father the right hon. the Lord DIGBY.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,  
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:  
Just of thy word, and in each thought sincere,  
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear;  
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.  
Go! live, for heav'n's eternal year is thine;  
Go! and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, blest Maid, attendant on his doom,  
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb;  
Took the same course to the same quiet shore,  
Not parted long, and now to part no more.

Go

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Go then, where only bliss sincere is known;  
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one.

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,  
And 'till we share your joys forgive our grief;  
These little rites, a stone and verse, receive,  
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give. A.



No 27. THURSDAY, July 9.

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To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grubean Society.

Worthy Sir,

I WAS not a little surpris'd with a paragraph I lately met with in one of the Daily Papers, that Mr. WOOLSTON, the greatest advocate for the truth of the Christian religion, as he himself assures us in his last *Defence*, should meet with no kinder treatment from the government, than a closer confinement in the King's-bench, for his wonderful *Discourses on the miracles*: a misfortune owing, no doubt, to the prejudice, or incapacity of the legislature; not able to discover the pious intentions of that mystical writer, or the service he had really done to the Christian scheme, by his learned explications of it. I was mentioning his case to some persons at the Temple Coffee-house, who were pleas'd to entertain the company with a loud laugh; hearing me talk, in their opinion, with so much weakness and simplicity; gravely assuring me, that Mr. WOOLSTON was no more a prisoner in the King's-bench, than I was in Newgate. To satisfy myself, and convince the company of the reality of the report, I sent for the *Journal*, which avouch'd the fact, just as I had related it. But this, instead of satisfying them, produc'd only a louder and stronger laugh against me. And presently one of the company

company smiling, with an arch air of derision, ask'd me, if I was not a Christian? To which question I modestly reply'd, Yes. He told me then, with some seeming compassion, that into such blunders and such absurdities people must unavoidably fall, who would interpret Scriptures or News-papers in a literal sense; the unhappy cause of so many mischievous errors, in religion, as well as policy. I own, says he, the Papers seem to mention a *warrant* that has deprived my worthy friend of his freedom, and closely confined him in a goal: but sure you are not so unthinking a slave to the letter, as to imagine from this account that Mr. Woolston is really imprisoned. *Journals*, Sir, should be read like Revelations, not a line of 'em to be understood in that sense they seem at first sight to import. Assure yourself, every syllable in the commitment has a hidden and mystical meaning, which none but the modern adepts in divinity fully comprehend; being all *type, shadow, darkness* and *allegory*, from one end to the other. And as I have some hopes of your quitting the absurdities of the present belief, I shall open to you the reasons of your mistake.——*Secretary, Sergeant, Warrant, Commitment, Imprisonment, Turn-key*, signify no more the things they seem to denote, than they do so many scullers on the Thames; yet understood in the figurative and allegorical sense, have already one, and may have again their final accomplishment. 'The paragraph that has deluded you, and perhaps many more inconsiderate persons, has this natural, tho' mystical, meaning couch'd under the letter of it: by a *Sergeant* is plainly intimated, a *London taylor*; by a *Warrant*, his *measure*; by *Commitment* and *Imprisonment*, a *close detention in a new sute*; and by a *Turn-key*, a *sleeve too tightly button'd*. So that all the noise and uproar about Mr. Woolston's confinement at the bottom is no more than this, that last week Mr. Woolston put on a new sute of cloaths; which, by the unskilfulness of his taylor, was made so very strait and close, that it deprived him of his liberty; that is, he could not walk, write, or move with that freedom, ease, and facility he used to do, in his old coat. I have seen the very sute, says he, which

has

has led the Town into so many absurd conjectures about Mr. WOOLSTON's imprisonment; which being a figurative expression only, and so naturally explained, will, I hope, induce his enemies hereafter to be more tender of a gentleman's reputation, and not throw him into a goal, every time he is so unfortunate, as to have a new coat, waste-coat, and breeches.

I heard the orator all this while, with a very strict attention, rather surprised, than convinced, by the oddness of his assertions; which being delivered with an outward shew of gravity and seriousness, did not a little perplex me, leaving me in doubt, if I was to believe his explication as a truth, or reject it as a banter.

I left the coffee-house in a state of uncertainty, resolving to be an eye-witness of Mr. WOOLSTON's literal freedom or confinement, before I returned; and whether imprisonment in the public Papers, denoted confinement in brick-walls, or a broad-cloth sute, insisted on by his facetious friends near the Temple. Being arrived at the King's-bench prison, I found it no enchanted castle, but a strong literal fabrick, the doors real timber, the bolts solid iron, the walls unfigurative stone, and nothing allegorical in it from top to bottom. I ask'd the keeper, to whom I had the favour of being admitted, if ever he had any typical, figurative criminals committed to his custody for debt, or other misdemeanour; or if he had any apartments in the King's bench, close enough to detain *shadows*, or state *phantoms*? The keeper, startled at my simplicity, told me with some resentment, that he had no such airy prisoners; his commission extending to the confinement of such beings only, as were real flesh and blood. I then very modestly demanded, if amongst the real *existing beings*, he had the tuition of the learned Mr. THOMAS WOOLSTON? You see the very person, said he, walking at the upper end of the court just before you. I ey'd him with the strongest attention I was able at that distance: his figure startled me; he seemed to be made up of whim, madness, and contemplation; his aspect sullen, morose, and daring; having a mixture in his looks of seriousness and simplicity, walking now with all the gravity of a philosopher, and putting on the next mo-  
ment



ment the airs of an antick and a buffoon; reasoning, swearing, arguing, drolling, all in the same breath. I could just hear him muttering to himself the names of COLLINS, TINDAL, and JESUS CHRIST; which last he never mentioned, but with a seeming contempt, or abhorrence. In short, to me he seem'd to wear the shape, and have all the actions of a real creature, with something very dark and hanging in his countenance. I mis'd nothing of the man, but his new sute, in which his friends at the coffee-house had lately describ'd him. And having some suspicion, that this might be a different person of the same name, I desired the keeper to inform me, for what crimes that gentleman suffered imprisonment? Crimes! said he, with some passion; in my opinion, for none at all. The bishops and clergy are the poor man's inveterate enemies, for printing what they call profaneness and blasphemy, and endeavouring to maintain himself in an honest way. What he has written hurts neither bishops, lords, nor commons, nor any subject in Great Britain; and 'tis very hard, a person is not to enjoy his own opinion, for fear of prosecutions. Mr. WOOLSTON, no doubt, had weigh'd the inconveniences on both sides; and conscientiously determined, there was more wisdom in being a rich infidel, than a poor believer: and nothing can excuse the severity and injustice of those laws, which imprison a writer for following the dictates of his own conscience.

By this description and warm apology I found I had been impos'd upon at the coffee-house, by the story of the taylor; being now sensibly convinc'd, that it was no typical, mystical, allegorical WOOLSTON, that was confin'd in the King's-bench; but the very same numerical, identical WOOLSTON, who had in *six Discourses* ridiculed the Christian religion, and blasphemed Jesus Christ. And I am of opinion, that these figures, emblems, and shadows will be of very little service to him under his present confinement; since, 'tis very probable, that while the allegorical Mr. WOOLSTON is imprisoned, the literal Mr. WOOLSTON will hardly be at liberty. I am, dear Sir, without a figure,

Your most sincere, humble servant, T. N.

Mr.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**T**HE following Imitation of the XIXth *Idyllum* of THEOCRITUS having never yet been published, I presume it will be acceptable to many of your readers.

E Theocrito cum levi quadam sensus immutatione, seu potius novæ allusionis additamento, traductum.

Melleos haustus sitiens Cupido,

Cereas cellas spoliat dolosus :

It, redit; sed post iterata furta

Læsus abibat.

Tunc manus sufflans, pedibusque pulsans,

Exilit, matri properans relatum,

Mi dedit plagam fera quam pusilla,

Quantula quantam !

Illa subridens, Similis seraque

Nonne tu fili ? quoties puella,

Dulce post furtum, tumefacta clamat,

Tantula tantum !

IN ENGLISH.

CUPID once having robb'd a hive,

He lik'd the trade, and hop'd to thrive ;

At length the filching knave was stung :

Mad with the pain, he stamp'd, he flung ;

His clammy fingers oft he blew,

And to his mother straight he flew.

Mamma, he cries, this cursed bee,

How it has wounded me, you see.

How big the swelling ! yet the sting

Was but a little tiny thing.

Quoth VENUS, Precious son of mine,

Just such a tiny thing is thine ;

And yet how much 'twill make 'em swell,

After stol'n sweets, the girls can tell.

Cambridge, June 24, 1730.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, July 3. On monday died of a fever Beau Holloway : he was the person that sold the famous

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O

horse

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horse Leeds to prince George of Denmark for 1000 l.  
DAILY-POST. — *A short, but glorious character, which may make a beau almost as famous as a horse.*

MONDAY, July 6. Walker's new invented clock-lamp, which shews the hours of the night exactly as they pass, supplying the place of a clock or watch, and candle; which being conveniently placed by the bedside, one may lye still in bed, and see how the time passes. DAILY-POST. — *This invention, for a person to see how the time passes, is certainly very ingenious; but not altogether so likely to take, as one, by which persons might lie still in bed, and sleep, without knowing at all how the time passes away.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 8.*

In our *Journal*, No 21. we printed a short copy of verses written by a THEOBALDIAN, containing an admirable simile about Pope JOAN, applied to Mr. POPE: we shall now lay before the reader the very same simile, turned by Mr. DACTYL against the THEOBALDIANS; who keeps close to the letter of the story, which is now generally exploded.

As when that celebrated Harlot JOAN,  
Who spite of nature climb'd the Papal throne,  
Passing in solemn pomp the streets of Rome,  
Fell down in labour near S. CLEMENT's dome;  
In miserable notes her bastard cry'd,  
And, with its mother, soon as born, it dy'd.

Thus scribbling wights, for verse, or prose unfit  
By nature form'd, usurp the chair of wit;  
Pregnant in garret made, with woful strains  
In streets bring forth the off-spring of their brains:  
Near CLEMENT's Church, where BROWN, & MEARS, &  
With mid-wife hand unbar the gates of day; [CLAY  
On stalls expos'd the brats expiring lye  
Unfold; mean while the famish'd parents dye.

But SPONDER cries, Your simile is lame:  
The difference too great in parts, and fame;  
More wit and learning grac'd that mitred whore,  
Than C—, C—n, W—d, R—h, and M—.

M. II

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas \* THE WEEKLY MEDLEY has absented himself from the meetings at the Pegasus for near two months, which has made his friends there very solicitous, lest he should come to some misfortune; this is to desire any person, who knows what is become of him, to favour the Society with an account. He is middle-sized, somewhat pock-fretten, of a fresh complexion, and a dapper mien; has lost two of his fore-teeth; balts a little on one leg, and uses one hand awkwardly, occasioned by a late stroke of the palsy, which almost took away the use of his left side: he speaks broken English interlarded with French and Latin; and frequently tags the ends of his sentences with rime.



No 28. THURSDAY, July 16.

PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, July 15, 1730.

M<sup>R</sup>. MAEVIVS, having been deputed by the Society to attend the public Commencement at Cambridge, made his report this evening. He expressed much dislike to the greatest part of the exercise: and received but little satisfaction, except from the behaviour of the learned REGIUS PROFESSOR of divinity. The first question, which the doctor of divinity had undertaken to defend, was this, *Adultis sacramenta rite percipientibus de illa gratia conferatur*. The Respondent, having extolled the great learning and abilities of

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\* The Weekly Medley and Literary Journal, by a Society of Gentlemen, was a Journal which had been published every saturday for a little more than a year and half. The first and second pages consisted of two co-

lumns, one in French and the other in English: but these had been changed into three columns in English for about three months before the Paper was layed down; which was in May, No. 83 being the last.



the PROFESSOR, declared he was under terrible apprehensions of engaging with such an antagonist, and expected no better than to fall soon in so unequal a combat. But the good PROFESSOR, out of his *singular humanity*, was pleased not to put forth all his strength; tho' he produced some weighty arguments against the words of the question. He observed very learnedly, that *sacramentum* signified an oath; and was erroneously used in the same sense with the Greek word *μυστήριον*; and that *divina gratia* was not to be found in the New Testament, but *χάρις τοῦ Θεοῦ*. The Respondent would fain have evaded the force of these arguments, by answering that he expected to have disputed about things, and not about words: and pretended to vindicate the use of the word *sacramentum*, from the authority of the ecclesiastical writers. He endeavoured also to prove, that *divina gratia* was the same with *χάρις τοῦ Θεοῦ*.

The second question was, *Historia miraculorum Christi ad literam est interpretanda*. To this the learned PROFESSOR objected the Devil's carrying our Saviour up to the top of the mountain, and shewing him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time; which could not possibly be understood literally. This the Respondent evaded, by observing, that it was a miracle not of Christ, but the Devil; and so did not affect his question.

The foregoing exercise took up the morning of Monday, July 6. The afternoon began with a philosophy act, which was introduced by a learned and elegant speech of the senior Proctor. Mr. MAEVIUS told the Society, it was impossible to give a just relation of that speech, without painting the gesture, and imitating the voice, of that great orator. Having complimented the *Oxonians*, and told them that the greatest man among them is my LORD OXFORD, he proceeded to this purpose. 'We indeed have our heretics among us, our WOOLSTON, and one who lives, and comes into the Theatre: not but that you have your TINDALL too. ATHANASIUS encountered the heretics of his century: and our WATERLAND, no less a man, en-

gages

' gages the hereties of his time. A scholar of WATERLAND's is now going to dispute, who is as conversant with NEWTON, as WATERLAND with the Fathers.'

Mr. MAEVIUS passed over the other parts of the exercise of that and the day following, as having nothing very remarkable. Only he say'd, he could not omit the mention of one thing, which he understood had given offence to many members of this illustrious Society. The doctor of physick, when he mounted the rostrum, to oppose the batchelor, concluded with addressing himself to the respondent in the following words. ' Nec quid restat dicendum, nisi utte (Juvenis AESCULAPIO dilecte) paucis compellarem; & gratularer ob gradum, quem brevi consecuturus es: gradum non fictum, non fucatum, non commentitium, non tralatitium, non umbratilem, & tantum non nulum; sed Academicum: non pretio inhonesto, non precibus, non conditionibus, non sollicitationibus; & mille nescio quibus ineptiunculis; sed labore indefesso, sed sudore palæstrico acquisitum: non denique clam, aut (quod palmarium est) ab Aulici cujuscunque indulgentia concessum; sed publicè, sed proprio Marte, post ingenuum certamen, & non indecoro vulnere reportatum.'

He farther observed, that some of the Verses made on this occasion, were after the Grubean manner: but that in one Copy, to his great concern, this Society was openly abused.

Adsis, Phœbe, precor. Frustra tam sæpe vocanti  
Jam tandem, Pater, auscultes.—Pater? inquit Apollo,  
Tu mea progenies? mox jactet me quoque patrem  
Infimus iste tuus frater TIBBALDUS: at odi, &  
Arceo causidicos. Cudas miserabile carmen,  
Si vis; sed cudas sine me, sicut tuus est mos.  
Et meus est, & erit. Vos, ô clarissima fratrum  
Pectora, nostrorum longè ô pars maxima vatum;  
Qui, Phœbo, Musis, Naturâ, Disque, Deabusque  
Omnibus invitis, audetis scribere; mecum  
Maesti estote, viri fortes. Manet integra nobis  
Gloria, non suspectus honos, quem pallida labe

Invidiæ attingat. PARNELLUS, BROOMUS, & omnes  
POPIADES Phœbo sua debent carmina: nobis  
Non ita. Quod facimus, nostrum est.

The Society returned thanks to Mr. MAEVIUS: and wished, that he had been more particular in his report.

Having seen published in the *Journals* of the *Republic of Letters*, an Epitaph on SIR ISAAC NEWTON, by Mr. POPE, falsely printed; we believe it will not be unacceptable to the public, to give them a true copy of it.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Coelum:

Mortalem,

Hoc marmor fatetur.

*All nature, and its laws lay bid in night:*

*God said, Let NEWTON be. And All was LIGHT. A.*

Mr. BAVIUS,

July 10, 1730.

**A**T a conversation where I was, last night, there was a good deal of talk of Mr POPE. We all agreed in the main, that he was an excellent poet: but one of the gentlemen took the liberty to say, that he had got more by his labours, how great and useful soever, than he deserved. I was of another opinion quite, and answered with VIRGIL, *Non equidem invidio, miror magis*. I put an end to the dispute by calling for MARTIAL; who, I remembered, has an Epigram to his friend SEVERUS, upon one CARINUS, who envied him, and was ready to hang himself, not because he was read and admired all the world over; but because he had got enough by his poetry to buy a country-house, and was got free from the plague of riding hackney any longer.

MARTIAL. Epig. Lib. VIII. Ep. 61.

**L**ivet CARINUS, rumpitur, furit, plorat;  
Et querit altus, unde pendeat, ramos:  
Non jam quoddam orbe cantor & legor toto;  
Nec umbilicis quoddam decorus & cedro

Spargor

*Spargor per omnes, Roma quas tenet, gentes:  
Sed quid sub urbe rus habemus asivum;  
Vehimurque mulis, non, ut ante, conduhis.  
Quid imprecabor, O SEVERE, liventi?  
Hoc opto, Mulas habeat, & suburhanum.*

These verses read, we had more disputing than before about the meaning of the last line, and the acumen of the Epigram. I hate wrangling, and offered to send it to you for your opinion; you having, upon occasion, shewn yourself a scholar, and a critic.

Yours B. T.

Upon supposition, that this is the true reading, we do not see any sufficient ground for a dispute about the meaning; which we think Mr. DACTYL has very well explained in the following paraphrastical imitation.

C ——— n pale with envy lies,  
Ready to burst, he raves, he cries;  
Knits in a noose the fatal string,  
And seeks high boughs from whence to swing.

'Tis not my fame this rage has rais'd,  
That through the world I'm read, and prais'd:  
Nor that my works for guineas sold,  
Shining in Turkey wrought with gold,  
In ev'ry nation spread my name,  
Which e'er has heard Great Britain's fame.  
But that in Twick'nam's cool retreats,  
I ly'e secure from summer heats,  
(Where a neat house and garden join  
To gratifie each wish of mine;)  
And that sometimes I take the air  
In my own chariot and a pair.

O A ——— t, What shall I say,  
This envious madness to repay?  
This is my wish — Obtain may he  
Those things, and more, he envies me:  
A house and garden near the town,  
A carr and horses of his own;  
In profitable pomp and pride,  
With plants and fruits incompass'd ride;  
And



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And to the crowd, each market-day,  
His learning and his wit display. M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 15.  
An EPIGRAM on the celebrated Print, inscribed to Sir  
R—— W——, taken notice of in our 23d  
Journal.

Three French-men, grateful in their way,  
Sir R——'s glory would display;  
Studious, by siller-arts, t'advance  
The honour of a friend of France:  
They consecrate to W——'s fame,  
Picture, and Verse, and Anagram.  
With mottoes quaint the Print they dress,  
With snakes, with rocks, with goddesses.  
The lines beneath the subject fit,  
As well for quantities, as wit.

Thy glory, W——, thus enroll'd,  
E'en foes delighted may behold.  
For ever sacred be to thee,  
Such sculpture, and such poetry!  
For nothing but thy name can raise  
Such panegyric into praise.

These two last lines were added by Mr. POPPY.



N<sup>o</sup> 29. THURSDAY, July 23.

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*Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.*

CICERO.

S I R,

I Send you the character of one of the greatest geni-  
us's of the last century, MONSIEUR DE THOU,  
drawn up by one of the greatest of this, Lord CARTE-  
RET; and lately published in Mr. BUCKLEY'S *Third*  
*Letter to Dr. MEAD.*

THUANUS

THUANUS is an historian of the first rank, with respect to the extensiveness and dignity of his subject; which he has treated in the most proper and ornamental style. No writer ever did more honour to his country: he always vindicates the just rights of France, and has furnished his country-men with solid arguments to maintain them.

The rights of the house of BOURBON are by him set in the clearest light. Yet such were the times in which he lived, that the courtiers at Paris were not ashamed to sacrifice him to the resentments of the court of Rome; with this aggravation, that his own heroë HENRY IV. was unsteady in his defence, and suffered this most learned, candid, and free-spirited French-man, his most faithful subject, and useful friend, to be insulted by priests and bigots; who would, if they could, have suppressed this immortal work. And this is an instance, in which HENRY IV. did not shew his usual grandeur of mind; but was wanting to himself, in not supporting a man he loved, and esteemed, and was obliged to, against the iniquity of persons he despised. Whoever reads this history with attention, will see, that THUANUS speaks truth of himself, when he says, That he rather declined honours at court than sought them; and that he placed his whole dignity and security in a good conscience.

Tho' the Work is long, collectively considered, yet it is not long in its respective parts. He leads the reader through the whole world; is very entertaining in whatever he writes; and, for the most part, is very instructive. It is not to be expected, that he could be so exact in what he writes of foreign countries, as he is in what relates to his own. The principal value of his work consists in what he delivers concerning the courts of Rome, France, and Spain; and in treating the transactions of those courts, he is to be looked upon as an original historian.

There are many curious matters relating to Germany; but as they are taken from other writers, he has not the merit of being the original in that respect: but yet his copy, if we may so call it, exceeds infinitely all the originals in beauty and ornament of writing. There are

are many curious things relating to several courts in Italy; some of which are to be found no where else. As to the Low Countries, he gives the best and fullest account, from the beginning of the troubles to the truce set on foot in 1607, of any author extant.

The great revolution in Portugal after the death of DON SEBASTIAN, is admirably told, anno 1579. As to the Turkish matters, and the affairs of the XERIFFES in Africa, he exceeds all who have written upon them; and he seems to take a particular delight in them, from the novelty and surprising incidents that occur in them. He makes excursions into America, as also into the remote parts of the East. He gives a very good account of Poland, Hungary, Transilvania, and Walachia, and of the affairs of the house of Austria with those countries. He gives us enough of Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, Prussia, and Livonia; and in all these particulars is highly entertaining. As to England, it must be confessed, he is not always exact; but some mistakes concerning the legal part of our constitution, and judicial matters, are very excusable in a foreigner. He does justice to the nation in great points: and queen ELIZABETH'S reign appears no where in greater or truer lustre, than in his history. As to Scotland, he follows BUCHANAN, for the most part; as far as that author goes, and adds credit to him. Those who find fault with so great a performance upon little inaccuracies relating to foreign countries, shew but small experience in public affairs, by imagining, that he could have exact accounts of all the foreign countries in Europe, as to their domestic state, and what related wholly to themselves.

There were few that could give him perfect accounts of their own countries; and the most careful and judicious may be mistaken. Whatever transaction any court had with France, is accurately related; and the variety of his subjects affords great entertainment and relief in reading: but the chief value and utility of his history consists in his relations concerning the three courts of Rome, France, and Spain, which at that time gave the spring to the affairs of the whole world.

In

In this great work several kinds of history are contained, distinct from the principal objects; as in particular, the progress of literature, which is interwoven with wonderful art and labour in the account of about 400 persons, who within that time were considerable in the several parts of the world for their learned Works. And here his humanity is apparent, in censuring none too severely: but as he touches faults gently, so he gives due praise, where it is deserved, without distinction upon the account either of religion or country; and for this the court of Rome was highly incensed against him, and his Work censured, as if written by an heretic. The Romish emissaries have pretended, that the posthumous work, or continuation of the history from the 80th book, was to be suspected: but that proves itself to be genuine by its stile and inimitable freedom of spirit, intirely agreeable to what he published in his lifetime, and set his name to.

The symmetry and contexture of the whole Work cannot be sufficiently admired; and it is so rich in materials, that if it was broken into parts, and those ranged under their respective heads, it would make several excellent histories; all which would be substantial and concise, and sought after with eagerness by the generality of readers.

Whereas taking them all together, five volumes in folio in Latin, for about 60 years only, deterr many from venturing upon them: but the new edition will diminish that apprehension, by making proper divisions; by which it will appear, that almost every where, in half an hour's reading, there is to be found a proper pause.

It is now about 100 years since any edition of this history has been published: and as few of them are beautiful, and none of them can stand singly, we are much obliged to Mr. BUCKLEY for undertaking so useful and expensive a work; which will be some honour to England when it comes out, as it will do justice to one of the best historians, and truest advocates for liberty, that ever wrote.

Yours, B. T.

A.



A LETTER from Mr. J — M — to Dr. J —  
M — in answer to his, printed in our 26th  
Journal.

Honoured Uncle,

July 20, 1730.

**Y**OU shall soon see (as you desyre) your prodigal nephew, at the pestle and mortar: for I am not one of those fools, whom the wyseman sayeth, you may bray in a mortar, and never mend. I assure you, I have been against witt, ever since I found witt was against me. I hate it so much, that I am now prosecuting a bookseller for but three lynes that have only the shadow of it. If any Witt jokes upon me, I seek my remedy (lyke an honest plain unwriting man) at law. What think you, Uncle? Is this setting up for a witt? I have now, for these six weeks, had the *lye* given me publickly, without reply. What think you, Uncle? Is this setting up for a gentleman? Judge you at which end of the town I am fittest to live. Two of your good wishes for me are fullfilled: I can now *live only with my own relations*; and I *study the law*. As to your third wish, *of my fearing God*, I cannot yet bring myself to it; I have still some bravery left toward him.

Ever honour'd Uncle, I do, fairly as a gentleman, justly as a paymaster, and conscientiously as a Christian, protest, that I never writ syve lynes together of my own, verse or prose, in my lyfe. That Play, you charge me with, had every word of the witt in it taken from the mouths of other people, and set down in my table book befor their faces. You might as well call the shillings and pence in a charity dish the mans that carries it about. It is true, that for a short time I was thought a scholar in town, a witt at the university, and a poet at the Temple; but no visible distinction now remains to me, besides that of a *Free Mason*. No creature, I assure you, Uncle, now thinks me a witt. Even my friends at Charing-cross, to whom I give wine and a supper to call me so for a night, deny it the next morning, when they have nothing to eat but their words. It is true, I did go with some thing against P-PE, (or rather (lyke a puppy) *carried it to and fro in my mouth*) these two years and upwards: but, beleave me, tho' I

was

was *about* and *about* him so long, 'twas but as the Irish man was about court: I got *nothing* by it, and had not got *that* neither, but for my good friend Mr. WILSTED.

I therefor earnestly entreat you, not to give credit to the lying *Journalls*, or *Epigrams*, with which I am daily and nightly pester'd as an author. The only person, that gives it out that I am so is Captain GULLIVER: now, let any one, that has read his *Travells*, judge, what credit is due to his assertion. It is hard, dear Uncle, very hard, that whyle all others deny I can write, you should disinherit me for writing. Be juster for the future to (ever honoured Uncle) your penitent Nephew,

J. M.

We cou'd not refuse the good office of inserting this dutyfull letter, in justification of a person, who, having by some been treated as a wit, by others as a Grub-street writer, at last appears to be no writer at all. We ask his pardon for being so far mistaken, and promise to say nothing more of him, concluding with his Epitaph.

Here lyes what had nor *birth*, nor *shape*, nor *fame*:  
No *Gentleman*! no *man*! no *thing*! no *name*!  
For JAMMIE ne'er grew JAMES; and what they call  
MORE, shrunk to SMITH—and Smith's no name at all.  
Yet dye thou can'st not, phantom, oddly fated:  
For how can no-thing be annihilated?

*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Notwithstanding what is here said, if an \* Information be granted against Captain GULLIVER, we shall print the whole Tryal, with all the speeches and pleadings, which we doubt not will be entertaining to the public.

VOL. I.

P

NEWS

\* Mr. J— M— S— had moved in the court of King's Bench, for an *Information* against our book-seller, on account of the *Advertisement*, published in our 23d *Journal*; and a *Rule*

of court had been served, requiring him to shew cause why, &c. but Mr. J— M— S— considering better of the matter, dropped the prosecution.

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, July 16. On monday night the two Mr. SNOWS, within a few doors of their house in Queen-street near Lincoln's-inn fields, were stopp'd by two street-robbers; whom they resisting, one of the rogues shot one of them in the groin with duck-shot; and then both immediately ran away, crying, Stop thief. LONDON EVENING-POST.—*This paragraph, interpreted in the Woolstonian manner, points at two Grubean renegados, who lately attacked the gentlemen of our Society in the Daily Journals; but were forced to run away, crying, Stop thief, the better to make their escape. The name of one of them is ANONYMOUS, and of the other VINEGAR.*

FRIDAY, July 17. On wednesday night a foot-man belonging to the lady Forrester was attacked, in Great George-street, Hanover-square, by two robbers, and robbed of his watch and some money. DAILY JOURNAL.—*I think a watch is as necessary a bauble for a street-robber, as for a foot-man.* M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. July 22.*

Mr. BAVIUS having read the Answer to the Letter from the WEEKLY MEDLEY, which he had been directed to draw up, the Society ordered them both to be printed.

Brother BAVIUS,

July 11, 1730.

YOU have so happily described some of my features, in your *Advertisement* of the 9th instant, that the first which catch'd my eye, plainly shew'd I was the amiable *original* you drew from. I must observe, however, that the resemblance would have been much nearer, had you added half a dozen inches to my stature, and graced my countenance with a few more pock-holes. I was vastly pleas'd to find you was so tender of my reputation, as not to once hint at the loss of my eye-teeth; but charitably to substitute two others of less consequence. You take notice that I *halt a little on one leg*. Would that part of the description were just; for, alas! I am quite crippled: a misfortune I owe to a kick on the shins, which an unlucky Grubean gave

gave me; that at the same time, tho' most unaccountably, depriv'd me of the use of both my hands. Your nice observation, that I *interlard my broken English with French and Latin*, proves your profound judgment in style: but as to your saying, that I *frequently tag the ends of my sentences with rime*, that does not affect me very much; I having never employed any of my own jingle upon those occasions.

I was sorry to hear, that my friends were troubled for my non-appearance at the *Pegasus*: but as I'm persuaded you're not given to blab, I shall let you into a secret. My cloaths have, for some time, been very much out of repair; which has confined me to my night-gown: otherwise you should have been visited, as usual, by,

Dear BAVY, Yours most affectionately,  
WEEKLY MEDLEY.

P. S. Be so indulgent as not to play on the word *original*.

BRO. MEDLEY, July 22, 1730.

**I** WAS agreeably surpris'd to hear, and that from your-self, that you was alive. It was not, I must own, so much out of *tenderness to your reputation*, as a strict regard to truth, that I mentioned the *loss of two of your fore-teeth*; which are of much greater consequence to a satirist, than his *eye-teeth*, as being more useful in biting deep, and holding fast. From *balting a little on one leg*, which was your case, when I saw you last, I am sorry to hear that you are quite crippled, not only in your legs, but likewise in your hands: and desire to know the name of the *unlucky Grubean* who has used you so barbarously; that the Society may show their resentment of the injury done you in a proper way. I am very proud of the testimony you give to my *profound judgment in style*; and in return, wish, that you had employed your own jingle, rather than that of others; which I am persuaded has contributed less to the diversion of the public. You shall experience my taciturnity, when-ever you think proper seriously to let me into a secret: but you only banter, in telling me of the badness of your *cloaths* as one; and more so, in assigning that



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that as a reason for your non-appearance at the Pegafus. But I fear you have in earnest been *let into a secret* your-self, which is very apt to *confine* persons to a *night-gown*: and as soon as you have put your-self, as well as your cloaths in good *repair*, all your friends will be very glad to see you here; and none more than,

Dear MED. Yours most affectionately,

BAVIUS.

P. S. We have just received information, that you are certainly dead; and that your death was occasioned by one of our Society: which proves, as we suspected, the *Letter* under your name to be a forgery. Upon which, I am directed to advise you, by no means to follow the example of Dr. PARTRIDGE, in vainly pretending to survive your-self; but fairly and honestly to own the misfortune that has happened to you, and to send us an exact account of it. The publication of which by our Society will be the only means to prevent those false accounts, which will otherwise be given of your untimely end; which we all heartily lament.

M.



No 30. THURSDAY, July 30.

THE first piece is an *Answer* from the WEEKLY MEDLEY to Mr. BAVIUS's *Letter*; giving an account, that the *unlucky Grubean*, by whom he had been *quite crippled*, was one J. NINNY HAMMER, alias J. R. which two initial letters we took to denote our learned brother JAMES RALPH. Mr. MEDLEY likewise in his *Letter* had transcribed a copy of one written to him by Mr. NINNY HAMMER: which, he told us, he had shewed to the partners concerned in the *Weekly Medley*; who liked it so well, that they thereupon removed him from being their Secretary, and advanced Mr. NINNY HAMMER to that office; who consequent-

ly

N<sup>o</sup> 31. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 161  
ly had the honour of giving the finishing stroke to that  
Paper.

The next piece in prose is an account of a *Hustle-  
cap Jury*, in the county of Essex, who determined a  
cause of assault and battery, by putting twelve shil-  
lings into a hat, and throwing up cross or pile.



N<sup>o</sup> 31. THURSDAY, August 6.



**T**HE first piece contains some advice to our po-  
litical brethren, particularly a writer in the *Dai-  
ly Courant*; whose conduct in the management of a  
controversy with the *Crafts-man*, concerning CA-  
MILLUS, and the destruction of Rome by the Gauls, is ex-  
posed.

One of our members having lately been in Kent,  
met with the following Inscription; which being of ge-  
neral use to all who travel that way, we desire our  
learned brethren the Society of Antiquarians to explain.

K E E  
P O N T  
H I S S  
I D E.



N<sup>o</sup> 32. THURSDAY, August 13.



**I**N the first piece are contained a short account, and  
some instances of *Anagrams*, *Chronograms*, and *A-  
crostichs*.

To the SPECULATIST, Mr. M—W CON—C—N.

S I R,

I HAVE the honour of being one of your subscribers to a book lately published, call'd *The Speculatist*; and have since had the pleasure of perusing it. From the Title-page and Preface, I must own, I conceived some extraordinary hope, being a great admirer of humour, wherever I meet it; and doubted not, but that you were more a gentleman, than to break that promise you made your readers in the frontispiece of your book, in such solemn capital letters. Your Preface fill'd me with expectation; for I sincerely wish'd to find an ample vindication from those foul scurrilities, which, I doubted not, were unjustly laid to your charge in the *Dunciad*. I am unwilling to be so ill-natur'd to say, I was disappointed; but beg you will, from an unknown friend, give this advice to the low class of writers of this age. It is well worth their while to consider, whether they had ever any reputation, before they are at the pains of justifying it; and further, to be cautious how they offer us too tempting a bill of fare in the beginning: it is not only inhancing, but anticipating our pleasure, which never fails to lessen our enjoyment. Besides, it is an instance of too much modesty, that cramp of a growing genius; for, who but a painter that had a diffidence of his merit, would write the person's name before the performance?—Don't imagine, Mr. Speculatist, this advice is at all meant for you: for the world knows, if you want a reputation, it is rather owing to the ill natur'd attempts of some envious scriblers to pull down, than to your want of industry to build one; and as for modesty, the most bitter of your antagonists never once dared to accuse you of that. I must say I was greatly disappointed; but at the same time fear, 'twas more owing to my stupidity, than your dearth of humour: this confession will not, I believe, offend, since, I am convinc'd you will readily admit the excuse, and shall beg for the future information of us dull souls, who want the art of distinguishing nicely, that, in the next edition, you may

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may add the following N. B. *viz.* Those papers mark'd with an asterisk, are humorous; or else this correction, for *humourous*, read *dull*. As to your design of clearing your character, I should be glad to be inform'd in what manner you think you have done it. I suppose, by confessing your crime (which appears through the whole book) you hope for absolution, and to be restor'd to your former state of innocence. But this you must give me leave to say, if I have hit upon your design, that, should it miscarrie on your pleading guilty (which you have done) you'll certainly be executed; for if you can read no better than you can write, you can hardly hope for benefit of clergy.

*Furnival's-inn, Aug. 10.*

Yours,

A.

WILL. SLYBOOTS,

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

MONDAY, *Aug. 10.* On saturday last Nathanael Gould Esq; received another letter (supposed from the same villains) signifying, that if he did not send ten guineas that evening, they would have his blood, and concluding with the following words, *Utrum horum mavis, accipe.* POST-BOY. — By this scrap of Latin, they seem to be some renegade members of our Society.



N<sup>o</sup> 33. THURSDAY, *August 20.*

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PROPOSALS for erecting a College for the habitation of Grub-street authors, by GILES BLUNDERBUSS, Esq; Historiographer to the Grubbean Society.

THE street from which our Society derives its name has within these few years been so metamorphosed, that it is no longer fit for the reception of



of authors. There is now not so much as one printer or book-seller left in it: nor any sign of literature remaining, beside this single house, which is appropriated to the weekly meetings of the Society, and the residence of two or three of its members. And this very house is become so crazy, that the residentiary members begin to be afraid of dwelling in it any longer: and they would long ago have removed, if they could have supported the expence of better accommodations. Nothing can be more unjust, than that those who are continually employing themselves in the service of the public, should be destitute of a convenient habitation provided at the public expence.

I propose therefore, either that some new college be erected in, or near this city; or the limits of some old one sufficiently extended, to receive those generous persons, who are daily labouring for the public good. I can think of no situation more proper than Moor-fields: not only on account of the neighbourhood of Fore-street, that grand *emporium* of pudding and pease-porridge; but also because of its adjoining to that famous seat of war, which may afford frequent opportunities of celebrating the great achievements of our city heroes. The vicinity of that college, which already occupies the south-side of those fields, will be a considerable advantage. For as that college is made a habitation for authors of the highest spirit; the nearness of the two buildings will make the removal of such as shall deserve that high station, the less troublesome. On this account, it would not be improper to carry on the wings of the old college to the end of the fields, and erect a new building opposite to the body of the old one. An edifice of this extent would be capable of containing the greatest part of our authors; and, I believe, all of any considerable rank among us. The ground floor might be allotted for politicians, news-writers, critics, commentators, and others, whose gravity might endanger the upper stories: and a decent office might be erected in the yard, for the writers on the practice of Physic; where, with the assistance of two or three looking-glasses, they might compleat the true *facies durum cacantis*, which some of them in a great

great degree have already obtained. The middle floor might contain the divines, philosophers, historians, &c. and the upper story the poets of all denominations. Galleries might be built round the chimneys, for the speculations of prophets, theorists and astrologers. The walls would furnish a sufficient station for book-sellers after the old manner: and the whole *area* might be planted with hellebore, for the use of such as should be thought worthy of being removed to the southern part of the college.

If such a college as this was once built, the public need be at no farther expence in the support of so many useful persons. The profits arising from their Works would be a constant supply to them of food and raiment: especially, if it should be thought proper to make this a privileged place; which would much conduce to the ease and tranquillity of the inhabitants.

I do not doubt but this proposal will meet with universal approbation, and that we shall soon see this learned Society flourish in a degree, suitable to its dignity and usefulness.

B.

*To the Society of Grub-street.*

GENTLEMEN,

**T**HERE is one species of news left untouch'd by all the weekly writers, which I could wish you would make it your province to communicate to the world. To entertain us with real or fictitious transactions is all that our greatest historians, either BURNET or GULLIVER have pretended to: but to give an exact chronology of what will befall kingdoms in future times, is a task they have left for you to perform. And yet as arduous an one as it seems to be, if you look into the writings of some revelation-philosophers, you will not want for intelligences of this nature. At present I instance in the Contents of Mr. W—n's *Astronomical Lectures*, where it is proved, it seems, *That the grand intermediate breaches in every one of the four monarchies were immediately preceded by great eclipses of the moon, all visible in the same monarchies; and that accordingly 1736, the GRAND PERIOD of the*

*ten*

ten kingdoms, or of the LAST STATE of the Roman monarchy, will be peculiarly remarkable for such great eclipses, [See MEMOIRS of the life of Dr. Clarke, p. 150.]

Your Society, I doubt not, will survive the wreck of empires; and as you now generously publish his prediction, I hope you, or your successors, will hereafter point out to the world the accomplishment of it. But if it should unhappily fail in this particular, then, let posterity know, *That it is easier to calculate eclipses in the heavens, than the downfall of kingdoms on the earth.*

I am, Gentlemen, your well-wisher, &c.

MR. BAVIUS,

Possess'd with a notion of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, I dip'd t'other day into the *Aeneid* at a venture, to try the king of Spain's fortune; and opened, *bonâ fide*, upon this part of AENEAS's speech, when taking leave of Dido: *Lib. iv. 351.*

*Me patris Anchisæ, quoties bumentibus umbris  
Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,  
Admonet in somnis, & turbida terret imago:  
Me puer Ascanius, capitisque injuria cari,  
Quem regno Hesperiaæ fraudo, & scilicet arvis.*

But not content with this lucky hit, I was resolved to play the critic, and see whether (by a small and trifling variation from the original) I could not render this passage still more apposite to the circumstances of that great monarch. To use then the Benteian style, read it thus at my peril:

*Heu me reginæ, quoties bumentibus umbris  
Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,  
Admonet in lectis, & turbida terret imago:  
Infans me Carolus, capitisque injuria cari,  
Quem regno Hesperiaæ fraudo, atque Ducalibus arvis.*

I make no doubt, that the French critics, and Dutch commentators, will readily accede to this reading; neither can the Germans in reason and good sense refuse to do the same. But, perhaps, these alterations in so critical a juncture may seem too bold; wherefore I'll conclude my applications with an hemistich in the same speech,

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speech, which his Catholic majesty may repeat word for word after the pious hero,

*Italiam non sponte sequor.*

Aug. 17. 1730.

Yours, SORTILEGUS.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**W**HEN his royal highness came over into England, three loyal divines expressed their zeal upon the occasion, in the spirit of Grub-street poetry. However, some disaffected fellow was pleased to banter their compositions in the following *Epigram*. As it possibly might never have come to your hands, I thought proper, by sending it, to give your Society an opportunity of vindicating, if they judg'd fit, their reverend members. The *Epigram* is an imitation of DRYDEN's upon MILTON.

*In the same age and isle three bards divine,  
Their prince to celebrate, invok'd the Nine:  
The first in nothingness of thought surpass'd;  
The next in bombast; and in both the last.*

DULNESS, to crown her fav'rite LAUREAT's strain,  
Mix'd a due portion of the former twain:

August 17, 1730.

Yours, PHILO-GRUBAEUS.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Aug. 19.

The following EPIGRAM was written by one of the young gentlemen at Eton-school; occasioned by their being honoured with his royal highness the Duke's company at their ram-hunting.

*Instruxitque manum clavâ.*

Clavigeros inter pueros, pulcherrima proles,

Arietis in cladem, Claviger ecce ! venit.

Quàm placidus mitisque ferit ! quàm parcere pronus !

Et nocet, impavidus ; ne noceatque, paver.

Ut clavam, sic arma geras ; hostemque ferire

Nec nimium nolis, nec, GULIELME, velis.

*Imitated in English.*

For the Ram's fall, with club of oak in hand,  
His Highness comes, and joins the youthful band.

Gentl



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Gently he strikes. But oh ! how prone to spare,  
Dauntless he hurts ! to hurt, is yet his fear.  
Such be thy future triumph o'er thy foe :  
Tho' brave, not cruel ; and tho' calm, not slow ;  
Not sparing, nor too lavish of thy blow.

L. M.



No 34. THURSDAY, August 27.

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THE first place in this number is taken up by some remarkable *Extracts* from a book just published, intitled, *Historical Memoirs of the life of Dr. Samuel Clarke*, by William Whiston, M. A.

Mr. BAVIUS,

M R. DRYDEN's compliment to MILTON is an old thought, tho' improved by that great man ; as most things were, that he borrowed. The copy of it (in your last *Journal*) would have kept closer to the original, if it had been thus :

*Three Poets (grave divines) in England born,  
The Prince's entry did with verse adorn :  
The first in lowliness of thought surpass'd ;  
The next in bombast ; and in both the last.  
DULLNESS no more cou'd for her LAUREAT do,  
To perfect him, she join'd the former two.*

After this liberty taken with your *Epigram*, allow me farther to tell you, that I can not think the LAUREAT rightly qualified to be a member of your Society. He has done some things not unbecoming his post : and his long-promised Translation of *Tasso*, is with impatience expected by the lovers of the Muses.

Chelsea, Aug. 24.

Your humble servant,

D. M.  
On

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On J. A. author of the Verses to the memory of John Phillips, Esq; published in the White-hall Evening Post, Aug. 13.

1.

PHILLIPS, to thy lamented shade,  
By some low whining poet,  
A tribute of sad verse is pay'd ;  
Who swears that friendship made him do it.

2.

Thus friendship's wond'rous pow'r declares  
Our new strange verse inditer;  
Which, spite of nature and his stars,  
Made him turn Elegiac writer.

3.

Dear shade, the poet's wish fulfill,  
His barbarous toil requiting ;  
Keep him from each disastrous ill,  
But most of all from that of writing.



N<sup>o</sup> 35. THURSDAY, September 3.

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To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Society of Grub-street.

IT was but lately that I met with a book called *The Speculatist*, though by enquiry I find it has been above a month privately dispersed (in the manner proper to libels) and hath crept about, in that blind way, as far as it had strength to go. I found it to be a great fraud and imposition on the subscribers; being no other than a wretched relique, patched up from the wrecks of *British* and *London Journals*. No doubt it will soon be (like its author) *to be sold*, to more than will buy it. In some weeks, it will be crying out for help in the *Advertisements*, under the usual and laudable form

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Q

of

of, *A few copies of the Speculatist being yet left undisposed of, may be had at ——. As I am very sure hereof, it makes it not quite impertinent, to take a little notice even of such a thing as this.*

The man has faced his *old raggs* with a *bitt* of Preface, and truly not at all an unnecessary one; being to apologize for certain *unlucky inconsistencies*, of himself and his brother *Journalists*, in their *parties, principles and friendships*: these he charitably accounts for, from their youth, want of experience, knowledge and judgment, in what they write about; and other such *innocent causes*. There is no question, these authors may, and do, *change their mind*: it were only to be wish'd he had told us *at what price?*

It is much, that any writer so concerned for his *good name*, should still continue to write *without his name*. But I can assure the publick, he is not only a gentleman, but a gentleman of the *Dunciad*: the *Annotations* mention him under the name of C—n—n, as a writer of *scurrilities in the Journals*: this he is much troubled about; though (whether out of great *shamefacedness*, or being so required by his book-seller) he is as fearful to name the *Dunciad*, as to name *himself*. But the *scurrilities* he utterly denies, and at the same time wisely prints a Journal full on Dr. SWIFT and Mr. POPE. By which, one thing at least said of him by that Annotator seems to be true, namely, that he is an *Irishman*.

That *Journal* is dated Nov. 25, 1727, (a year before the *Dunciad* came out.) It says of Mr. P—— that he had often been *concern'd with book-sellers in jobs and frauds*. I have authority to say, that this C—n—n (if such be his name) is *scurrilous* and a *lyer*; and he must be content with that appellation, unless he proves what he asserts. Some slanders of the same sort have been disproved since that time, in the *Testimonies* before the *Dunciad*: but these gentlemen never retract on any conviction but *one*.

The next *lye* he tells, he may think the more safe, as the person is since dead. He represents Dr. SW—— and Mr. P—— to have abused Mr. CONGREVE in these words. 'It may happen to those who vent praise or  
: censure

‘censure too precipitately, as it did to an *eminent English poet*, who celebrated a *young nobleman*, upon erecting DRYDEN’s monument, upon a promise which ‘his lordship forgot ‘till it was done by another.’

Whoever writes of men and facts, ought first to know something of them: this paragraph *totidem verbis*, was inserted at Mr. CONGREVE’s own desire, who was willing that fact should be made known, to account for what he had written. Mr. CONGREVE maintained for above twenty years, an entire friendship with both these gentlemen; and is known to have lived, with Mr. POPE particularly, in strict intimacy to his death.

The above-mentioned *Notes* to the *Dunciad* give a further account of this *Irishman*, which he is content to pass in silence, viz. ‘That he was (as we see he still ‘continues) an anonymous slanderer, and publisher of ‘other men’s slanders, on Dr. SWIFT, to whom he ‘had particular obligations.’ This truth is known to the reverend Dr. DE—Y, and we can (if he pleases) name others, who will attest how he returned them, as well by his own scurrilities, as by forwarding to the press those of A—CLB, &c. but that it is sufficiently seen, by casting an eye on this very *Journal* he here reprints.

To conclude, with whatever neglect we would pass by such men as *writers*, (and far be it from us, to disturb that silence which all the world besides observes toward their Works) yet it is the concern of all mankind to expose them as *publishers of falsities*, and *defamers of superior characters*. Therefore that the said C—ne—n (if such be his name) is an *immoral man*, is what every reader ought to be told; that he is a *dull one*, is what every reader can find. A.





Nº 36. THURSDAY, September 10.

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THE first piece consists of more *Extracts* from the *Historical memoirs of the life of Dr. Samuel Clarke*, by William Whiston, M. A.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the Grubean Society.

S I R,

I WAS surprised to read an *Epigram* (written by a friend of mine for private entertainment) in your 33d *Journal*. The person who sent it subscribes himself PHILO-GRUBÆUS: by the import of his name, and the tenor of his preamble, I perceive that he is a well-wisher to your Society, and jealous of the reputation of its members; so far I have nothing to say against him: but he saucily styles my friend a *disaffected fellow*, for satyrizing three loyal divines. Was not my resentment diverted another way, I should return the officious jackanapes a proper answer; but I find myself under the necessity of justifying (out of respect to the author) this little amusement, against the impertinent emendations of a critic, who dates a Letter to you from *Chelsea*, *August the 21st*, which you published in your 34th *Journal*. By the invalidity of his corrections, and the lameness of his numbers, I should imagine him to belong to the Hospital. He tells you in the first place (perhaps as something new) that this *Compliment of DRYDEN's to MILTON*, is an old thought, though improved by that great man; now this is a very abrupt introduction, and quite foreign to any purpose, unless he would insinuate that he himself is likewise a great man, and no less capable of improving a hint; for he peremptorily asserts, that he has brought the copy closer to the original, which, no doubt, he looks

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looks upon as a notable *improvement*. If I may be allowed to know my friend's intention, his *Epigram* was an imitation at large, and never designed to be a servile copy even of that *great man* DRYDEN. So that there was no need of keeping any *closer to the original*; which fancied defect seems to have been the sole foundation of his new model. But in comparing the *Epigrams*, I'll give some reasons to prove, that it is not out of prejudice, and a partial attachment to my friend, that I prefer his composition, which begins after this manner:

*In the same age and isle three bards divine  
Their Prince to celebrate invok'd the Nine.*

The three poets in DRYDEN's *Epigram* are distinguished by the distance both of their ages and countries: my friend therefore judged, that it would be more extraordinary ridicule, to introduce his three Grub-street personages in the same age and isle. But the Chelseian can not allow this to be close enough: for in the original there are *three poets*, which my friend has called *bards*; there is *England*, which he has indefinitely termed an *isle*: now this uncorrect way of writing, he foresees, might perplex future commentators, to find out what island was meant. But let us examine the improvement of these lines.

*Three poets (grave divines) in England born,  
The Prince's entry did with verse adorn.*

There is a great beauty in these verses, according to the *Essay upon Criticism*; the sound is an echo to the sense, there is an air of Spanish gravity in the metre, and the words move slow. He calls them, you see, *grave divines*, as perhaps being better acquainted with them: my friend (who was a perfect stranger to their persons) could not averr so much, unless he had taken *grave* in the school-boy's sense, *Vide DULL*: neither could he positively affirm they were all *born in England*, tho' they composed, at least published their *divine* congratulations there.

*The Prince's entry did with verse adorn.*

In this line there is an improper style, and a false fact.

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By the construction one would naturally suppose, that this was *England's prince*, whereas his title is *Prince of Wales*; tho' I am not certain whether the patent is yet passed, but without doubt he might not improperly be so called by courtesy. The false fact is, to term his coming over into *England*, an *entry*, which is always of a public nature. Had my friend used such an expression, PHILO-GRUBAEUS might with much more justice have stigmatized him with the opprobrious character of a *disaffected fellow*.

— *Did with verse adorn.*

Who would not imagine, that these verses were hung up in the grand streets (through which he did not make his *entry*) like carpets over balconies? And if he had made his *entry*, I am sure it would have been a coarse compliment to say, that they could *adorn* it in any other manner. However, I must own, that the Chelseian critic has one incontestable advantage over my friend in this place, viz. that he has, with a most religious closeness, preserved the original rhymes.

Proceed we now to the second couplet, which in my friend's imitation runs thus:

*The first in nothingness of thought surpass'd;  
The next in bombast; and in both the last:*

I cannot but say, that I looked upon *nothingness of thought* as a happy phrase, and proper to convey a most contemptible idea, which was certainly my friend's design.

*The next in bombast—*

If I remember rightly, my friend coined a word upon this occasion, which was *bombastry*, and asked my opinion of it: I readily gave my approbation, which I now confirm for these reasons; first, because it contributes more to the banter intended; and in the next place, that by this means he avoids the monkish jingle of *bombast* and *last*, which seem to jarr the ear. Besides, if you observe, the particle *and* breaks the force of the *climax*, and prevents the period from closing full and round. By the way, it may not be amiss to

take

take notice, that there is an objection made against DRYDEN, that he has not clearly distinguished the different excellencies of HOMER and VIRGIL. The critic of *Chelsea* alters (I should say improves) his couplet thus.

*The first in lowliness of thought surpass'd;  
The next in bombast; and in both the last.*

This close copyist fancies, that there is a nearer and more exact antithesis between *loftiness of thought* in the original, and *lowliness of thought* in his emendation: for my part, I suspect this gentleman himself to be a *grave divine*, for *lowliness* is a scripture-word, and never before, as I remember, used either in epic, or epigrammatic poetry. His second verse is *verbatim* the same with my friend's, neither can the critic make any exception to his rhymes, which are as close to DRYDEN's, as he could wish.

It remains to try, whether his last lines can be as well defended:

*DULLNESS, to crown her fav'rite LAUREAT's strain,  
Mix'd a due portion of the former twain.*

I have heard my friend say, that thinking he had followed the original rather too close, he was studious entirely to vary the last lines, and to appropriate the satire to this particular composition of the *Laureat*, without touching upon his general character; which, in my opinion, was an indication of a candid and ingenuous disposition: whereas the conclusion of the animadverter is undetermined, and includes the *Laureat* in the full extent of his poetical capacity.

*DULLNESS no more could for her LAUREAT do;  
To perfect him, she join'd the former two.*

Having thus vindicated my friend, I will do this piece of justice to the royal bell-man, to own, that he has (at least once had) a happy knack at versification, tho' little invention ever fell to his share: wherefore I advise him for the future, to hire some Grub-street bard to compose his *New-year Odes*; which, as it would redound to his own reputation, must, at the



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the same time, turn to the emolument of your illustrious Society.

I am yours,

Sept. the 1<sup>st</sup>, 1730. Batter-  
sea, opposite to Chelsea.

PHILOPHILUS.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, Sept. 8. — Dublin, Sept. 1. Last night John Ferguson, an alehouse keeper in Stone-batter, was killed by some ruffians that were drinking in his house. who calling for his reckoning at their absconding, was stabb'd and hack'd by the said ruffians with butchers knives, and made off. DAILY COURANT.

———— This article contains several surprizing particulars. First, this alehouse keeper was killed by some ruffians; next, he called for his reckoning; then was stabb'd and hack'd by the said ruffians after their absconding; and after all this, he at last made off. To illustrate this passage, which no doubt is good Irish, and reconcile it to the belief of an English reader, requires the learning of some Hibernian SPECULATIST. M



N<sup>o</sup> 37. THURSDAY, September 17.

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*Stat contra ratio, & secretam garrit in aurem,  
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.*

Perf. Sat. v.

The following Letter coming from a learned Correspondent, I could not forbear taking the first opportunity of printing it; tho' I must own, I entirely differ from my friend's opinion. I can not but think, that these Prose Translations ought by all means to be encouraged, as the most probable way of reducing the most Parnassian authors to the profoundest Grubbism.

BAVIUS.

Mr.

Ita  
is thu

Mr. BAVIUS,

**T**HERE is a sort of books now-a-days, that I can't account for, nor see the use of them. I mean *Translations of Greek and Latin poets into English prose*. The humour spreads, and we have had *Sophocles, Horace, Persius*, and others very lately, not only in *English*, but in *prose*. I should not believe there could possibly exist such awkward, wrong-headed scholars, if I had 'em not before my eyes. Perhaps, as 'tis now the fashion for us to imitate and follow the French whithersoever they have a mind to lead us; so in this matter also we are treading in their footsteps. They have translated, I believe, all the Greek and Latin poets into French prose. Poor MILTON himself has not escaped their hands. Is it not agreed by all readers, that 'tis not so much the noble thoughts and fine sentiments, which are better sought for in philosophers and moralists, as the sonorous numbers, the smart or magnificent diction that make a poet valuable? What then do these people mean by translating a fine poet into mean creeping prose? They debase and bufflesque him without doubt. Let any man read an act in the new *Sophocles*, and he will immediately cry out, Is this the famous SOPHOCLES? What abominable stuff is here! And yet I am told, that Mr. THEOBALD has a translation of even *Bacchus* himself, whether in prose or verse I don't know, ready for the press; not deter'd by the ill success his translation of *Aristophanes* had.

A great deal might be say'd to shew the absolute unprofitableness and absurdity of translating poets into prose; but I think there is no manner of occasion for it: and yet they find buyers, particularly Dr. DUNSTER's *Horace*, of which I see a fourth edition. Because I had a mind to write to you upon this subject, I dipp'd first into the *Horace*, then the *Persius*. Hor. Ep. Lib. I. 12.

— Aurea fruges

*Italiae pleno defundit Copia cornu.*

is thus translated, *We have here in Italy a very plentiful harvest.*

harvest. This is *sermoni propiora* with a vengeance. That fine line, *Ep. Lib. i. 14.*

*Quem scis immunem Cinarae placuisse rapaci.*

The covetous Cinara entertain'd me gratis.

*Romat nutrirī mibi contigit, atque doceri*

*Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles. Lib. ii. 2.*

I was educated at Rome, where I read Homer's *Iliads*. Does this move *bilem* or *jocum*, or both; as HORACE says of the *Imitatores servum pecus*?

But the Translator of *Persius* is more diverting. I will write down a few lines, from which the motto is taken. *Sat. I. 91, &c.*

*Disce : sed ira cadat naso, rugosaque sanna,*

*Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

*Non Praetoris erat stultis dare tenuia rerum*

*Officia, atque usum rapidae permittere vitae.*

*Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.*

*Stat contra ratio, & secretam garrīt in aurem,*

*Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiaabit agendo.*

*Publica lex hominum, naturaque continet hoc fas,*

*Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.*

Behold the translation : ' Ob, learn : but be not angry, neither laugh nor jeer, when I pull away old wife's tales from your heart. It was not in the Prætor's power to instill sublime thoughts into silly ideots, or make them square their lives by the rule of reason. — No : you shall sooner teach a soldier's boy to play on the dulcimer. Reason contradicts, and secretly whispers him in the ear, [whom? the soldier's boy?] that he should not strive to do that which even any one shall spoil in attempting to effect it. The public law of man and nature comprehends this solid right, that they deny weak, inept ignorance the privilege to try forbidden things.'

O ! *hominem infelicem studiorum* ! Besides the vile paltry language of this translation, a school-boy would deserve to be whipped for construing it so ; and yet the editor says 'tis for the use of schools. *PERSIUS* for the use of schools ! an author the most unfit for schools

of any now extant in any language. He might as well have translated *Lycophron* for them.

But, Sir, there's another thing which deserves your animadversion; that is, *Translations of prose authors into verse*. This indeed is not so common, nor so absurd. I have by me *Epictetus* in Latin verse, and a great part of the Bible. NONNUS, a Christian poet about THEODOSIUS's time, turned the *Gospel of S. JOHN*, which is writ with all the plainness and simplicity imaginable, into extravagant bombast, worse if possible than his own *Dionysiacs*. We have had the *History of the world* in hexameter and pentameter by a doctor in divinity, and the *English History* in doggrel; and may possibly in a little time see TILLOTSON's *Sermons in Heroics*, for the use of schools; with full as much reason as we have HORACE's *Sermones in prose*. But what frightens me most is; I am told a certain gentleman has put *Tbucydides* into English verse: and because that noble author writes short and close, he designs to lengthen him out into 24 books, just as many as HOMER's *Ilias* has: for, he says, he can make a whole book of one of PERICLES's speeches. For this laborious work he expects great encouragement, and a numerous subscription, at two guineas; half to be paid at subscribing. This puts me in mind of what I heard one say the other day, that surely *Terence* would be much more read and admired, if he was done well into heroic verse; that Iambics and Trochaics were crabbed and unharmonious, little understood or tasted, notwithstanding the labours of bishop HARE, or master BENTLEY.

These things, Mr. BAVIUS, deserve your censure and correction.

Yours, B. T.

A SESSION of the Cambridge Critics, by Mr. WILLIAM PATTISON of *Sidney College*.

I.

OLD ZOILUS, the fourest dame CRITICE bore,  
The pedantic, dull spawn of a Billingsgate whore,  
Was lately by MOMUS deputed to settle,  
Who should wear the long scolded-for chaplet of nettle.  
Down



2.

Down he flew to Trin. Coll. and the Library sought,  
To be near his own B—— was ever his thought;  
With a snarl of disdain left the Chapel behind him,  
For that was a place where he ne'er hop'd to find him.

3.

With his chaps full of worm-wood he mounted his  
Of worm-eaten parchments, illegible grown; [throne  
A tough crab-tree cudgel for a sceptre he waves,  
And halloos, *Hens, borsum, adeste*, ye slaves.

4.

B—— first was expected, but did not appear,  
For h'ad order'd his delegate FROG to declare,  
That, to work up dean H——, was his present employ,  
And he vow'd he'd ne'er mix with the scrub *οἱ πολλοί*.

5.

From his garret, where long he had rusted, came down  
TOBY T——BY, cock-sure that the prize was his own;  
Crying, Zoons where's this B-? I'll give him no quarter,  
And held up the *Preface* of his fam'd *Justin Martyr*.

6.

His disciples came next. CALEB scar'd at the sight,  
As he thought of TOM I——R——M, ran away in a fright:  
An embryo *Claudian* was T——'s pretence;  
Which alas! prov'd abortive for want of the pence.

7.

The censor view'd TOBY with a smile of applause,  
And was almost inclin'd to have granted his cause;  
But bad him retire to his snarling vocation,  
He'd insure him the nettle for the next *Dedication*.

8.

But as for friend I——R——M, he only was fit  
To coaks his *praeceptor* and cry up his wit;  
And since CALEB to publish was not very forward,  
Let him drink his *Subscription* with R——T and H——D.

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9.

With his guts and his *Russicks*, roll'd in JERRY N—D—  
H—M,

And wav'd for the prize; but the judge wou'd not heed  
him :

With dry thinking, old fumbler, ne'er puzzle thy brains;  
Go sponge with the ninnies of Bennet's and Queen's.

10.

The M—— of Q—n's, with his coach full of *Tully*,  
Came into the court, and endeavour'd to bully;  
Crying *I've no occasion to preach up my merit*,  
*I'm a hopeful young lad*—you have B——'s word for it.

11.

Friend JOHN, quoth the judge, thou'lt no share in the  
matter,

To much dullness a critic should add some ill-nature:  
In thy tail, and thy notes, we like impotence find;  
For a critic and husband thou ne'er wast design'd.

12.

TOM B—— next bustled to prefer his petition,  
But was jostled aside by the *Stamford* physician:  
In his hand he the text of *Euripides* brought,  
Piping hot from the press; but the *Notes* were forgot.

13.

He's desir'd by the court, he'd not trouble their patience,  
PARACELSDUS and ZOILUS were never relations:  
So oft brush'd the critic to his pills and his boxes,  
From patching up authors, to curing of poxes.

14.

Up H——r starts, and cries look ye here,  
*Une nouvelle Traduction* dat cut down DACIER;  
For *de metre* let B—— and H—— fight and quarrel,  
*De Frenchman, begar*, Sir, must show you *de moral*.

15.

What *moral*, you dog, cry'd the court in a pet,  
Did ever a critic turn moralist yet?

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O'er

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O'er vanquish'd librarians we challenge our praise,  
Let LANEY write *morals*, or the master of Keys.

16.

With that they untruss'd the bold critic of Paris,  
And gave him the nettle, but over his bare arse :  
The smart of the discipline damp'd his pretensions,  
And he scour'd back to whisk with his cully Pebre-  
sians.

17.

At length the *Vice Can.* with his three *pseudo*-squires,  
Stalks in, and the cause of the tumult inquires ;  
For men of the gown such department's not fitting,  
Nor find I a statute for any such meeting.

18.

The judge smil'd at the joke, and the squabble to settle,  
Say'd : Faith, let's decree this stern CATO the nettle.  
He alone the true critical notion has hit,  
For his Edicts declare *Much spite, and no wit.*

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11. Eight of the receivers of the half-penny toll, at the turn-pikes at Hyde-park corner, Pimlico, Little Chelsea, Kensington and Fulham, were on tuesday night last committed to the Gatehouse, being accused of having defrauded the commissioners of the roads of about 600 l. which they had equally divided among themselves. EVENING-POSTS. — *These gentlemen seem to have had a strict regard to meum and tuum, by dividing their profits equally among themselves.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 16.

Whereas, in our last, after the article concerning the rev. Mr. HENLY's intent to put in for the prize in the French Academy, the following remark was inserted; *That he has assurance for such an attempt is what no one will doubt ; that he has a capacity is what every one will :* I think proper to acquaint the world, that it was not written by me, or by any of the Society at the

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the Pegasus. The learned reader, upon comparing this with the generality of my remarks, will, I hope, be easily induced to believe this account; and to acquit me of having made so inconsistent, and so false a reflection. It is inconsistent: because barely to *attempt* a thing of this nature requires only a good stock of *assurance*; and therefore whoever has *assurance* enough, has *capacity* enough. It is false: because *every one*, who has either heard Mr. ORATOR's ingenious *Discourses* on so great a variety of subjects, or read his learned writings, can not reasonably *doubt* of his *capacity* for any *such attempt*, or indeed any undertaking whatsoever.

M.

GEFFREY QUID-NUNC.



N<sup>o</sup> 38. THURSDAY, September 24.

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*I*N order to understand Mr. C——n's Second Letter, published in this Journal, it is necessary to read his first, inserted in the Daily Journal, Sept. 8.

*To the Author of the Daily Journal.*

S I R,

**N**O man is obliged to be a wit, but it imports every man to be honest. Is it not then a hard case, that the utmost *caution* in passing through life, and the strictest regard to *probity*, that too at *such years* as may make several *slips* pardonable, should be deprived of *their reward*, by the malice of a man, who can venture from behind a curtain, to throw any scandal into print?

Thus I am dealt with by the author of the *Grub-street Journal*; whom I will not return his foul language to. I think altercations of such a particular kind ought not to be managed by the press; but will proceed to make some observations upon two or three things which he lays down as facts.

R 2

He



He asserts that a book lately set forth by me, is a great fraud and imposition upon the Subscribers, because it consists only of Papers which were formerly published in the *London and British Journals*. Now, Sir, the truth of this fact is, that above nine tenths of those Subscribers are my particular friends, and intimate acquaintances, to whom I had sundry times in conversation declared what I did afterwards in the *Preface*, That the Papers were such and no other; as many of them now in town are ready to attest. Besides this, a considerable number of the Subscribers paid nothing till the book was in print and dispersed into several hands; by which they had a fair opportunity of knowing what they gave their money for.

But I can't pass over a thing which he pretends to make a quotation, by printing it in *Italicks*. It is, that I have asserted that Mr. P—— *had often been concerned with book-sellers in jobs and frauds*. I have looked into the passage he hints at, and can find no such word as *fraud* in the whole period: what he calls an assertion, is cautiously introduced by the words, *I heard*; which, if I am not too much an *Irishman* to understand *English*, takes off a good deal from even an *affirmation*, a much softer term than *assertion*. The whole sentence pointed at, tho' perhaps worded with some acrimony, signifies no more, if considered with the context, than that Mr. P—— *had often put his name to books which he had been concerned in publishing*. But to take it according to his sense of the matter; if it be a falsehood, it is not of my coining; every one must remember, how many things of this kind were said in print by authors with and without names, on the edition of *Shakespear*, and translation of the *Odyssey*, long before I had affirmed in print, that *I heard* any such thing. I am sure they were not *then* publicly disproved, whatever may be the case *now*. Yet, taking it still in the worst sense, must I be an *immoral man* for saying so slight a thing?

The next crime I am charged with, is taking Mr. CONGREVE's part against a thing which appeared to me, as I believe it did to every reader, to be a reflection upon him. The letter which mentions him was printed

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ed three years ago while he was alive; and the antidote to it came out after his death this week in the *Grub-street Journal*. However, if I had known what this writer says to be true, before the *Speculatist* was printed, I should certainly have retrenched half of my observation. I said in that letter, *two great characters* were abused in the words which he cites; I should have said only *one*.

But the grand charge of all, is, a stale, worn-out calumny, which he prints in capitals, *viz.* that *I had particular obligations to Dr. SWIFT*. I could wish he, or any man who knows them, would be *particular* in describing them. For my part, I'll tell all I know of them: for though by his insinuation the world might imagine I ow'd my life and education to him, I do in the most solemn manner declare, that I never saw Dr. SWIFT but *four* times in my life; that I never conversed with him but *twice*, at one of which times I dined with him, and that he then expressed some intentions to serve me, which he declined at the next visit I paid him, and I never made any more applications to him. I do assure you I never received any gift, kindness, or friendly recommendation from him whatsoever: for the truth of this I dare appeal to the Dean himself; but as this writer has vouched Dr. DEL—Y for his accusation, whose name I otherwise should not presume to draw into this question, I join issue with him, and am willing to stand or fall by what that gentleman declares.

As to how I *returned those particular obligations*, I have several times in print done his name that justice, which his excellent writings deserve. There are some instances of this in the *book* now complained of. I have also with the same impartiality taken the liberty to censure such parts of them, as I did not approve of; which, though it may not be thought modest in me, can never be reckon'd *immoral*, since I always *confined myself to his character as an author*, without ever going aside in search of secret history, or *private scandal*.

I think I can safely say, that I never treated any writer with malice, even when I meant to return provocations, and therefore expected no such particular charges,

charges, no foul language from persons whom I never injured.

S. I. R,

Sept. 5, 1730.

Your Humble Servant,

MAT. CONCANEN.

Mr. C——n's Second Letter, *being an explanation of his first, of Sept. 8th.*

\* *To the Author of the Daily Journal.*

I AM an *Irishman* who have *pass'd through life*, being yet *very young*, with the greatest *caution* and regard to *probity*, having made several *slips*; and now am in danger of being deprived of *their* reward by the *Grub-street Journal*. I lately set forth some pieces which were *all out before*, called, *The Speculatists*. This book, they say, is 'a fraud and imposition on the public, because it consists only of old *British* and *London Journals*.' Is not this horrid *malice and virulence* thus to throw scandal into print from behind a curtain? Could I give any provocation, when I only said three years ago, (and never set my name to it) the *same thing*, upon the publishing Dr. Sw——'s and Mr. P——'s *Miscellanies*, viz. 'That a great part of 'em being printed before, I thought it was *CURL's*, or some other book-seller's *FRAUD upon the public*; but at last I found it was done by J——— *SWIFT* and A——— *POPE*: the latter of whom I had heard had been often concerned in such jobs, and bired out his name to book-sellers.' Now I'm so modest as to hope it will be seen, there is nothing but *malice and virulence* in the first of these quotations, and nothing but an *impartial liberty* in the last.

Secondly, This *Journal* says, *I accused that gentleman of fraud*. I look'd over the passage, and could find no such word as *fraud* in the whole period; so I told you in my Letter; and if it be there, I believe, by my soul, it got there *since*.

Thirdly, 'Tis pretended I said a slanderous thing, That

\* This Letter was sent to *Journal*, and rejected.  
the printer of the *Daily*

'That he had been *often* concerned in *jobs*.' No, no; I was too wise and too cunning to say any such matter; I *cautiously introduced* it with *I heard so*, and that saves all; for sure it was very true before it proved a lye; and if it did, was I an *immoral man* for saying *so slight a thing*? Surely, surely, any moral man may print and publish a lye, provided he has but *heard it*? Now I heard it from people *with names*, and *without names*: and well I might hear it, for I was *one* of them *my self*. And what did I hear of? Why of *two* books, to *one* of which he had set his name, and therefore, I also cautiously introduced the word *often*, which in my *Irish* dictionary signifies *once*.

I own I am sometimes mistaken in numbers, for when I charged them with abusing *two* great characters, I should have said only *one*. But pray, can a *matter of fact* be called in English an *abuse*? For if not, I should not say they abused that *one* neither. Some of my enemies, the wits, will have it, that if Mr. CONGREVE did actually commend a nobleman for a certain thing, it was no abuse to say he *did*; and if that nobleman did not do the thing, it was no abuse to say he *did not*: but that the only abuse on Mr. C—— had been to say, he *flattered* a nobleman, or told a *falsehood*; to prevent which abuse was the very purpose of that paragraph. Well, if I have wronged them, I will do like my honest country-man the *witness*, who when he had sworn an innocent man *into a plot*, was ready to swear him *out again*.

The truth is, I thought *every body* took this for a reflection, because *I* did: and it must be allowed, some people are not so *quick* as others, at taking either a *jest* or an *obligation*. I did take what they call my *obligations* to Dr. SWIFT to be only civilities; now how I return civilities, see my *Journal of November the 27th, 1727*. I never injured him, for I only say, he's a *divine* that scatters fire-brands, arrows, and death; I never gave into *private scandal*, for I only say, he's a *lampooner*; I never used *foul language*, for I only called him *impudent, malicious, poisonous, &c*, A——CLE's libels said a hundred times worse; but those I did not write, I only printed them. This I do



do not deny ; nor that I have writ different ways, for money ; but I leave it to three halves in four of my country-men and Journalists, to judge, if I am not a *moral man* for all *these slight things* ?

I desire you to publish this Paper, which must be true, for it is my own account of myself. M. C.

We think this gentleman in the right to appeal to the judges of his own country : for his reasoning and language are not understood in ours. What were his *obligations* to Dr. S——, it is certain no body ought to know better than himself. Yet we cannot but doubt whether he does or no, for three reasons, which this Letter has furnished us with. First, That a man, who so little seems to understand the nature of an *abuse*, may as little conceive that of an *obligation*. Secondly, That he is one who looks upon the very same things and words, as *injuries* in others to him, and only as *impartial liberties* in himself to others ; and lastly, one who thinks there is no manner of harm in printing and publishing a falsehood to all the world, provided he can but say he has *heard it*. We return him therefore to that obscurity he desires, with no other mark of distinction, than what the *Dunciad* has set upon him, for having the boldness to attack his betters, unprovoked. A.

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus.——*

Oxford or Cambridge wag, attend  
The hum-drum counsel of a friend :  
For politic quit liberal arts ;  
To party sacrifice your parts :  
Yet gloss your pensionary zeal  
With pure regard of public weal. S  
Write not like DRAPIER, or JOHN BULL ;  
But ministerial be, and dull.  
Propose as patterns of thy pen,  
Stiff H——, pert B——, evasive B—— ; 10  
To R—— fawn like spaniel dog,  
Growl like a mongrel against FOG :  
'Gainst CALEB shew your grinning spite,  
And snarl, tho' impotent to bite.

Hop'n

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Hop'st thou a P—— to be made? 15  
 Then desecrate thy holy trade;  
 Clasp thy old-fashion'd useless Bible;  
 Write a prolix insipid libel:  
 Was't thou a prophet, or a seer;  
 What then? if yet no pamphleteer. 20  
 At all reveal'd religion laugh,  
 And idolize the golden calf.  
 Enjoy'st thou a poetic vein,  
 Fiction will find an ample plain:  
 Absurd A——s commend, 25  
 And blund'ring T——s without end.  
 Hast thou a talent for dispute?  
 Prove H—— wise, Le H—— no brute:  
 Whether France D—— does repair,  
 Nor is, nor ought to be our care: 30  
 That human Treaties cannot bind  
 The lawless power of sea or wind:  
 LOUIS and NEPTUNE are great odds;  
 And who would fight against the Gods?  
 To shew by dint of logic strive, 35  
 That merchants most by losses thrive:  
 Demonstrate that a Sp—— fleet  
 Can sail at anchor, peaceful beat:  
 But argue not in form and mood,  
 Lest haply you are understood. 40  
 If fond of wit, to virtue prone,  
 Thou scorn'st to turn a scribbling drone;  
 Mark the prophetic words of GRUB,  
 Thou'lt live and die a learned scrub.

PHILO-GRUBAEUS.

To my ingenious friend Mr. BONEWITZ, on his drawing  
 a curious picture of a Chelsea-penfioner aged 110.

THO' thy all mimic pencil well can trace  
 Each softest feature of dear CHLOE's face;  
 Her cheek can rival in its native dye,  
 Can strike the living brilliant of her eye;  
 Nicer the task, and bolder the design,  
 To paint this vet'ran in his bright decline,  
 Who bravely has o'er-leap'd life's stated line.

52  
 The

The wond'rous man on a new stage appears,  
 Green, and triumphant o'er the spoil of years :  
 His term protracted to uncommon length, 10  
 Surmounting dotage, he acquires fresh strength.  
 Reserv'd the hero seems by heav'nly will,  
 A rare occasion for thy matchless skill :  
 Nature well-pleas'd may with her fav'rite part,  
 Safely consign'd to thy immortal art. 15

Yours, &c.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17. The celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, who was thought irrecoverable, is now much better. POST-BOY.—*I must own myself one of those who thought her irrecoverable ; and am glad to hear she is now grown much better.*

On tuesday evening two gentlemen of Doctor's Commons, a doctor and a proctor, were robbed near Tottenham by one highwayman, mounted on a black mare, as they were coming in a coach to London. POST-BOY.—*This high-way man ought to be prosecuted in Doctors Commons ; to be excommunicated ; and a writ should be issued out immediately De excommunicato capiendo.*

We hear from Cambridge, that they have not thought fit, in regard to decency, to comply with that part of the will of Dr. Green, deceased, directing his body to be anatomized, and his skeleton to be set up in the Library there ; and have, on the contrary, caused his body to be interred. EVENING-POSTS.—*This greater regard to decency, than to the will of the deceased, may perhaps forfeit all title in law to the legacy of this great philosopher, who certainly knew the properest use of his dead body : and the apprehension of seeing his dissatisfied ghost walking in the library, may hinder as many scholars from studying there, as the sight of his skeleton.*

SATURDAY, Sept. 19. We hear that the Town will shortly be diverted by a comedy of Mr. Fielding's, call'd, *The Modern Husband*, which is said to bear a great

great reputation. CRAFTSMAN.—*I don't understand, how a comedy so little known can be said to bear a great reputation.*

A few nights since the top of the Exchequer-office in the New Palace-yard at Westminster, was robb'd of lead to a very considerable value. DAILY POST.—*This was some stupid rogue, who would venture his neck on the top of the Exchequer for a little lead, when at the bottom he might have found gold enough.* M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 23.*

Tho' we have more than once declared the impartiality of our design "in publishing these *Memoirs*; yet we have been unjustly represented as favouring one party, and some particular persons, more than others. But whatever appearance there may be of this, it has been all accidental. We disclaimed at first in Numb. 3. all ingagement in political controversies; which are carried on every week, with so much wit and learning on both sides, by private members of our Society. And whatever we have published in relation to those disputes, has only concerned the way of managing them, the coherence or incoherence of the arguments, the mistakes in history, the stile, &c. all which properly fall under our cognizance, and of which we think ourselves obliged to take notice, on either side of the question. Whoever therefore has a mind to oppose any thing advanced in this Paper, may do it in the Paper itself: in which we shall insert every thing, which we think has a tendency to the discovery of the truth.

As to private persons, who may think themselves reflected upon, our conduct would have been the same: and they have been invited to send us their Answers: particularly in our 19th *Journal*. And we should certainly have published Mr. CONCANEN's Letter, printed in *The London Journal* of Sept. 8. had he communicated it to our Society in manuscript.

As to all copies of verses, which appear in this Paper, they are put there, as pieces either of wit, or of stupidity; with little or no regard to the subjects upon which they are written. The authors of which may be concluded to be altogether unknown, unless we



we give some account of their names as of persons known to us. And since, next to the quickness of repartee in conversation, the smartness of a reply in poetical controversy is most agreeably surprising, we shall always be glad of every opportunity of entertaining the public with instances of this nature.

In short, since it is impossible to know the truth, without knowing what is say'd on both sides, and since that will appear with clearer light in one and the same Paper; we shall observe the conduct above-mentioned, as often as we shall have opportunity, as being most agreeable to justice, and contributing most to the information and diversion of our readers.

M.

BAVIUS.



## No 39. THURSDAY, October 1.

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**I**N the first page of this number are contained the beginning of a Criticism upon *Hudibras*; and a Letter, charging Mr. TAYLOR, fellow of S. John's college in Cambridge, with having unjustly abused the Scotch nation in general, and writeing bad Latin, in his *Oration* on Jan. 30.

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25. — *Barcelona, Sept. 17.* N. S. On board the *Globe*, one of the transports; her second mate having corrected the cook, he threatened, that he would be revenged; and at some distance of time, seeing an opportunity, he run him through the body with a spit, so that he died on the spot. DAILY JOURNAL. — *This cook deserves a severe punishment for acting out of the proper way of his trade; none but soldiers and gentlemen having authority to spit flesh alive.*

SATUR-

NOVEMBER 10 1744

LONDON: Printed by J. BARNARD, at the Sign of the Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

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SATURDAY, Sept. 26. We hear from Houndsditch, that a righteous pawn-broker of that place, under the disguise of a parson's habit, was lately apprehended at a certain tavern, with a common miss of the town. FOG'S JOURNAL. — *For the future, when I hear any such scandalous story of a clergy-man, I shall conclude he was some pawn broker, not a parson; who, if he whores in a gown and cassock, ought to be hanged in the same habit.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Sept. 30.

In our 22d *Journal* we complained of our learned brother F. OSBORNE, who, in the *London Journal*, No 565. had reflected upon some of the weekly writers of our Society, as being disaffected to the present administration; and among other severe expressions had inserted the following: 'We swarm at this time with state-mountebanks, political quacks, and reforming vermin; who, without a shilling in their pockets to buy a dinner, — write satyrs upon the age, — and, thro' meer necessity or malice, lash all ranks and orders of men, &c.'

As to the point of disaffection, we sufficiently vindicated our Society in our *Journal* above-mentioned: and as to the motives of writing in general, and even these in particular here objected against some of our members, he has himself, upon maturer thoughts, lately published a short but full vindication of them. His words are these, *London Journal*, Sept. 5, No 579. 'This week we shall read in the *Craftsman*, that tho' OSBORNE has declared against receiving money, yet he has a place, and expects a better. But what has the publick to do with these private things: his motives or mine in writing? Suppose I should say, that his motives were to get his bread, and gratify his pride and malice: what has the public to do with it? The only thing is, whose argument is right, or whose facts are true.'

This frank declaration is certainly very just, and at the same time very favourable to the generality of our Society; which in confirmation of it can produce many instances of authors who write admirably, upon

every one of the motives just mentioned. However, it must be acknowledged, that there is a good deal of difference betwixt the productions of affluent and necessitous writers: and as the one are inclined to obesity, and the other to strigosity; so *subtlety* is generally wanting in the works of the former, and *solidity* in those of the latter. The medium, as in most other cases, is likewise best in this before us: and an author in pretty good plight, who has always a splendid *shilling at least in his pocket to buy a dinner*, generally speaking, writes with more spirit, than another who wants one: tho' some exceptions may be found among us to the contrary. And even among those whose circumstances are easy, one may very often discover the greater or less advantage a person receives from his writings, by the writings themselves; and the performance will frequently manifest the pay. By this we may account for the difference there is betwixt the compositions of three of our learned members, the *British, Read's, and London Journals*; and for the superiority, which the last has over the two former. To this is likewise owing that complete victory which he has lately gained over the CRAFTSMAN, which was a secret to our whole Society, till his own authentic account of it in the *London Journal, Sept. 12, No 580.* was read at the Pegasus. To this account he has added a simile in blank verse; which the ignorant printer having set in the manner of prose, it has been taken for such by the generality of readers. But Mr. MAEVIUS having discovered it to the Society, the whole was ordered to be exactly printed, without the least addition or diminution, as a specimen of a polite period, well turned in prose, and an admirable satiric simile in verse.

“ He [the *Craftsman*] has been trying several weeks  
 “ to stand up against the *force of reason*, and resist the  
 “ *power of truth and argument*; but all in vain: sensible  
 “ therefore of his defeat, and conscious that he  
 “ is driven out of the field, he flies for refuge to *low*  
 “ *scurrilities*, and the most contemptible *Billingsgate*. In  
 “ his last Letter to himself, he *stands still*, and *rails*,  
 “ and *scolds*.

So

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which

- \* So have I seen
- ' A cow'rdly, ill-bred, country, mongrel cur,
- ' Who, tho' *afraid of all*, yet *snarls at all*,
- ' Upon receiving a few *good sound lashes*,
- ' Take refuge in the house, put his head *out of*
- ' *A hole, and bark.*
- ' Let the dog bark on, &c.

M

BAVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 40. THURSDAY, October 8.

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**T**HE first piece is an extract of some stanzas from a Lyric Rhapsody, intitled *The Complaint*, written by Mr. JAMES DRAKE; a person, who, tho' constantly employed in trade, yet fired by an insatiable thirst after learning, has made no inconsiderable progress in the ancient languages, as well as in one or two of the modern, besides his own; and attained to some knowledge in the Sciences.

To \* STEPHEN DUCK.

**O** DUCK! preferr'd by bounteous Queen  
To cackle verse on Richmond Green;  
Wilt thou duck in genius! You on high  
Soar with bold wing: our rhyming fry  
Are tame ones, and not made to fly.

S 2

3  
5  
All

\* Last friday night Stephen Duck, the poor threshier of Wilts, waited on her majesty at Windsor; and in a publick drawing room presented a Poem humbly inscribed to the Queen on her late benevolence to him; which was read by a noble-

man who was in waiting on his majesty: at which time her majesty was graciously pleased to order him a further yearly gratuity; which with the house he lives in, amounts to 80 l. per annum. *Post-boy, Oct. 7.*



All glorious souls, who e'er have been,  
Some lesser beings usher in.

One, hardly worthy to unloose  
The leathern thongs that tie thy shoes,  
We judge, did fix his eye on thee,  
In his † *Duck Island* prophecy:

Where, now fulfill'd, we sense explore,  
Dark (as it should be) all before.

Thy notes our ears with pleasure treat,  
So very wild, so very sweet:

More than AMPHION thou hast done,  
And raised walls, which prove thy own.

This STEPHEN, if there's faith in news,  
Preferment's heaven open'd views:

And yet, by sovereign goodness own'd,  
By critics hands escapes unston'd.

O sent in mercy to these times!

With vigour thresh our modern rhymes:

Much stalk from little grain withdraw,

And save our pence in buying straw.

No chaffy bard dare thee assail;

There is no fence against a flail:

Our dangerous state we all discern,

And fetch Dictators from the barn.

To Mr. STEPHEN DUCK, the celebrated Wiltshire  
poet and thresher, on his late preferment by her  
majesty.

I.

O L D HOMER, tho' a bard divine,  
(If not by Fame bely'd)

Shou'd about Greece; old ballads sung;

A beggar liv'd and dy'd.

2.

Fam'd MILTON too, our British bard,

Who as divinely wrote,

Sung like an angel, but in vain;

And dy'd not worth a groat.

Thrice

† See Mr. Mitchell's Poems Vol. 2d.

3.

Thrice happy Duck ! a milder fate

Thy genius does attend :

Well hast thou thresh'd thy barns and brains,  
To make a Queen thy friend.

4.

O ! may she still new favours grant,  
And make the laurel thine !

Then shall we see next *New-year's Ode*  
By far the last out-shine.

Our president, who is no friend to punsters, desires our correspondents, if they write any more upon STEPHEN DUCK, to forbear all witticisms upon his name, flail, &c. they being anticipated in these poems.

BAVIUS.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3. *In the Gazette of this day, there is this Advertisment: The committee for letting the city-lands in the account of the chamberlain of the city of London give notice, that they intend to let, by several leases, the PREMISES HEREAFTER MENTIONED, &c.—Upon which, a shrewd correspondent tells me, that several of our friends would be glad to know, Whether this committee is to sit in the Irish chamber.*

MONDAY, OCT. 5. — *Paris, OCT. 11. N. S. The King has purchas'd a house at Versailles, to erect a community of religious women of penitents, under the direction of the curate of the old parish. DAILY POST. — A society of repenting nuns: of the rector. DAILY-JOURNAL. — Of repenting maids. COURANT — Tho' it is probable there is a great number of repenting nuns in France, and a greater of repenting maids; yet it may be difficult to erect a community of religious women out of them. Mr. MAEVIUS assures me, that Cuié signifies properly neither rector, vicar, nor curate.*

TUESDAY, OCT. 6. — *Dublin, Sept. 26. On wednesday Catherine M' Can, an old whore, thief, and receiver, was executed at S. Stephen's Green; where she behaved*

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behaved in a resolute manner; confessed her enormities, and died very penitent.— On thursday Margaret Dungan, accessary to the robbery and rape of Eleanor O' Neal, was executed in the afternoon. She prayed for an hour, and confessed her wicked life; but denied much of what was sworn against her. Thus behaving in a very penitent, tho' resolute manner, she was much pitied by the spectators. COURANT and POST-BOY.

— *These Hibernian whores have both more courage and more religion than the English; behaving in a very penitent, and yet in a resolute manner. The wives have likewise more resolution, as appears from the following article.*

This week a barber's wife on Lazer's-hill, being enraged with jealousy of her husband, taking opportunity when he was drunk, bit him in the testicles so outrageously, that his life is despaired of. *Ibid.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. O<sup>r</sup>. 7.

To the worshipful Grubean Society.

Gentlemen of Grub-street,

We the Knights, Esquires, and other members of the ancient Society of the *Bathos*, commonly call'd and known by the general name of the *Gentlemen of the Dunciad*, highly approved the generosity and justice of your late Declaration: *viz.* That ' you are of no side ' or party, either in POLITICKS or LETTERS; and ' that whosoever has a mind to contradict any thing ' advanc'd in your Paper, may do it in your PAPER ' IT-SELF; by which means the truth will soonest be ' discovered by seeing at one view what both sides ' have to say.'

We have order'd our secretary to return you our thanks; to acquaint you that we do accept of your said offer; and to demand, that in the first place you doe justice to our worthy president Mr. TIBBOLD, of whome an utter falsehood was inserted in your late *Journall*: namely, That *he undertakes a Translation of ÆSCHYLUS, with the subscriptions for SHAKESPEAR in his pocket.*

Nothing can be more false, for the reverse is true, and

and you should say, *Undertakes an* edition of SHAKESPEAR, *with the* subscriptions for *ÆSCHYLUS in his pocket*. Since we can assure you, it is full seven years agoe, that he receiv'd *Guinea subscriptions* for the said *ÆSCHYLUS*, upon his *Proposals*, dated Nov. 1723, which asserted the Work to be then *ready for the press*, and the *whole to be deliver'd the Easter following*, viz. Apr. 1724.

We farther require, that you vindicate the right and privelidge both of ours and your Society, of *proposing without performance*: which this our very worthy president can never be enough extoll'd for authorizing by his constant practise. He who propos'd an *ÆSCHYLUS* in 1723, and propos'd a SHAKESPEAR in 1727, had propos'd also an ODYSSES in 1717, and two volums of WYCHERLY soone after, nay stood oblig'd for them by bond. All which he hath, in a most exemplary manner, left un-perform'd. Nor ought, nor probably will, the subscribers be too impatient, when they consider that truly-Christian proverb, *Man proposes, but God disposes*. And when it is farther consider'd, that to deprive us of this practise is to deprive us of the *honestest* part of our livelihood, charity as well as justice requires it at their hands.

We perswade our selves, you will not be wanting in any respect, to preserve that brotherly love and natural alliance, which ought ever to subsist between the *gentlemen of the Dunciad* and the *gentlemen of Grubstreet*. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Oct. 6, 1730.

L. W———, Secr.

P. S. In token of our frindship, we intend for the future to send you all and singular our *Essays*, *Verses*, and *Epigrams* against our opponents.

We received this Letter with great satisfaction; and resolve to do all possible justice to our dear and distressed brethren. Only as to publishing *all the Epigrams*, *Essays*, and what they shall please to send, we must be allow'd a *discretionary power* for two reasons: the first is for their sakes, lest if any of their opposites should so far renounce wit as to betake themselves to law,  
some



200 MEMOIRS of the Society N<sup>o</sup> 41.

some prejudice may arise to as many of them as are not attornyes or attornyes clerks; the other is for our own sake, lest the weight of their writings should chance to sink our Paper lower, than may be consistent either with the reputation, or interest of our Society.

A.



N<sup>o</sup> 41. THURSDAY, October 15.



THE first piece in this number is a continuation of the Criticism upon *Hudibras*.

The following *Memorial* was presented to the Society, at one of their weekly meetings, by an unknown hand.

To the Members of the illustrious Society now assembled in their Garret at the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM inform'd that to be made a member of the Royal Society, the candidate must lay before that learned body some performance of his own, which may be deem'd a sufficient reason for his admittance. It is, I presume, by some such means one may hope for admittance into your Society. I have, therefore, at the request of a friend of mine, herewith sent you *An abstract of an Appendix to a System of anatomy, &c.* which, I doubt not, will merit a place in your *Transactions*, and entitle the author to a seat in your assembly. It is as follows:

' Mr. Douglas and a surgeon of St. Thomas's hospital, wanting success in cutting for the stone the high way; the surgeons of St. Bartholomew's hospital, who had resolved to do this operation, altered their resolution, and went on in the old way. Notwithstanding this, I resumed the high way; and, cutting mine with success, it came again in vogue. Twice, indeed,

deed, I cut the peritonæum: but, exclusive of these two instances, I lost no more than one in seven; which is more than any one else, that I know of, could say.

Chap. 1.——I couch'd a young gentleman, who had no remembrance of ever having seen. When he first saw, he thought all objects whatever touch'd his eyes: he knew not the shape of any thing, nor any one thing from another: he wonder'd that a large face could be expressed in a little picture: and, what he saw, he thought extremely large. Chap. 2.——I took 33 stones from W. Haffenden, in the 68th year of his age: he is now living at Gravesend. P. 253.

——I took a stone 10 inches round, weighing 11 ounces, from J. Miles, who is now living at Reading.

P. 254.——I invented an operation, in case of a total closure, or extreme contraction of the pupil. The manner of doing it is thus: A small knife or needle, edged on one side, is thrust through the tunica sclerotis; and then forwards through the iris, the edge being turned to the iris; in drawing it out a slit is cut. P. 255.

This, gentlemen, excepting the pictures of 34 stones, 3 eyes, and a knife, is the sum and substance of the fifty piece above-mentioned.

It is true, it is little more than *A bill of cures perform'd*; and therefore, ought, after the example of Dr. ANODYNE, to have been given gratis: but as one of the articles has already been printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and my friend is a man of figure, many may be desirous of seeing it, who cannot go to the price of it. Whatever, therefore, you may judge, as to entering it in your *Transactions*; you will, at least, minute it in your *Weekly Anecdotes*. Hereby you will oblige the public, by exposing it *à meilleur marché*; and the author, by sending it into more hands than his Treatise might reach. So that, by your indulgence, he may become more fam'd for the operations he has invented: and, tho' he may not have made them intelligible to his country-men, by the account he has given of the manner of doing them; yet they may know whither to repair on occasion, with assurance that he knows how to do them. For, says he, (P. 344) 'I have witnesses,

'witnesses to what I say: for, I scorn to use any fallacious way of representing my success.'

When this *Memorial* had been read before the Society, Dr QUIBUS stood up; and quoted a passage out of M. LE CLERC's *History of Physick*. That learned author having cited VIRGIL's character of IAPIS;

*Ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis,  
Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi  
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.* Æn. L. 12.

observes, that if *Physick* was on the same foot in the time of *Aeneas*, as it is at present, it would have been very improper to call it a MUTE ART; but in those days the physicians and surgeons left their hands and their medicines to speak for them. The Doctor added farther, that he hoped the Society would for the future take cognizance of such physicians and surgeons, as published quack-advertisements of their cures, either in books or public News-papers; and give them a public rebuke, unless they could prove, that neither their hands, nor their medicines could say any thing in their favour, which he took to be very far from the case of the gentleman hinted at in this *Memorial*.

B.

BAVIUS.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, O<sup>r</sup>. 8. Yesterday began the quarter-sessions for the city of Westminster, at Westminster-hall, where Sir John Gonson, the chairman, gave an incomparable, learned, and fine charge: for which he received the thanks of all the justices present. POST-BOY. — Which was very learned and elegant, as well as useful and instructive. DAILY-POST. — *The like character has been applied to the rev. Mr. ARTHUR BEDFORD's Scripture Chronology: which Dr. WATERLAND commends as a very learned and elaborate work; and which others say is not only very useful and instructive, but likewise very fine and elegant, there being a great similitude of style.*

On

On saturday last Col. Charteris was taken very dangerously ill, and still continues so at his house near Hannover-square, where he is attended by Dr. Pringle, and other physicians. LONDON EVENING POST. — *Had the colonel put on the infallible anodyne necklace some time ago, as was generally desired, this dangerous illness had been prevented.*

SATURDAY, OCT. 10. On tuesday night a certain noted cobbler in Scotland-yard, called lord Alexander, was apprehended for robbing a gentleman he was to light home. The gentleman was disguised in liquor; and his guide inticed him into a gin-shop, the corner of Damnation alley, near Charing cross, and took from him three guineas. DAILY JOURNAL. — Mr. Conundrum observes, *that the corner of Damnation-alley is certainly a very proper place for a gin-shop.* M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Oct. 14.*

Notwithstanding the caution given by our President in our last *Journal*, we have received several Copies of verses, which play upon the name of STEPHEN DUCK. Among which there is one, wherein are these two lines,

‘ For this one subject will restore  
‘ Your hundred Dunces, and ONE MORE.’

Which with the four following seem to reflect upon a young gentleman lately deceased; whose epitaph we gave the public in our 29th *Journal*, promising at the same time, on certain conditions, *to say no more of him.* This promise we design religiously to observe; and therefore could not publish this Copy. However, if that gentleman’s *ghost* should happen to appear in Westminster-hall the beginning of the Term, to the terror of his majesty’s good subjects, we shall be obliged to employ some of the *cunning men* of our fraternity effectually to *lay* him.

M.

BAVIUS.





No 42. THURSDAY, October 22.



*But now we shew the world a nobler way;  
And in translated verse do more than they.*

ROSCOMMON'S Essay on translated verse.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary of the Grubean Society.

S I R,

*From the North, Sept. 23, 1730.*

UPON reading your 37th *Journal*, I could not excuse myself from sitting down, to write the following animadversions upon your learned correspondent's *Letter* concerning translating the Greek and Latin poets into English prose. I must own, that in a language capable of doing justice to our masters the Ancients, as the English must be allowed to be, if any modern language whatever; when we can bring them abroad on their Pegasus with honour; to dismount such gallant gentlemen, and set them on foot in such a vile paltry garb as our prose-translators do, is offering them the greatest violence imaginable. 'Tis robbing them of all their riches and ornaments, and only not murdering them quite: and which is the worst, all this is pretended to be done out of kindness to them. And yet, I don't know, whether those have not equipp'd them still worse, if possible, who, instead of Pegasus, have mounted them upon an ambling ass, as many of our modern versifiers have done.

It were very much to be wished, that all the choicest flowers of the Ancients were transplanted into our English soil, under the management of skilful undertakers; since so many of them have already been naturalized with very great success. This is the best way of enriching a language, and in which the French have gone before us with very great applause, in the prose-authors especially; and have very successfully laboured in

in the refinement of their language above all their neighbours. There is no question but the English tongue will bear the file : because it has more solid and improveable substance to work upon, than the flippant dialect of the French, had we but equal encouragement for so useful a work, and a Society for the advancement of the Belles Lettres ; which, I question not, would do as much honour to our nation, as all the labours of the Philosophical fraternity.

If the poetical generation, instead of ranging themselves into parties, and tearing one another's little name in pieces, would close amicably in a design of so much usefulness, and constitute a Society for the propagation of the ancient poetical spirit amongst us ; it would tend much more to the raising of their own character, as well as to the glory of the nation. For they can't but know, that the great genius's of former ages were ever, either intimate friends, or spoke very candidly of each other : and to that very friendship and communication of studies, perhaps, is to be attributed their excelling so much the rest of mankind. But our present wits take the quite contrary course, and think they can't establish themselves without pulling down their rivals ; whereas the only way to ensure their own fame, is to be tender of that of their equals, and mutually to give and take applause where 'tis just. If our Beaux Esprits would engage in so honourable an undertaking as this, and make poetry truly beneficial, instead of being prejudicial to mankind, we might then find a proper employment for these prose gentlemen ; who without a call have put forth their unhallowed hands to the ark of poetry, and have shaken it worse than all the shocks of a long conveyance through the most barbarous hands : whilst they have made themselves rather foot-men than knights companions to the sacred and most noble order of poets. We might then justly send those gentlemen to their proper province, the translation of prose writers.

And indeed there is work enough for them among the ancient historians ; whom I can't but lament that we have not endeavoured, as well as the French, to make our own. It gives a grace and value to a lan-

guage, to have all the Ancients, that are truly estimable, free of it; and to find them speaking it with their native elegance. This does as much honour to a nation, as the flower of the chief nobility does to a prince's court. But a work of so much judgment, diligence, and capacity ought not to be the task of any but such as can go immediately to the originals themselves, without taking up by the way with a French translation; which, I'm inclin'd to think, is the usual custom. And yet every dull pedant, who is master of the learned languages, is not equal to such a work as this neither. A temperament of poetical spirit will be found very requisite in the transfusing of ancient authors; otherwise their sense will become very languid and flat, and the flavour and race of the original will be apt to evaporate. There are peculiar elegances in every language, and every polite author has his *manner*, which will demand a translator of equal delicacy to hit upon it. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

But to consider a little what your learned friend says, concerning the translating of the ancient poets into prose. Would any man, that wishes well to polite learning, have rather had HOMER, SOPHOCLES, ANACREON, HORACE, &c. to have continued lock'd up in a learned language, not to be come at by most readers without abundance of difficulties, than to find access to them in French prose, with as much dignity as that would admit of, by the two DACIERS; and to see their sense render'd familiar and easy by their incomparable illustrations? Or will this gentleman say, that the learned French lady's prose translation of HOMER is not a noble performance, and has done strict justice to her author? And what is most considerable, the French language was of itself far from being fit for such an undertaking without a very masterly hand; which is the greater honour to Madam DACIER, for attempting it with so great success. In a word, I think the French may very well be allowed to translate the ancient Poets into prose, because their language will not suffer it to be done to any advantage in verse: and since the instance before us shews, that HOMER is still an heroic poet in French prose, let them enjoy their privilege.

Besides,

The  
Homer

Besides, the best critics assure us, that an heroic poem may be written in prose as well as verse, as *Telemachus* for example : and therefore this gentleman's criticism happens to be but a cavil. It must be owned there are peculiar happinesses and elegancies of expression in poetry, which can not be attained in prose ; but these are not the chief excellencies of poetry, as this new critic mistakes himself : and making these allowances, the poet's spirit and elevation of thought, and all his other beauties and perfections, bating a little of the diction, may be preserved in prose by a translator of genius. And therefore there may be very poetical pieces written without verse : for, excepting the versification, and a little smarter turn of expression, these gain nothing by being only put into metre ; yet there is no absurdity at all in giving such compositions as these the more musical and agreeable run of numbers, which has been often done to advantage by skillful hands.

But to return to ourselves, who have both numbers and poets, capable of teaching the Greek and Latin Muses to speak our language with an elegance not much inferior to their own ; to suffer them to be debased to English prose, in us is unpardonable, and can't be too much exposed. If you think the translation, I herewith send you, may be a means of inciting other young gentlemen, of a poetical turn, to rescue some others of the most delicate pieces of antiquity out of the base hands of those sons of prose ; to give it a place in your *Journal* will oblige one of your constant readers. It has been already attempted by several eminent hands in Latin, and once in English ; and will be ever looked upon as one of the most tender and elegant pieces the Ancients have obliged us with. The author of this translation intends to offer to the public in a little time a specimen of a Work of another nature, viz. An attempt to reconcile the Hebrew text and Septuagint version, and to fix the true text of both by a collation of all the Oriental versions, &c.

I am, Sir, yours, J. M.

The reflections in this Letter upon the translator of *Homer* were omitted, in deference to our worthy Pre-



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IDENT, who intends to publish a criticism upon both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, as soon as the difficulties, which have hitherto hindered the execution of so great a design, shall be surmounted. The translation of *Bion*, which came inclosed in the Letter, is under the consideration of the Society; who return the gentleman who sent it, their hearty thanks, and shall be glad of the favour of a further correspondence.

M.

BAVIUS.

The next piece is a vindication of Mr. TAYLOR, in answer to the *Letter* in our 39th *Journal*.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Oct. 21.*

MR. BAVIUS,

**A** BOUT three months ago, I received a Letter by the Penny-post, in a cover directed to me, but the Letter itself was directed to Capt. GULLIVER, and was in these terms, Sir, *Having a great veneration for all who bear the name of GULLIVER: I take upon me to send you this, for fear you should not see it, with these two lines,*

*Marke well, what here inclos'd I send,  
Or soon expect A fatal End.*

*Yours DELIBERATOR.*

The inclos'd, here referr'd to, was a Copy of the following verses, cut out of the *Daily Journal* of Friday, July 17, 1730.

*To the Author of the Grub-street Journal.*

**V** I L E, dark, and dirty! if thy name and face  
Be like thy work, humanity's disgrace,  
Well dost thou wear, adapted to thy task,  
The murd'rer's dagger, and the robber's mask.  
Proceed, abuse, and scatter filth around;  
Yet hope not any Author can be found  
Will stoop to grace that Scribler with reply,  
Whose wit is slander, and whose jest a lye:

Unless

Unless thy staff a cudgel may demand ;  
But that to wield requires no learned hand :  
That job I'll undertake, tho' no great Clerk,  
So write your name, and I — *will make my mark.*

VINEGAR.

When I first read these verses, I thought the four first, if they had been sense, were very applicable both to the writer of them, and the writer of the *Letter*, whom I took to be one and the same person ; and who I thought had plainly *made his mark*, in the turn of the verse, the pun at the end, &c. a *manner*, with which I have had some reason to be acquainted. And I imagined he might *probably* have been employed by a club of unsuccessful poets, who I heard were extremely alarm'd at the publication of the *Grub-street Journal* : in which they might suppose I was concerned as a book-seller, from the similitude betwixt Capt. L. GULLIVER's name and mine. But having less apprehension of these gentlemen's daggers, than of their pens (both their poetry and prose being much more terrible to me than their persons or prowess) I took no notice of this affair then in a public manner, hoping e'er this to have discover'd the bottom of it. But being disappointed in that expectation, and the writing of such threatening Letters being of very pernicious consequence, and on that account justly made very penal ; I resolv'd, for the sake of other persons rather than for my own, to endeavour to find out the villain who wrote this. In order to which, I desire the favour of your Society, to publish in your *Journal* this Letter of mine, by which *I here promise to pay ten guineas to any person, who shall make a discovery of the writer of the above mentioned Letter, so that he may be prosecuted according to law*, by,

Sir,

Octob. 22, 1730.

Your most humble servant,

L. GILLIVER.



N<sup>o</sup> 43. THURSDAY, October 29.

\*\*\*\*\*m\*\*\*\*\*

**I**N the first page were placed the Arms of all the Companies of the city of London.

The Order of the Procession on the *Lord Mayor's day*, in heroic verse, written at the latter end of the English Augustan age, by that celebrated dramatic poet, and learned ornament of the Society of *Grub-street*, THO. JORDAN, Gent.

*In proper habits orderly array'd,  
The movements of the morning are display'd.*

**S** Elected Citizens i'th' morning all  
At seven a clock do meet at *Grocers-hall*.  
The Masters, Wardens, and Assistants joyns  
For the first rank, in their gowns fac'd with foyns.

The second order, do in merry moods,  
March in gowns fac'd with budge, and livery hoods. 5

In gowns and scarlet hoods, Thirdly appears  
A youthful number of Foyns Batchelors.  
Forty Budge Batchelors the triumph crowns,  
Gravely attir'd in scarlet hoods and gowns, 10

Gentlemen Ushers, which white staves do hold,  
Sixty in velvet coats and chains of gold.  
Next thirty more in plush and buff there are,  
That several colours wave, and banners bear.

The Sergeant-Trumpet thirty six more brings, 15  
All of them silver trumpets, and the King's.  
The Sergeant wears two scarfs, whose colours be,  
One the LORD MAYOR's, & the other's the Company.

The King's Drum Major, follow'd by four more  
Of the King's drums and fises, make LONDON roar. 20

Seven

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Seven drums and two fifes more in vests of buff,  
March with waste-scarfs, and breeches of black stuff.

Two City Marshals mounted and attended,  
Are by the Company with scarfs befriended,  
And (next to th' Drums) do troop it in the rear. 25

But the Foot Marshal doth the next appear;  
Who puts them all in rank and file, and wears  
A shoulder scarf as broad and rich as theirs:  
Attended by six Persons that dare do  
What e'er their Marshal may command them to. 30

Next the Fence-Master troops; and (to defend him)  
Divers with drawn broad bright swords do attend him.

Many poor Pensioners that march i'th' rear,  
With gowns and caps, standards and banners bear;  
A numerous troop of persons that are poor, 35  
In red gowns and flat caps, one hundred more;  
With javelins and with targets are all actors,  
And bear the arms of their good benefactors.

*Being thus prepared,*

By the Foot Marshal's judgment they are guided,  
And into six Divisions are divided, 40  
Rank'd out by two and two———The first that stirs  
Are the poor Company of Pensioners;  
But in the front of them orderly be  
Placed the Ensigns of the Company.  
I' th' rear of them four drums and one fife more; 45  
Then Pensioners in coats describ'd before:  
Persons of worth who do in martial manner,  
Bear each of them a standard or a banner.  
Four trumpets more to them; and in their rear  
Two of the Grocers Ensigns march, which bear 50  
(As by the Herald Painter is express)  
The draught of their supporters, and their crest;  
Six Gentlemen-Ushers in order trudge;  
And after them the Batchelors in budge,  
Marching in measur'd distance, and endu'd. 55  
With order, this Division doth conclude.

I th'



I' th' rear of them six trumpets do appear;  
 And after them two Gentlemen, that bear  
 Two coats of arms, which appertaining be  
 To th' City, and the Grocers Company. 60  
 Then do march up eight Gentlemen, that wears  
 The golden chains; then the Foyns Batchelors,  
 In amicable meāsure, move like friends,  
 Fill'd with one joy: so this Division ends.

Two Gentlemen, in velvet coats array'd, 65  
 March after them with two banners display'd;  
 Then succeed them ten Gentlemen-Ushers more,  
 In coats and chains of gold describ'd before;  
 And gradually after them you'll see  
 A very worthy large Society, 70  
 With each of them a gown and livery hood,  
 And all LORD MAYORS in the Potential mood.

I' th' rear of these (with silver sounds to fit ye,)  
 Do fall in divers trumpets of the city;  
 And after them two Gentlemen accord 75  
 To bear the Arms o' th' City and my LORD:  
 And then the Gentlemen with equal distance,  
 That usher in the grave Court of Assistants.

I' th' rear of them, four drums, six trumpets be  
 Order'd to bring up the Catastrophe. 80  
 Three Gallants gradually follow them,  
 Bearing the banners of the Diadem;  
 Kings, Queens, and Cities Ensigns, which engages  
 Six Gentlemen to wait on them as Pages.  
 The Masters and the Wardens bring up all. 85  
 And thus equipp'd, they march from *Grocers-Hall*  
 To my LORD's house; where th' Aldermen and he  
 Take horse, and rank according to degree:  
 Which being done, the whole body in state  
 Doth march towards *Guild-Hall*; but at the Gate 90  
 The new LORD with the old Lord Mayor unites,  
 Guarded by Gentlemen, Esquires, and Knights.

Then thus attir'd, with gown, fur, hood, and scarf,  
 March all thro' *King's street* down to *Three-Crane Wharf*;  
 Where the LORD MAYOR and the Aldermen discharge  
 A few Gentlemen-waiters, and take barge 95

At the west end o' th' wharf ; and at the east  
The Court-Affiliant, Livery, and the best  
Gentlemen-Ushers : such as stay on shore  
Are Ushers, Foyns, and the Budge Batchelor : 100  
Who for a time repose themselves and men,  
Until his LORDSHIP shall return agen.

Who now with several Companies make haste  
To *Westminster*. — But in the way is plac'd  
A pleasure-boat, that hath great guns aboard, 105  
And with two broad-sides doth salute my LORD.  
They row in triumph all along by th' Strand :  
But when my LORD and Companies do land  
At the *New-Palace-Stairs*, orderly all  
Do make a lane to pass him to the Hall : 110  
Where having took an oath, that he will be  
Loyal and faithful to his Majesty,  
His Government, his Crown, and Dignity, 3  
With other Ceremonials said and done,  
In order to his confirmation ; 115  
Sealing of Writs in Courts, and such like things,  
As shew his power abstracted from the King's ;  
He takes his leave o' th' Lords and Barons, then  
With his retinue he retreats agen  
To th' water-side ; and (having given at large 120  
To the poor of *Westminster*) doth re-imbarge ;  
And scud along the river, 'till he comes  
To *Black-Friers-stairs*, where guns and thundering drums  
Proclaim his landing : when he's set ashore,  
He is saluted by three vollies more, 125

By (the military glory of this nation) the Company  
of Artillery-men, they being all in their martial orna-  
ments of gallantry, some in buff with head-pieces,  
many of them massy silver.

From *Black-Friers-stairs* they march before the LORD  
MAYOR and Aldermen through *Cheapside* to *Guild-Hall*.  
Those that went not to *Westminster*, viz. the Pensioners  
and Banners, being set in order, ready to march, the  
Foot Marshal, in the rear of the Artillery Company, leads  
the way along by the Channel up *Ludgate-Hill*, through  
*Ludgate*, into *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and so into *Cheap-  
side*, where his LORDSHIP is entertained by the first scene  
or pageant. N E W S

## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22. Yesterday a lawyer, famous for walking, walk'd round the Upper Moorfields 22 times, which is computed 11 miles, for 10 guineas, in 1 hour and 40 minutes. COURANT.—Lawyers are frequently good tongue pads; and, it seems, sometimes rare foot-pads.

SATURDAY, Oct. 24. Yesterday one Mr. Rich. Viner, commonly known by the name of Dr. Viner, hang'd himself in his garters, at the White Peruke in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's-Inn. DAILY JOURNAL.—A hackney-writer, some years disorder'd in his senses, who never appear'd abroad in any thing but a dirty night-gown, cap, and hat, with a long beard. DAILY POST.—*The' hackney-writer be a dubious term, and signify commonly one who practises only the mechanical part of writing, yet by the description which follows, I am afraid, that this Dr. was a Grubean hackney-writer.*  
M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Oct. 29.

To the right honourable HUMPHRY PARSONS, Esq;  
Lord Mayor of the City of London.

A Ccept, GREAT SIR, on your triumphant day,  
These verses written in no vulgar way;  
By One, who flattery hates, and scorns to name  
Topics of praise which all the world proclaim:  
And chuses rather the fam'd source to sing, 5  
From whence your pow'r and his own poem spring.

Whatever working hands or heads produce,  
Whatever serves for ornament or use,  
In cellar, shop, or lofty garret made,  
Owes its perfection to the BREWERS Trade. 10

When tir'd with work, good liquor can restore  
The work-man's former strength, and give him more:  
His brains new spirits move, his nerves new springs;  
He drinks, and laughs, and works, and sweats, and sings.  
Full circling pots e'en idlest hands employ; 15  
And wing the tedious hours with noise and joy.

This

This cordial draught can greatest cares appease,  
And give the prisoner liberty and ease.  
Drink but his fill, tho' narrow space detains  
His body loaded with a weight of chains, 20  
No pains he feels of body, or of mind,  
*But in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.*

Grubean authors malt's strong juice inspires,  
The coldest genius warms, and warmest fires.  
If PARSON's noblest tun inflame their brains, 25  
They soar in Epic or Pindaric strains:  
If beer and beer exalt the studious head,  
In Tragic buskins they majestic tread.  
But if smooth ale in merry glasses smile,  
The laughing bard employs the Comic stile. 30

If ale and beer their friendly pow'rs unite,  
A Comic Tragedy he soon will write.  
If beer and ale a nobler mixture joins;  
In Trage-comedy his genius shines.  
The force of either, when it's drank alone, 35  
In Ballad Opera or Farce is shown.  
If each is very mild, or very stale,  
In Elegy 'twill whine, or Satire rail.  
If bottled both, and neither small nor strong,  
They froth in Epigram, or some in Song. 40

If bitter, thick, and flat; it dully flows  
In shallow, muddy, low, and nauseous Prose.  
As the kind influence of descending rain  
Softens each seed, and brings forth every grain:  
So mix'd with malt, it yields a potent juice, 45  
T' inform each head, and every stile produce:  
In verse, *Pindarics, Epics, Satires, Plays;*  
In prose, *Discourses, Letters, and Essays.*

If growth of France or Spain, exotic wine,  
To foreign schemes the States-man's head incline; 50  
If numerous *Treaties* sign'd disturb his sleep,  
And half-form'd Projects round his cranium creep;  
Next day to settle all, the Noble Chief,  
Of solid pudding and substantial beef,  
True English basis lays; while native drink, 55  
Sound, generous *Porter* fills up every chink.  
Shining in Senate now with smile serene,  
The glorious ENGLISH-MAN in face and mien,

Slow



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Slow rises from his seat: sublime, sedate,  
He rising seems chief pillar of the State: 60  
Then Hear him, Hear him strains the Members throats;  
And The Yeas have it by a hundred votes.

These are th' effects of tubs with liquor fraught;  
But greater still in empty tubs are wrought:  
Ting'd with the noble juice, they still retain 65  
Their potent influence on human brain.

The plump Non CON, when many a frothy can  
Has strongly fortify'd his inner man;  
When to due magnitude his vessel's strain'd,  
To fill the empty space itself had drain'd: 70

Ascends the tub: from which one circling head,  
High o'er his own, for sounding-board is spread.  
The liquor works afresh through this new bung,  
Fomes at his mouth, and sputters from his tongue.  
High sounds above th' ecclesiastic drum: 75

The crowd below returns a solemn hum.  
Twixt empty cask and empty skulls, is found  
A perfect sympathy of sense and sound.  
The tub, thus groaning with incessant blows,  
With doctrine, like the place from whence it flows, 80

The Saints intoxicates, now empty, more,  
Than e'er, when full, the Reprobate before.

M.

MAEVUS



N<sup>o</sup> 44. THURSDAY, November 5.

A BALLAD, by a Lady.

I.  
**Y**E knights of La Mancha, whose powerful sword,  
No fair injur'd damsels in vain yet implor'd;  
Attend to the tale of us Nymphs in distress,  
Secure of our love, if our wrongs you redress.

Derry down.

As

2.

As late on the plains of famous DUNSMORE,  
Of lords, knights, and squires, a numerous store,  
Bites, jockies, and parsons assembled amain,  
And Belles in gilt chariots adorn'd all the plain. &c.

3.

There rural fox-hunters in plenty were seen,  
Smart cocks, and plate buttons, and doublets of green;  
And while at our coaches they ogle and loll,  
They tickle our fancies with thoughts of a ball. &c.

4.

But now friendly shades introduce the kind night,  
And the dear precious hours to pleasure invite;  
When we from the Beaux hop'd the devil and all;  
Tho' loaded with powder, they give us no ball. &c.

5.

To the Bear they adjourn'd, where they finish'd the  
jobb,  
They toasted our healths, but with a dry bob;  
His soul with French claret each hero did swill,  
And while the cups mov'd, the ball it stood still. &c.

6.

Fair CAVE, and bright SHUCKURGH, with LO-  
VETT's gay wit,  
Must all to the charms of a bumper submit;  
Oh! who will believe it, when Fame shall aver,  
That C——N did BACCHUS to VENUS prefer? &c.

7.

But why with the rest, trusty CAVE, did you fail,  
Who ne'er on the ladies was known to turn tail?  
I fear some field-nymph did our pleasures forestall,  
And disabled our spark that night for a ball. &c.

8.

Perhaps a strange truth we may seem to advance,  
That PET——E now first balk'd the nymphs of a dance:  
But no wonder we sigh unregarded by all,  
Since e'en our own member affords us no ball. &c.

VOL. I.

U

Ye

9.

Ye Nobles and Commons, near DUNSMORE's wide  
Plain,  
Who of the bad times and bad tenants complain;  
By sympathy mov'd with our wishes complie,  
Who now, like your farms, unoccupy'd lie. &c.

10.

But still we have hope; and the Muse that indites  
This sonnet, inspires prophetic flights;  
That times will improve, and next race yield a ball,  
And nymphs and high taxes together shall fall. &c.

Dear BAVY,

**I** HERE send you a simile from FOG, which has all the graces of the admirable passage which you lately extracted from the *London Journal*. And as I am persuaded your impartiality is such, that you regard the poetry only, without any consideration of the politics of either party; I intreat you to publish this sublime description, redeemed from the vile condition of loose and unmeasured prose.

The simile I send you runs thus in the *Journal* of last Saturday: 'So have I seen an ass in a miry way  
' make an awkward struggle to disengage his embarras'd limbs, while at every step he made he flounder'd deeper in the mud, till at last his own clumsiness has sunk him to the bottom.'

This is even below the dignity of the grave animal which it describes. But see the different appearance it makes by a little elevation in heroic metre.

So have I seen an ass in miry way  
An awkward struggle make, to disengage  
His limbs embarras'd; while each step he made,  
He flounder'd deeper in the mud, 'till last  
His clumsiness has sunk him to the bottom.

Mr BAVIUS,

**I**N my summer's peregrinations I found the following remarkable Epitaph upon one Mrs. ANNE JENNINGS,

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NINGS, a very pretty farmer's daughter, who dy'd, at about 18 years old, of the small-pox, after she had been engag'd to a young Presbyterian parson, at Ramsbury in Wilts: who, upon that melancholy occasion, vented his sorrows in the following pious rhimes; which are to be seen upon a flat stone, almost cover'd with grass, on the north-side of Ramsbury church-yard.

Here lies a piece of CHRIST, a star in dust;  
A vein of gold; a China dish; that must  
Be us'd in heaven, when God shall feast the just:  
Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,  
Tho' young (like fruit that's ripe) she fell.

*To the memory of Mrs. ANNE OLDFIELD.*

STAY passenger a while, reluctant see  
What beauty is, and what thyself shalt be;  
How soon the fairest lilly will decay,  
And warmest beings are the coldest clay.  
Tyrannic Death! at thy approach we fall;  
And thou, regardless, lay'st thine hands on all.  
From infancy, to youth, to riper years;  
From man mature, to age's flaxen hairs;  
The victor and the victim equal lay'd,  
With him that drove the plough, and us'd the spade.

But here! — the mirror of the English stage,  
(Not worn by troubles, nor o'ercome by age)  
Yields her to Death's supreamer pow'r, a slave;  
And frozen lies imprison'd in the grave:  
Just at the autumn of her years cut down;  
And e'er her beauty fades, her life is gone.

Here! here! — the poor remains of OLDFIELD lay.  
Gay was the Pit whenever she was gay;  
Coquettes would blush, and jilts would envy bear,  
To see themselves so well perform'd in her;  
While every air, our admiration draws,  
And ev'ry *Exit*, eccho'd with applause.  
But when our Scottish MARY was her part;  
Or MARTIA fighting for her JUBA's heart;  
Or when enthrall'd with SOPHONISBA's cares;  
The stage became a sea of briny tears.



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From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 4.

St. James's, Oct. 30. The place of POET LAUREAT becoming vacant by the death of the late reverend Mr. EUSDEN, and several candidates of *equal merit*, pretending to the same; it is credibly reported, it will be put into commission. The following persons are named for commissioners, STEPHEN DUCK, *labourer*, COLLY CIBBER and JAMES MOORE, *Esqs*; L. THEOBAUD, *attorney at law*, and JOHN DENNIS, *Gent*.

We hope our gentle readers will not be surpris'd at the mention of a dead person in this commission: it being the opinion of many of our members, that the *Ode* printed in monday's *Post-boy*, must have been written either by him, or the rev. Mr. EUSDEN, likewise deceased: certain it is, that no man *alive* could write such an one.

Mr. GILLIVER,

I SEE in one of the *Grub-street Journals* the copy of a scurrilous libel against the Paper, accompanied with the threat of murdering the book-seller; I cannot but highly approve of your making this public, and offering a reward for the detecting and prosecuting such a villany. 'Tis equally the concern of every honest man, that some stop be put to this new practice of sending *private Letters*, menacing *murder and fire*: this (it seems) is no sooner begun by the ROBBING ROGUES, but it is followed by the *writing ones* of our nation, from whom as much mischief may be apprehended, since most of them are incendiaries already; and not only *as needy*, but *more malicious and resentful* than any common robbers that cannot write.

You book-sellers very well know what great lengths some of them will run, through either of these motives; and what insults on GOD, MAN, and WOMAN, they are capable of through malice or necessity. I will therefore assist you in your search, by pointing out among what sort of people you are to look for the man, and I believe, I can guess him within five.

I know a scribbler, who endeavoured to engage an officer of the army, to assassinate another for treating him as his enemy, when he had abused him in print, without

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without provocation; which not succeeding, the poor wretch relieved his spiteful nature by buying the gentleman's busto at a very dear rate, meerly for the ingenious revenge of tacking it to a monkey's body.

I know a second, who went to a person of honour in the Tower with a virulent libel, by which he proposed, to his face, to ruin him, under such a sum of money to suppress it.

And a third, who did the same to the worthy Colonel Charteris.

I know a fourth, who has kick'd his first wife to death, and now permits his child by her, to be kept by the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

I know a fifth, who defrauded his sister of her portion in *Gavelkind*, left her by her father, and sold her estate by a *false conveyance*, for which he is, or lately was under prosecution.

If I see you publish this Letter, I will (without being encouraged by any reward) let you know these men, and some such others as I have reason to think, will betray the person, for the reward you have offered, or less.

And that you may not take this meerly as a kindness to yourself, I promise, in regard to any gentleman, or honest tradesman whatever, that the first time any man's moral character shall be attacked by one of these people, I will name that *man*, and expose the fact above-hinted, which relates to him, *in all its circumstances*; that the world may see from what sort of people these slanders proceed, and how proper they are to censure the conduct of others.

A.

I am yours, &c. S—.



No 45. THURSDAY, November 12.



THE first piece is a continuation of the Criticism upon *Hudibras*.

A BALLAD by an unknown hand.

I.

MY masters give ear,  
And a story you'll hear,  
Of a fine raree-show, and a garter;  
Ne'er was seen such a sight,  
Since TOM THUMB was a knight,  
In the days of our noble King ARTHUR:

2.

In the Abbey that day,  
They did all things, but pray;  
There was ale, cakes, and gin for the rabble.  
Such doings unclean,  
In such place ne'er were seen,  
Since the time that old Paul's was a stable.

3.

The way that they took  
Was through an old nook;  
In order they might not be seen a.  
Long scaffolds had they,  
To show them the way,  
Where they seldom or never had been a.

4.

They all walk'd; for the Prince  
Did with riding dispense,  
And with bathing, a troublesome rite a;

For

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For he knew 'twas in vain,  
They'd ne'er be washed clean,  
No more than a blackamoor white a.

5.

'Tis true that they took,  
A strong oath on a book,  
In the times of old Popery known a :  
To be true all their lives  
To maids, widows, and wives,  
And all ladies, excepting their own a.

6.

Which oath if they broke,  
Then the sovereign's cook,  
Was to hack off the spur of each Don a :  
But 'tis well if he cou'd ;  
For his eyes must be good,  
To see that they had any on a.

7.

Now this being done,  
They to dinner did run,  
With stomachs so sharp and so keen a :  
As they used to do,  
Without grace they fell to,  
Ne'er minding their chaplain the Dean a.

8.

To finish it all,  
They at night had a ball,  
Where the ladies were dress'd to receive 'em :  
What further was done,  
Is better unknown ;  
So it's decent that there we should leave 'em.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 11.*

*On the CANDIDATES for the LAUREL. AN EPIGRAM.*

S H A L L royal praise be rhym'd by such a ribald,  
As fopling C——r, or attorney T——d ?

Let's



Let's rather wait one year for better luck ;  
 One year may make a singing swan of Duck.  
 Great G —, such servants since thou well can'st lack,  
 Oh ! save the salary, and drink the sack. A.

N<sup>o</sup> 46. THURSDAY, November 19.

THE time of the election of a POET LAUREAT being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, and a reverend bishop, the learned PAULUS JOVIUS; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of LEO X. the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope ; we cannot but wish a restoration of all its honours to poetry ; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances, in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly, as I find it in the 82d chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureats, and called CAMILLO. He was a plain country-man of *Apulia* (whether a *shepherd*, or *thresher*, is not material.) ' This man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand of verses*. All the wits and critics of the court flock'd about him, delighted to see a *clown*, with a ruddy, hale complexion,

plexion, and in his own long hair, so top-full of poetry; and at the first sight of him, all agreed, he was born to be *Poet Laureat* \*. He had a most hearty welcome, in an island of the river Tyber, (an agreeable place, not unlike our *Richmond*) where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to every body. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland composed of vine leaves, laurel, and brassica, (a kind of cabbage) so composed (says my author) emblematically, *ut tam falsè, quàm lepidè, ejus temulentia brassicæ remedio co-bibenda notaretur*. He was then saluted by common consent with the title of *Archi-poeta*, or *Arch-poet*, in the style of those days; in ours, *Poet Laureat*. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears of gladness †. Next, the publick acclamation was express'd in a Canticle, which is yet transmitted to us, as follows.

Salve, brassicæ virens coronâ,  
Et lauro, archi-poeta, pampinoque,  
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet without peer!  
Vine, laurel, cabbage fit to wear,  
And worthy of thy Prince's ear.

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* of *Rome*, mounted on an elephant, thro' the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tells us farther, 'that at his introduction to *LEO*, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth. Nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days (like our Laureats) but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the Prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window.

When

\* *Appulus præpingui vultu alacer, & prolixè comatus, omnino dignus festâ laureâ videretur.*

† *Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.*

When the Prince had || half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to his poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the Prince's own flaggon, infomuch (says the historian) that thro' so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible *gout*. Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfy'd in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo LEONE, profligatisque poetis, &c.* 'when LEO dy'd, and poets were no more,' (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureat was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppress'd with *old age* and *want*, he miserably perish'd in a *common hospital*.

We see from this sad conclusion, which may be of example to the poets of our time, that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support, than the *temporary*, or, at best, *mortal* favours of the Great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the royal bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *settle it upon him for life*. And it hath been the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the station of Poet Laureat any man who hath once been chosen, tho' never so much greater genius's might arise in his time. A noble instance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love* of *fame*!

To come now to the intent of this Paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureat. In the first place the crown is to be mixed with *vine leaves*, as the vine is the plant of BACCHUS, and full as essential to the honour, as the *butt of sack* to the salary.

Secondly, the *brassica* must be made use of, as a qualifier of the former. It seems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenness*, (a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a *soupe* made of it, *soupe d'oignon*.) I would recommend a large

|| *Semestris opsoniis.*

large mixture of the *brassica*, if Mr. D——s be chosen; but if Mr. TIBBALD, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to *poets* as to *taylors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy*: not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *Canticle* must be composed, and sung in laud and praise of the new poet. If Mr. C——r be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himself: and no man, I am sure, can *sing* it so affectingly. But what this *Canticle* should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *publick show*, or *entry* of the poet: to settle the order or procession of which, Mr. ANSTIS and Mr. D——s ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an *elephant*; the other, of teaching the poet to ride him: none that I know (except Mr. BUD—— who is no candidate) having been used to the *menage*, and the rest never having been set even on horseback. Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a mule, or a large ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unless I am misinform'd) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city: ——— Unless Mr. C——r be the man, who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or, if he chuse the water, upon one of his own *swans* from *Cæsar in Egypt*.

We have spoken sufficiently of the ceremony; let us now speak of the qualifications and privileges of the Laureat. First, we see he must be able to make verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if requir'd: in this, I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: here, I confess the excellency of Mr. C——r. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: if a large one be thought too





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An EPIGRAM occasioned by a late ACROSTICK upon  
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, published in the Daily  
Journal.

When costive poets, from distemper'd brain,  
Dull Anagrams, or low conundrums strain;  
Or smear thee, WALPOLE, with ACROSTICK dross;  
O! raise thy arm, and lay thy STICK across. B.

From the PEGASUS in GUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 18.

Mr. BAVIUS, St. James's Square, Nov. 16.

Upon reading the *Daily Post-boy* of the 14th instant,  
I found the following advertisement: 'On Friday the  
' 20th of this inst. November, at six in the evening  
' will begin a Course of philosophy, astronomy, and  
' geography, to be performed by GEORGE GORDON;  
' at the Marine coffee-house behind the Royal Ex-  
' change. In this Course will be explained all the  
' phænomena of the solar system, as may be view'd by  
' any observer placed in any of the planets., either  
' primary, or secondary, &c.'

Now I being extremely desirous, out of an insatiable  
thirst after knowledge, to be placed in some PLANET  
as an OBSERVER, my humble request to your Society  
is, that you would lend me your Pegasus (none of my  
papa's racers being fit for the purpose) that I may not  
lose this extraordinary opportunity of seeing all the  
phænomena of the solar system, in so convenient a si-  
tuation; which will infinitely oblige a curious maid,  
and your constant reader

URANIA.

P. S. I would set out as soon as possible, the time  
being very short.

To which, by order of the Society, Mr. BAVIUS re-  
turned the following answer.

MADAM,

I am sorry, that we cannot furnish you with a steed  
fit for your purpose. Our Pegasus never soars above  
the atmosphere: and tho' he has frequently attempt-  
ed a journey to the moon, which is the nearest of the  
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*Planets*; yet he could never get any higher, than only to receive so much influence from thence, as to return with his riders a little lunatic. Besides, tho' the ladies may ride *lighter* than the gentlemen, he never rises so high with the former, as with the latter. We therefore think, that the gentleman, who proposes that his OBSERVERS should be placed in some of the PLANETS, is obliged in honour, by his great skill in Mathematics, to provide a proper machine to convey them thither: which may very conveniently be put in motion upon *Windmill-bill*, opposite to *Bedlam*.

I am yours most humble servant

M.

BAVIUS.

A REMARK on a passage in the London Journal, Oct. 31. by TIMOTHY NOODLE, Esq;

THE great regard which I have always had for our most illustrious royal family, has stirred me up to take notice of a most indecent reflection on the character of her majesty, in the *London Journal* of Oct. 31. In this scandalous libel, Mr. OSBORNE (having observed, that if Mr. D'ANVERS had faithfully abridged the history of the reign he writes about, or made a faithful abstract of the facts, the people would immediately see, that there was NO PARALLEL between the reign of Henry VI. and this; nor the LEAST RESEMBLANCE of actions) adds, that the historian assures us, that the Queen ' was one of the most accomplish'd ladies in the world, in all perfections of a woman; ' beautiful without blemish, virtuous to admiration, ' and every way fitted for the greatest of princesses: ' that she was graceful in person, of a ready and politic wit, and of a courage equal to the bravest men.' This character, Gentlemen, agrees so well with that of her present majesty; that I think the fellow who has dared to say, that there is *no parallel, nor the least resemblance* between that reign, and this, deserves not only the censure of this learned body, but the correction also of the magistrate. And, I do not doubt, but our illustrious President will, with his wonted zeal and loyalty, make a just representation of so open and flagrant an affront towards a Queen, whom we all know to be

be possessed of those virtues, ascribed by the historian to  
HENRY VIth's Queen, in the highest degree. M.

*An EXTEMPORE REPLY to the OFF-HAND ANSWER,  
printed in FOG's Journal of the 7th instant.*

1.

**W**HY how now, Mistir Fog !  
You are a sawcy dog,  
To dare t' abuse the *Grub-street* writer :  
Than you he's more exact,  
Both in words and in fact ;  
More faithful in prose, in verse brighter.

2.

You trie, like Mr. MIST,  
To your mill to bring grist,  
By writing in all sorts of shapes ;  
Your poison up you mix  
In baneful politics ;  
You Jacobite ! you Jack-anapes !

3.

For want, you turn news-monger,  
As girls turn whores for hunger ;  
Behind double meanings still dodging,  
You slice the government,  
Then swear 'twa'n't your intent :  
But lying's your meat, drink, and lodging.

4.

What ! tho' the CAPTAIN rambles  
In Pindaric preambles ;  
Yet, truly, I'd much sooner burn all  
The Papers of the week,  
If the truth I may speak,  
Than I'd part with the *Grub-street Journal*.

5.

Let others fill their scull  
With Daily Papers dull,

K 2

While



While I in the *Grub-street* find most joy:

To me one single letter,

Than each whole Paper's better,

C. for *Courant*, and P. for *Post-boy*.

6.

GRUB from others his news

Knows with judgment to chuse;

Who dies, or who's robb'd, or who marries:

And, I'll lay a fair bett,

He outdoes the *Gazette*

Of Amsterdam, London, or Paris.

Upon reading these verses, Mr. MAEVIUS declared, that, tho' he had written a Copy on the same subject, and in the same numbers, yet he would not presume to produce them at so great a disadvantage. That it was extremely generous in the author, who certainly is no member of our Society, to send us so admirable a vindication of our *Journal*; in which he has plainly shewed his great skill, not only in poetry, but in the whole art of writing politics, as practised by those great adepts, Mr. MIST and Mr. FOC.

To this Mr. ORTHODOX added, that as to the poetry or politics in Mr. FOC's *Journal* he had nothing to say at present, but begged leave for a few words concerning a Letter relating to deism and infidelity, published in that very *Journal*, in which our Society is abused. This Letter is written in direct contradiction to one published in his *Journal* of Sept. 26; and is introduced with the character of an excellent discourse, and an assurance, that nothing so well written, and with so good a tendency, shall be refused by this Paper. In the Letter itself, the author charges those who embrace the doctrines of Christianity, as transmitted down to us from the most early ages, with having formed their notions on the crude and inconsistent interpretations of weak or designing men, contained in their Creeds and systems of divinity; MOST OF WHICH have no foundation in the Revelation itself, and many of them are entirely contradictory thereto. The too hastily forming of these notions he assigns as the chief cause of the

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the DEISM and INFIDELITY of this day. And as a remedy, proposes the reading of that excellent Treatise of the late learned and pious Mr. LOCKE, entituled, THE REASONABLENESS OF CHRISTIANITY, a Piece worthy the perusal of every impartial enquirer. As this account of the cause of the dissemper, and of the method of cure, is so contrary, both to the theory and to the practice of those spiritual physicians, who are great admirers of Mr. FOG's political medicines, I wonder that none of them have sent us any Animadversions upon this *Journal*: especially, since our Society have given so many proofs of our impartiality, in restraining the exorbitances of our members, without the least regard to party-distinctions.

M.

BAVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 47. THURSDAY, November 26.

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Remember Milo's end,  
Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

E. of ROSCOMMON's Essay.

To the Authors of the *Grub-street Journal*.

Gentlemen,

THOUGH you profess yourselves members of *Grub-street*, and advocates for that ancient Society, I have some reason to suspect that you are false brethren, and have a wicked design of exposing the Grubbean art to contempt, under a specious pretence of defending it, by the modern Jesuitical method of ironies and innuendoes. If this is your design, I would advise you to take care how you put it in execution: for as mean an opinion as you may entertain of the professors of this art, I can assure you, that they are at present in an high degree of favour, and under the protection

of very powerful patrons. I cannot help thinking, for my part, that the frequent correction of your own members, the rules you lay down to them, the bounds you prescribe them, and the endeavours which you have used to restrain them from all excentrick motions, favour strongly of such a design: for the essence of Grubism, and particularly of the political *batbos*, consists in dullness and Billingsgate. If therefore, the gentlemen of that Society should obey your precepts, and suffer themselves to be led into the paths which you have mark'd out, by observing good manners, language, consistency, or argument; they would lose their distinguishing characteristicks, and degenerate into mere Parnassian writers.

These, Gentlemen, are my suspicions at present, and they are strengthened by the minutes you have given us of your *Pegasean club*; which, methinks, breathes an air somewhat different from the climate of Grub-street. But if I should happen to be mistaken, as I hope I am, in these conjectures, and you are really concerned in earnest for the honour and wellfare of that Society, which gives a title to your Paper; I shall be always ready to contribute my poor endeavours towards the support of a cause, in which thousands of my countrymen are so nearly concern'd.

My design, at present, is to point out the perfections of your political brethren (as you affect to call them) and to give them some seasonable hints; upon the observation of which, I conceive, the present flourishing condition of their Society absolutely depends. For tho' it is not your design to enter into any disquisitions, concerning the measures of Ministers; yet you have given us to understand, in several of your Papers, that you will examine the conduct of political writers, as well as others; and give me leave to tell you, that they are possess'd of the largest, as well as the most fruitful province, in the whole extended dominions of Grub-street.

I have somewhere met with a learned observation, that the dullest and most plodding fellows always make the best states-men; and, I remember, the author quotes several instances out of history, to illustrate the truth

truth of it. Another learned writer, upon the same subject, observes, that *Mercury is of so volatile a nature that there is no fixing it to political affairs.*

If this be true, that GRUBBANS make the best *politicians*, it follows of consequence, and, I hope, will not be denied by the *Craftsman* himself, that they likewise make the best political writers; whose productions ought always to be grave and solid; or, in plain English, hard and heavy. For this reason, it gives me infinite pleasure to read the works of our modern political GRUBBANS, who carefully avoid the least appearance of wit, humour or pleasantry in themselves, and always speak of them with the utmost contempt in others.

But there are two or three points, in which I think their conduct highly blameable, as it may tend very much to the prejudice of your Society.

In the first place, I think it very impolitick in them to exclaim against the liberty of the press, or to give the least countenance to any restraint upon it: because it must absolutely end in the destruction of themselves. The best way of arguing with these writers, is always from considerations of self interest; and I must therefore beg of them seriously to consider what they are doing, when they suffer too officious a zeal for their patrons to hurry them into any reflections against the liberty of writing. They cannot surely be ignorant, that their present favour and good plight are intirely owing to this liberty; and that their patrons would have no occasion for advocates, if they had no writers against them. The former are properly the dependents of the latter, who supply them with materials from week to week, as well as with a pretension to rewards and encouragement.

Old ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, or his friend the *Spectator*, compares the scribblers against him to a parcel of insects, who live upon the wholesome fruits of the earth, and must necessarily perish as soon as they decay. These *political animalcula* are in the same condition: and as they owe their existence to the advocates for liberty, so it will cease of course, whenever they happen to fall, either by a natural, or political death.

Nothing



Nothing therefore can be more absurd, than for these GRUBEANS to quarrel with the liberty of the press, or to throw out what they may call arguments for any restraints upon it; which must involve them in the same ruin with those who first gave them being, and still continue to support them: for if *political dissertations* should ever be suppress'd, they would find it very difficult to get their bread in any other way. They know very well, by fatal experience, that their writings will not sell of themselves: and how can they expect any assistance from their present patrons, when their cause is no longer in question? No, they will soon find a terrible alteration. They will not then have the honour of being admitted to levies and private visits. The pleasing enjoyment, or expectation of rewards will be taken away. They will have no more kind orders upon the *Tr — y* to boast of; no farther indulgence from the *Post-office*: nor will all the *little people in employment*, throughout the kingdom, be any longer obliged to propagate and cry up their Papers, on pain of displeasure.

My next piece of advice to these gentlemen is somewhat akin to the former; and that is, not to plead for any extraordinary proceedings, or methods of punishment, which may, one day, retort very heavily on themselves. For whenever it shall be their fate to write against men in power (and they seem apprehensive themselves, that no man in power will ever employ them again) they will stand in need of the greatest latitude of expression, and the most unlimited impunity. Should even the ordinary forms of law be exerted against them, they must drop at once: for as they are utter strangers to any art, delicacy, or address in writing, they would run directly into the very jaws of a prosecution, and Mr. Attorney General would find no difficulty in hampering them, without having recourse to parallels, ironies, or innuendoes.

The last thing I shall mention as blameable in the conduct of our political GRUBEANS, is their setting up the character of a writer as the best rule of interpreting his meaning. For you know, Gentlemen, that the members of your Society are not, generally speaking,

ing, the most remarkable instances of moral rectitude. I could even point out some of them, who would run a great hazard in standing a trial at the Old Bailey, if their characters were to be the only evidence produced against them.

I hope therefore, that you will make use of your authority to restrain your political brethren in these three respects; and not suffer them, for the future, to serve the purposes of an hungry belly, by insisting upon points which tend to the absolute destruction of you and your posterity for ever. I am,

Gentlemen, your constant reader,  
and well-wisher,  
*Little-Britain,*  
Oct. 10, 1730. *PHILO-DUNCE.*

TO PETER——at his house in Westminster.

Friend PETER,

**I** Am sorry thou didst depart my habitation in wrath: and that thy mouth should be filled with murmurings against me, who hath not done any evil unto thee: I eat not of thy bread, nor drank of thy wine, whilst thee and thy family sojourned with me; for thou didst always behave thyself with stubbornness. Moreover, when the wife of thy bosom was in travail, thou calledst not unto me to minister help and comfort unto her, according unto the custom of women: neither gavest thou God the glory for the son that was born unto thee in mine house, but didst vaunt in pride and unrighteousness; wherefore hath the Lord laid his hand upon thee, and afflicted thine household with sore sickness, even unto death. ——— I know that thro' the pride and vanity of thine heart, because thou art appointed to take care of the King's treasure, thou wilt look on me as a weak illiterate woman, and, perhaps, laugh me to scorn: yea, and shew this mine epistle unto thy maid and man-servants, who wait within thy gate, that they may also mock: yet will my heart despise those doings; for many of the Nobles of the land have dwelt with me in peace, and I have been greatly honoured of them. ——— Wherefore, PETER, settest thou thy

thy soul on unrighteous things, and thus treatest me evilly?

And whereas thou didst reproach my Son WILLIAM with idleness, and fullness of bread; thou shouldst first have taken the beam from the eye of ISAAC, thy brother; and remembered his abominations, when he was drunken with wine, and attempted unrighteous things in the palace of our lord the King beyond the seas. Nay, I must tell thee, that other of thy kinsfolk stand not well with the people; for there goeth forth evil report of them *in the streets of Ascalon.*

Thy afflicted friend,

RUTH C——.

*From the place of my abode, called  
Little H—— house, near unto  
the side of the road, as thou goest  
unto the land of Hammer-smith.  
The first day of the ninth month.*

To the Author of that inimitable Paper called the FREE  
BRITON.

**H** Appy! while—— darts his golden ray,  
And cheers thee with refulgent beams of pay.  
Yet nor their heat, nor light informs thy mind:  
Cold is thy fancy, and thy judgment blind.  
So good a Cause, that yields so great a gain,  
By thee dawb'd o'er with excrement of brain,  
Smells strong in thy preposterous *Essays*,  
Where praise is satire, and where satire's praise.  
Tho' none thy works admire, all wonder still  
At the FREE BRITON's and FREE PATRON's skill;  
That he so well should pay, thou write so ill.

M.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Nov. 25.*

To Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.

**O**N rattling floors did late thy flail rebound;  
But CAROLINE now Richmond groves resound:  
For scanty wages then thou threshedst grain;  
But now for house and pension beat'st thy brain.

Should

Should hungry Poets at thy fortune rail,  
Lay down thy quill, and at 'em with thy flail.  
But if too meek, thou'rt loath to knock 'em down,  
Then, prithee STEPHEN lend 'em half a crown.  
This for the present: but if kinder still,  
Thou'dst have the wretches eat and drink their fill.  
Thy barn resign; there may their hands supplie  
That kind support, which here their heads denie.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**T**IS no hard task the reason to assign,  
Why fool and knave in C——'s action join:  
Full of himself, half way he never stops;  
His fops are villains, and his villains fops.



N<sup>o</sup> 48. THURSDAY, *December 3.*

\*\*\*\*\*m\*\*\*\*\*

**I**N the first page was a picture of HUMPHREY PARSONS Esq; Lord Mayor of London in a hunting dress: over which were some *Verses*, in French; under it some in Latin and English; and on each side the character of a good Lord Mayor drawn by the late Dr. ATT. RBURY bishop of Rochester.

*The French VERSES.*

Quel portrait est ceci? — C'est le noble CHASSEUR,  
La terreur de l'Espagne, et la joye d'Angleterre;  
Qui donne à toute Europe, ou la paix, ou la guerre.  
Non non, Je me trompe. — C'est le fameux BRASSEUR,  
Les delices du peuple, un veritable Anglois,  
Qui gouverne la Ville, et conserve ses loix.  
Qui se montrant nagueres, en moeurs, et en science,  
Poli comme un HORACE, à la Cour de la France,  
Fut le bon compaignon de l'Arbitre des Rois.

M.

*The*



*The Latin VERSES.*

Philosophum non barba facit, non laures vatem :

Est EQUUS, est MILES, nobile calcar habens.

Plurimus est MILES, qui nunquam praelia tentat :

Multus EQUUS, qui vix pendulus hæret equo.

Emit si titulos, auro suffragia vendens,

Hunc EQUITEM AURATUM dicere jure potes.

At noster non talis EQUUS: sed sapius urget

Venator celerem conspiciendus equum.

Pro patriâ in celebri MILES gerit arma senatu

Civica: nam patriæ militat omnis amans.

Magnos qui meruit, parvos contempsit honores,

Ad famam ascendens nobiliore viâ.

Regalem quamvis humero non senserit ictum,

ARMIGER est, plusquam nomine, MILES, EQUUS.

M.

The Translation of these Verses, which was not published till Octob. 28, 1731. in our 95th Journal, is here subjoined.

For wisdom old Philosophers rever'd,  
Took not their name from reverend length of beard.  
Tho' round his temples wreath'd, the laurel crown  
Gives not the Poet verses, or renown ;  
Yet He, who wears the noble gilded spur,  
Is KNIGHT, is BARONET, and called SIR.

*Miles* denotes a Soldier, and a Knight :

Yet many a one has never seen a fight.  
When Knight was *Eques* call'd and Chevalier,  
In English Horse-man, such could ride, 'tis clear.  
Now many, like Sir HUDIBRAS, a straddle,

Tho' both hands hold the mane, scarce keep the saddle.  
Whoe'er in Parliament his votes has sold,  
And honourable titles bought with gold,  
By treble right, shines 'mongst the GOLDEN SIRS,  
If both his horns are gault, as well as spurs.

Not such is ours: but fix'd on flying steed,  
Hunter conspicuous, urges all his speed  
Champion in Senate-house, 'midst loud applause,  
With Civic arms he fights his countrey's cause ;

20  
For

N<sup>o</sup> 49. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 241

For now whoe'er his countrey loves, must wage  
Continual war 'gainst Party's zealous rage.

Small honours he contemns, who great may claim ;  
And climbs a nobler way th' ascent to fame.

The royal stroak tho' ne'er his shoulder bore, 25  
This SQUIRE's true KNIGHT, tho' not in name, in more.  
M. MAEVIUS.



N<sup>o</sup> 49. THURSDAY, *December 10.*

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THE noise which the publication of the *Memoirs* of our Society has made in the world, having procured us a great number, both of readers, and of correspondents ; it may be proper, at this time, to say somewhat, as well to obviate the objections of some of the former, as to give some information to the latter, and thereby to contribute to the satisfaction of both.

Some of our readers seem to be of opinion, that we ought to publish nothing but what we approve of, and are ready to defend. But in this we think they are under a mistake ; which, if followed by us, would, by depriving the world of several learned controversial Papers, deprive it at the same time of much diversion and instruction. Whenever therefore any thing is advanced in any Dissertation here published, which our readers think wrong, they are at liberty to oppose it ; and if their objections are drawn up in such a manner as is proper to appear in public, they certainly shall in this Paper : and in this we onely confirm a promise made in our 38th *Journal*.

Besides, they are desired to consider, that in a work of this nature, it can not be avoided, but that many things must be inserted, either at the request of particular friends, or at the desire of persons, whom it is not proper to disoblige : and this must needs be often done upon views, of which our readers can not possibly judge  
VOL. I. Y exactly,

exactly, for want of being acquainted with all the concomitant circumstances.

As to our kind correspondents, if they send us any thing which tends either to the promoting of lewdness, or to the undermining of revealed religion, they must not expect that we will publish it. If any of them think fit to attack the moral character of persons, the writer is desired to subscribe his name, and place of abode, that we may know to whom to apply for further satisfaction, as to the truth of the fact. If those who are reflected upon are persons of a very good reputation, we shall by no means ever be induced to contribute to their defamation. But if their characters be very vile, or they have been instrumental in the defamation of others, we shall not be very tender, with regard to such.

All animadversions upon stupid authors will be very acceptable: for we look upon all pretenders to wit or learning, who, without either genius or language, undertake to write books, as no better than common cheats, who would impose damaged goods upon the public; and even much worse than such, if their writings tend to corrupt, not only the taste, but the morals of the reader.

If a Piece be written well in the general, we think it too severe to expose a few particular mistakes, unless they are of considerable consequence; and in this case it will be proper to do it with a very tender hand. And as in this proceeding no resentment on any personal or national account ought to have any influence: so when once a man has brought a charge against another, he ought, if it be just, to defend, or, if it be wrong, to retract it.

M.

BAVIUS.

The second Piece is a further defence of Mr. TAYLOR's *Oration on Jan 30.* which is followed by a *Letter* from PHILARCHAUS concerning a passage in *Terence*, and by a *Criticism* upon STEPHEN DUCK's *Poems*, by SIMPLE S. MOR.

*Magna*

*Magnæ spes altera Romæ.*

**A**LTERA spes regis, regni spes altera, solo  
 Principe Cambroꝝ, chare WILHELME, minor :  
 Eito, quod es, similisque patri, fratrique secundus ;  
 Nemo tibi similis, nemo secundus erit.

*In English, by Mr. DACTYL.*

Than FREDERIC only less, dear WILLIAM, Thou,  
 The other hope of king and kingdom now,  
 Be what thou art, like thy majestic fire ;  
 And second to thy brother, high aspire :  
 None ever then, for glorious acts renown'd,  
 Alike to thee, none second shall be found. M.

*An extempore Answer to a Question of Mr. C—B—R's,  
 when he was dress'd fit for his part at the Play-house.*

**Y**OU ask me C—LL—Y, Who appears the brighter,  
 The Grub-street HERO, or the Grub-street WRITER?  
 Strange ! you should ask, when you the secret know ;  
 — is the Writer, and the HERO you.  
 Look in the glass of fops, and there by G—  
 You are the brighter, when so nicely clad.  
 But look in books, in them you'll find a glass,  
 Which shows the HERO is the WRITER's Ass.

*APOLLO's revenge on DAPHNE.*

**W**HEN PHOEBUS gave the skittish DAPHNE chase,  
 And grasp'd a tree in his deceiv'd embrace ;  
 The God, in pique propheticall, express'd  
 This certain vengeance, and the nymph address'd :  
 Thou hast, fair vegetable, escap'd my pow'r,  
 But to that form art chang'd in luckless hour :  
 Since thy coy pride the God of wit declin'd,  
 Thy leaves still curst shall witless temples bind.

*NEWS WITH REMARKS.*

FRIDAY, Dec. 4 Yesterday Colley Cibber, Esq; the  
 famous comedian and comic author, was at court, and  
 had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand, on his  
 being appointed poet laureat, &c. DAILY POST—



Yesterday Mr. Colley Cibber, the famous comedian, was sworn into the place of poet laureat. POST-BOY.

—*The London Journal calls him that celebrated comedian, and author of several excellent plays; in which he speaks the judgment of the most learned of our Society: we all agree, that he is a grand, and consequently, a famous comedian, and a very comic or comical author; and we don't doubt, but that this new preferment will make him more justly celebrated than ever.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 9.

My brother FOG having attack'd me in verse, and not answer'd my last reply in his own numbers, I thought fit to shew him how he might have done it.

FOG to GULLIVER.

I.

WHY how now, GULLIVER!  
You are a saucy cur,  
To jest on my favourite FOG.  
You say you have wit,  
But I cannot see it,  
Unless 'tis to call a man dog.

2.

In Grub-street you was born;  
Your bad language I scorn;  
For know, that I am better bred:  
You have given the lie,  
So take care, by the bye,  
That I don't break your Homer's head.

3.

In vain to pass you hope  
For APOLLO's friend POPE;  
The town's not impos'd on so soon:  
Men read, and cry the while,  
This is none of POPE's stile,  
No more than the man's in the moon.

4.

But, my honest friend GRUB,  
Pray learn to take a rub;

We're

N<sup>o</sup> 50. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 245

We're both of a trade, there's no doubt:

It is for both our ends,

That we should not be friends;

So let us agree to fall out.

5.

As lawyers at the bar,

Are friends, tho' they jarr,

So take you a hint from this letter;

GRUB, abuse me; GRUB, do;

And let me abuse you;

And so we shall both sell the better.



N<sup>o</sup> 50. THURSDAY, *December* 17.

\*\*\*\*\*m\*\*\*\*\*

THE first Piece is a Letter concerning Mr. TAYLOR's *Music-speech* at the Cambridge Commencement; which is followed by an *Answer* to the *Criticism* upon STEPHEN DUCK's *Poems*.

An EPIGRAM on the late Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SINCE farce, and tongueless *pantomimes* can charm,  
And *Dollalolls* each coxcomb's bosom warm;

'Twas time for OLDFIELD, glory of the stage,

To flie, indignant, this dull, thankless age.

OLDFELD, whose ev'ry action had a tongue;

Graceful her air, her speech melodious song!

But, thank our stars, she's gone; and BOOTH is dumb:

So shall my brethren live, and eke † *Tom Thumb*.

PHILO GRUB.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

FRIDAY, Dec. 11. His majesty has been pleased to order a patent to pass the proper seals, for the better and more effectual extracting, by certain ingredients prepared for that purpose, of silver from lead ore, far be-

Y 3

yond

† The *Comical Tragedy* of *Tom Thumb*: by Hen. Fielding Esq;

Ve're

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yond the method now in use. *DAILY JOURNAL.*—  
*If this new method prove effectual, it will be of great  
 advantage to the nation, in which there is at present a  
 vast quantity of leaden ore.*

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 16.*

*An EPIGRAM.*

Court FOOLS and POETS once illustrious liv'd ;  
 With different titles grac'd distinct they shone :  
 But both are now so scarce, 'tis well contriv'd  
 To join a POET and a FOOL in one.

*ANOTHER.*

The Wonders of this age to latest time  
 Shall shine transmitted down in prose and rhyme :  
 For see ! two equal pens their tribute bring ;  
 OLDMIXON shall record, and CIBBER sing.



No 51. THURSDAY, *December 24.*



*Tu ne quaesieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi  
 Finem Dî dederint.*——Hor. Carm. L. I. O. II.

A Discourse read before the Grubean Society concern-  
 ing the Almanacks for the year 1731, by WILLIAM  
 BICKERSTAFF, Esq;

**T**HE knowledge of futurity has been so much  
 thirsted after, from the first ages down to the  
 present time, that those, who are possessed of it, have  
 been always held in the highest esteem. Magicians,  
 astrologers, prophets, augurs were so regarded among  
 the ancients; that no king would enter on any impor-  
 tant affair, no general would begin a battel, without  
 their approbation. Nay, even the greatest monarchs  
 have exercised these arts; and placed themselves at the  
 head of those who professed them. The honours and  
 profits,

profits, which have justly attended such noble and useful professions, have been the cause that many illiterate and ill-designing persons have attempted to guess at future events, without being acquainted with those arts, by which alone they are to be known. The ignorance of these pretenders to science has brought the art itself into contempt: and many have entertained an opinion, that the knowledge of futurity is, in its own nature, impossible. I remember, that some years ago one of these pretenders picked up a great deal of money, by giving people advice in choosing lottery tickets. He had a shilling of every one who consulted him; and eighteen pence more, if the ticket recommended came up a prize: on these conditions the fellow would have recommended every ticket in the lottery. The sieve and shears, coffee-grounds, and many other such like fooleries, are too trifling for me to take any notice of them.

I hope I shall not offend this illustrious Society, if I declare, that this discourse is levelled against some of its members. I mean the writers of the common Almanacks: whose ignorance was so well exposed above twenty years ago by my late learned uncle, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq; that it is surprising, that they are able any longer to impose upon the publick. He abundantly vindicated the noble art of astrology, by publishing a set of predictions, every one of which, you all know, was exactly fulfilled. One prediction, indeed, drew on him a troublesome debate with one PARTRIDGE, an almanack-writer at that time: whom he shewed to be so ignorant of futurity, as not to foresee his own death, which my uncle exactly foretold. This man was so impertinent as not to own his being dead; and even abused my uncle for affirming it. But the truth of his assertion has been long since acknowledged universally; tho' some body still takes the liberty to publish Almanacks under the name of PARTRIDGE.

The ignorance of these men must needs be evident to all impartial persons, who will but give themselves the trouble to compare their various, and even contradictory predictions for the next year. I have considered seventeen of these almanacks, and thrown their predictions concerning the weather for the month of Ja-

uary



nuary into a Scheme; which shews at one view a great many contradictions in one single month.

*Then follows the Scheme in 18 columns; the first of which exhibits the day of the month; and the rest the different sorts of weather on the same day, as foretold by Gadbury, Partridge, Andrews, Coley, Lane, Pearse, Saunders, J. Wing, Moore, Swallow, Culpeper, Fly, Perkins, Trigge, Weaver, Cambridge, V. Wing.*

But whilst I am exposing the false pretensions of these men, I hope no member of this learned body will imagine, that I intend to decry the art of astrology itself. Far be that from me: I have too often seen the predictions, which some of my learned friends and I myself have made, on just calculations formed on the true rules of this noble art, exactly fulfilled, to have the least doubt in this matter. An error has, indeed, sometimes happened in a calculation: but that is to be imputed, not to the art, but to the negligence or inattention of its professors. I am sure I can say, without vanity, that the calculations which I have made for some years, have very seldom proved erroneous. But as I have laid before you the groundless predictions of the several writers of Almanacks; you will, and not without reason, expect, that I should produce my own calculations: which I am ready to do for the month of January.

*This month will begin with a hard frost, which will continue for about a week. Then we may expect some flabby unpleasant weather, till the full moon: when the frost will return, with blustering winds and great drifts of snow, by fits, till the new moon: after which, we may hope for fine seasonable weather, to the end of the month.*

If what these gentlemen tell us of the weather be precarious; their political predictions are still more contemptible. ‘This month, says GADBURY, (speaking of January) the hostile Mars enters into the house of Jupiter, and immediately salutes him with an angry opposition from his own house. This stirs up tumultuous and seditious spirits to beat the air, and plow the clouds, and reap a crop of wind.’ PAR-

TRIDGE

TRIDGE tells us, ' We have in this month an opposition of Mars and Jupiter, and a conjunction of Mars and Saturn in ♄, whose effects will manifest themselves in several parts of the world.' ANDREWS says, ' Some untoward designs are now in agitation, and many close contrivances and underhand dealings; but a little more time will discover their intrigues, and set all things to rights.' COLEY uses almost the very same words with ANDREWS, as does also the learned Dr. MOORE; only this last adds, ' That many persons, that thought themselves secure, are now brought to a confession of their iniquity.' WEAVER speaks much to the same purpose, saying, ' Uproars and tumults, with seditious conspiracies, are about this time in agitation.' Sure no man need have recourse to any rules of art, to form such wretched predictions; which every school-boy might guess, without any rule at all. JOHN WING says nothing this whole month, but *Great and unexpected news*. A great and unexpected affair will indeed happen about the end of this month; but I defy him to tell what it is: tho' I intend myself to explain it to you by and by. But all these are exceeded by that ridiculous shadow of a prediction, in PEARSE:

*As touching what the starry rules relate,  
Mundane affairs are in a moderate state.*

But enough of these triflers. I shall now proceed to lay before you the predictions which I have formed myself: and will stake all the reputation I have in the world on the fulfilling of them.

*The conjunction of ♀ and ♀ on the fourth day signifies an unexpected conclusion of a marriage. The conjunction of ☉ and ♀ on the tenth foretels it will be brought to light about that time. The opposition of ♃ and ♂ from ♀ and ♄, at the time of the full moon, ♃ being retrograde, shews that a great man will be almost forced into a war, against his inclinations. The conjunction of ♄ and ♂ on the twenty seventh, signifies great military preparations in Germany, or some of the more northern kingdoms: and the sextile of ♂ and ♀ on the last day, foretels some more pacifick appearances, caused by the disappointment, and perhaps, death of*

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of a certain great lady: which I take to be the great and unexpected news hinted at in Mr. WING's Almanack. I hope, Gentlemen, that you will all carefully observe the fulfilling of every one of these predictions: and I am contented, that you should hereafter measure your esteem of me by the truth of them. B.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, Dec. 22. Last week the wife of James Beattie, ship-carpenter in Leith, was safely delivered of three sons, all like to do well: he is about 80, and had never any children before. POST-BOY. — *It is my opinion he has really none now.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET. Wedn. Dec. 23.  
*A paraphrassical Variation of an Epigram in our last Journal, done by a poetical alchouse-keeper at Il-  
lington.*

In ancient days, when pensions, bribes, and screens  
Were things unknown in senate, and at court;  
Then was the glorious time, when kings and queens  
For pride kept poets, and kept fools for sport:  
But now frugality, which bears such rule,  
Joins pride and sport, a POET and a FOOL.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN POPE display'd in pompous rime  
The reign of DULLNESS in our clime;  
EUSDEN (quoth he) *shall wear the bays,*  
CIBBER be *Chancellor of plays.*  
When EUSDEN stoop'd, alas! to Fate,  
CIBBER upheld alone her state:  
Then for one place she gave him two;  
No other way the Goddess knew  
*Her own out-doings to out-do.*

A Question by ANONYMUS.

TELL, if you can, which did the worse,  
CALIGULA, or GR——N's Gr—ce?  
That made a Consul of a horse;  
And this a Laureat of an ass.

A.  
*Answer*

*Answer by Mr. MAEVIUS.*

**T**O Roman souls what more contemptuous deed,  
Than o'er their heads to place a neighing steed?  
Our CAPTAIN saw the proud, tyrannic sway,  
Where HOUYNHNMS govern, and YAHOOs obey:  
Unnatural rule! — But here in British climes,  
Where in lewd prose, or luscious ballad rimes,  
Our poets write the sentiments of brutes;  
Where players, turn'd to pantomimic mutes,  
In dance express the *black* lascivious Joke,  
On pagan stage ne'er acted, nor e'en spoke;  
Where, whether they applaud or damn the Play,  
Beaux, cits, clerks, prentices like asses bray;  
Who better than an Ass with laurell'd pride  
O'er authors, actors, audience can preside? M.

ANSWER to an EPIGRAM printed in the *S. James's Evening-Post*, Dec. 12. and ending  
*Admire a VIRGIL, and disdain a POPE.*

**I**F none must be admir'd but poets born,  
Admire a HOMER, and a VIRGIL scorn;  
Admire a HORACE, and condemn BOILEAU;  
Admire a DRYDEN, and despise a ROWE.  
But if on such as these with scorn we look;  
What must be done to W — D, T — D, C — K?  
Scorn were too little from each honest Briton;  
These should be pump'd, duck'd, pillory'd, pist, and sh—on.  
A.



N<sup>o</sup> 52. THURSDAY, December 31.

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**T**HE first piece is a *Letter* from B. T. complaining of some false Latin in Dr. GRAEME's *Historia morbi quo nuper mortuus est Tho. Hurdman*. This  
is



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is followed by a Reply from SIMPLE SIMON, to L. M's Answer (in the 50th Journal) to the Criticism on STEPHEN DUCK's Poems.

In the *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, pag. 129. is the following EPIGRAM, upon this question, *An idem sit causa diversorum?* Aff.

*Cum miser extremas Lubinus duceret horas,  
Et blando uxori diceret ore, Vale;  
Tristia singultu latè penetralia complet:  
Respondet planctu stridula sponsa pari.  
Ambo suas miscent lacrymas: tamen altera sponsæ  
Exprimit; & fletus altera cura viro.  
Lubinus dolet, infernas ne tendat ad undas;  
Sed, ne non tendat, mæssa marita dolet.*

IN ENGLISH.

*Whether the same thing can be the cause of different effects?* Affirmed. Or, *Conjugal Sincerity.*

When FONDLE-WIFE, now sick, and like to dye,  
Call'd his dear spouse to bid her a Good b'ye;  
Through all his house they heard his rueful moan,  
And her as loud returning groan for groan.  
The grief was one; but, ah! the ails were two,  
That made these turtle-doves keep such ado:  
He wept, lest to Old Nick he soon should goe;  
But lest he should not gives her all her woe.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Dec. 30.

The following Copy of verses by Mr. POPPY, may serve as an answer to severall persons, who have abused our Society; and particularly to a \* *renegado* from it, who has been very illiterately scurrilous in an obscure Weekly Paper, called *The Weekly Register*.

QUIXOTE once met a tumbrel on his way,  
Confin'd in which two Libyan lions lay.  
(Poetic prose, prosaic rimeing strains,  
Had crack'd, you know, the poor KNIGHT ERRANT's  
brains.)

Th' unwill-

\* Mr. D. Bellamy.

N<sup>o</sup> 52. of GRUB-STREET, 1730. 253

Th' unwilling keeper, at the KNIGHT's command, 5  
One lion's cage unbars with trembling hand.

DIEGO and SANCHE could not bear the fight,  
But wisely sought their safety in their flight.  
The lion rous'd, put forth his gaping jaws,  
Lick'd his red eyes, and stretch'd his dreadful paws. 10  
The KNIGHT undaunted rais'd his crooked nose,  
And challeng'd him aloud in verse and prose.

The noble beast survey'd with scornful grin  
His hollow eyes, and rueful length of chin:  
Much wond'ring at his face, his language more; 15  
Such face ne'er seen, nor language heard before;  
At length determin'd not to fight, nor rail,  
He slowly turn'd about, and shew'd his tail.

At this the KNIGHT in high romantic strain,  
Defies him o'er and o'er, but all in vain: 20  
Regardless of his noise, the generous beast  
Lay softly down, and clos'd his eyes to rest.

The fugitives return'd, tho' safe, well scar'd,  
To them the KNIGHT his valour thus declar'd.

' This voice and look has quell'd the lion's rage; 25

' He turns his back, and dreads to leave his cage,

' Nought can his dastard soul to arms excite;

' *He knows. I'm capable, and dares not fight.*

The keeper whisper'd DIEGO in the ear:

' This valiant KNIGHT has neither wit, nor fear. 30

' The lion chang'd a tragedy to farce,

' And in plain tokens bade him kiss his ——— M.

*An EPIGRAM.*

WELL, said APOLLO, still 'tis mine

To give the real laurel:

For that, my POPE, my son divine,

Of rivals ends the quarrel.

But guessing, who would have the luck

To be the B—— day fibber,

I thought of DENNIS, TIBBALD, DUCK,

But never dreamt of CIBBER.

N<sup>o</sup> 53. THURSDAY, January 7, 1731.

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*The following Discourse was read last week, before the Society, by that eminent and learned physician, EPHRAIM QUIBUS, M. D.*

VARIOUS have been the reports and opinions of the town, concerning the operation to be performed by WILLIAM CHESLDEN, Esq; surgeon to her majesty, fellow of the Royal Society, surgeon and lithotomist of St. Thomas's hospital, on the ears of one Rey, a malefactor, condemned last sessions to be executed at Tyburn, but graciously reprieved on account of this intended experiment. Some are of opinion, that this ingenious gentleman concludes, that if perforating the drum of the ear should be found to make a man deaf, who at present enjoys the sense of hearing, the same operation will bring a person to hear, who is deaf at present. Mr. WOOLSTON is singular in his sentiment. This learned and ingenious gentleman takes the whole story to be allegorical, and supposes, that by an operation on the drum, is meant no more than making a great noise. But I differ from him entirely; as I know Mr. CHESLDEN to be already too famous, to stand in need of beating a drum, or sounding a trumpet, to proclaim his skill in chirurgical operations. Besides, a drum would be a very improper allegory for so ingenious a gentleman to make use of: it being not only noisy, but empty. For my own part, I take the thing in a literal sense; and verily believe the operation will be performed. I am the more inclined to believe it, because I have been informed, that he tried the very same experiment some time ago on the ears of a dog: but alas! we have quite lost the benefit of the experiment; for the incurious son of

a bitch took the advantage of a back-door being open, and ran quite away. I hope the door will be secured when the experiment is tried on Mr. Rey: for should he have as unphilosophical a mind as the dog; and should his heels be as slippery as his fingers; he may serve us the very same trick, and leave us as much in the dark, as we were before. Some are of opinion, that this same drum is not to be seen in a living man; so that, when the operation is said to have been performed, we may remain in some doubt, whether it has been performed, or not. But this is a trifling objection: for tho' another person may not be able to see it, yet a curious operator may: as I well remember, when I pursued my studies at Leyden, the perspicacious Mr. LEWENHOEK could see things very clearly by means of his glasses, of which I, with all the eyes I had, and even assisted with the best of that gentleman's glasses, could not get so much as a glimpse. But, should it be granted that it will not be in our power at present to be sure of the operation having been performed; it is highly probable that the person, who is the subject of it, will, like others of the same class, return to his old trade, and soon give us an opportunity of being certain, either in Warwick-lane or Surgeons hall. For my own part, I have long been of opinion, that not only the drum, but the whole organ, commonly known by the name of the ear, is of no use at all in hearing, notwithstanding the vulgar opinion. I should be glad of an opportunity of extirpating the ears of some malefactor, to try the truth of my conjecture. It would, indeed, be a noble and glorious use of condemned persons, if instead of being executed, they were all to undergo some experiment for the benefit of mankind, and the satisfaction of curious and inquisitive persons: we might then have an opportunity of trying this and many experiments on the ears. We might take out each of those little bones, which anatomists have distinguished by the names of *hammer*, *anvil*, &c. and observe the effect on the several persons, who should be submitted to these observations. It would be a very curious experiment, to try whether the *retina* is of any use in seeing, as



is generally imagined. A needle might easily be introduced into the eye, as in couching, and the *retina* removed; as one of the humours constantly is, in that operation. The spleen might be taken out of some of the vilest malefactors; and an experiment made, whether their inclinations to evil courses depend on too great a quantity of the *atra bilis*, as has been formerly supposed. Should it appear, that they constantly forsake their former way of life after the performance of this operation, which I think very probable; it would be a most useful discovery, since we need do no more than cut out the spleen of a malefactor, to render him a good and useful subject. Another experiment, which I would recommend to be tried, is the tying up of one of the testicles, to see whether by that means the sex of a child begotten at such a time may be determined. This has been asserted by many grave writers; but we have never yet had sufficient evidence of the truth of the assertion. This experiment I look upon as of the greatest consequence: for by this means many illustrious families might be informed of a just and certain method of obtaining an heir to their estates. I apprehend very little difficulty in trying the experiment. A jury of widows might be impanelled on such an occasion: and, I doubt not, but in this curious and inquisitive age, many virtuous ladies might be found, who would gladly make the experiment, out of a pure spirit of philosophy. But if there were any difficulty in this, there could be none in obtaining such women as should lie likewise under sentence of condemnation; who commonly take care to put themselves into a condition of obtaining a reprieve, without any good end answered to the publick. It may be objected, that this would be an encouragement to wickedness, especially among women; if, after the commission of capital offences, instead of being executed, they should be employed in pleasing their appetites. But this objection is, I think, of little force: for, as they must be strictly confined to one man, I am fully persuaded, that they would look upon that restraint as a most grievous punishment. I apprehend an objection of more consequence from the clergy; who, I fear, will represent

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represent these mixtures as unlawful. I know there is no bringing such men off from their prejudices: and therefore, if a clamour should be raised on that account, the experiment might be made on such malefactors as are married. Nay, as many of both sexes are daily willing to enter into that happy state, without any prospect of advantage; I see no reason to question, but that most would be glad to enter into it, rather than be hanged. Thus we could never be at any loss for proper subjects, to afford us a sufficient opportunity of satisfying our curiosity. B.

MR. BAVIUS,

THE following account is true, and if you think fit to give it a place in your *Journal*, you will oblige

One of your constant readers, W. H.

There was, when BUTLER wrote *Hudibras*, one Colonel ROLLS, a Devonshire man, who lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the knight: whence it is highly probable, that it was this gentleman, and not Sir SAMUEL LUKE, whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was, because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was HUGO DE BRA.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Jan 6.

Tho' the generality of our members have no interest at all, either in the rise or fall of guineas, we thought ourselves obliged (upon the late report that they were to be lowered) for the information of the public, to reprint A calculation of the value of gold and silver, in proportion to one another, by Sir ISAAC NEWTON, and printed in the *Daily Courant*, Dec. 30, 1717.

A pound wt. Troy of gold, 11 ounces fine, and one ounce allay, is cut into  $44\frac{1}{2}$  guineas, and a pound wt. of silver, 11 ounces 2 penny wt. fine, and 18 penny wt. allay is cut into 62 shillings; and according to this rate, a pound wt. of fine gold is worth 15 pounds wt. 6 ounces, 17 penny wt. and 5 grains of fine

silver, reckoning a guinea at 1 l. 1 s. 6 d. But silver in bullion exportable, is usually worth 2 d. or 3 d. per ounce more than in coin. And if at a medium such bullion of standard allay be valued at 5 s. 4 d. half-penny per ounce; a pound wt. of fine gold will be worth but 14 pound wt. 11 ounces, 12 penny wt. and 9 grains of fine silver in bullion. And at this rate a guinea is worth but so much silver as would make 20 s. 8 d.

A Spanish pistole was coined for 32 reas, or 4 pieces of eight reas, usually called pieces of eight, and is of equal allay, and the 16th part of the weight thereof. And a doppio moeda of Portugal was coined for 10 crusadoes of silver, and is of equal allay, and the 16th part of the wt. thereof. Gold is therefore in Spain and Portugal of 16 times more value than silver of equal wt. and allay, according to the standard of those kingdoms: at which rate a guinea is worth 22 s. 1 d.

In France a pound wt. of fine gold is reckoned worth 15 pounds wt. of fine silver. By the edict of May, 1709, a new pistole was coined for 4 new lewises, and is of equal allay, and the 15th part of the wt. thereof. And by the same edict fine gold is valued at 15 times its wt. of fine silver; and at this rate a guinea is worth 20 s. 8 d. half-penny.

The ducats of Holland and Hungary, and the Empire, were lately in Holland, at 5 guilders in specie, and 5 stivers, and commonly changed for so much silver monies in three guilder pieces; and guilder pieces, as guineas are with us, for 21 s. 6 d. sterling: at which rate a guinea is worth 20 s. 7 d. half-penny.

According to the rates of gold and silver in Italy, Germany, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden, a guinea is worth about 20 s. and 7 d. 6 d. 5 d. or 4 d. In Sweden gold is lowest in proportion to silver.

In China and Japan, one pound wt. of fine gold is worth but 9 or 10 pounds wt. of fine silver; and in East India it may be worth 12. And this low price of gold in proportion to silver, carries away the silver from all Europe.

So then by the course of trade and exchange between  
nation

nation and nation in all Europe, fine gold is to fine silver as 14  $\frac{1}{2}$ , or 15 to 1: and a guinea at the same rate is worth between 20 s. 5 d. and 20 s. 8 d. half-penny, except in extraordinary cases. And it appears by experience, as well as by reason, that silver flows from those places where its value is lowest in proportion to gold, as from Spain to all Europe, and from all Europe to the East Indies, China, and Japan: and that gold is most plentiful in those places, in which its value is highest in proportion to silver, as in Spain and England.

It is the demand for exportation, which hath raised the price of exportable silver about 2 d. or 3 d. in the ounce above that of silver in coin; and hath thereby created a temptation to export or melt down the silver coin, rather than give 2 d. or 3 d. more for foreign silver: and the demand for exportation arises from the higher price of silver in other places than in England, in proportion to gold, that is, from the higher price of gold in England than in other places, in proportion to silver; and therefore may be diminished by lowering the value of gold, in proportion to silver. If gold in England, or silver in East-India could be brought down so low as to bear the same proportion to one another in both places, there would be here no greater demand for silver than for gold to be exported to India; and if gold were lowered only so as to have the same proportion to the silver money in England, which it hath to silver in the rest of Europe, there would be no temptation to export silver rather than gold to any other part of Europe. And to compass this last, there seems nothing more requisite than to take off about 10 d. or 12 d. from the guinea; so that gold may bear the same proportion to the silver money in England, which it ought to do by the course of trade and exchange in Europe: but if only 6 d. were taken off at present, it would diminish the temptation to export or melt down the silver-coin; and by the effects would shew hereafter, better than can appear at present, what further reduction would be most convenient for the publick.

*Mint-Office,*  
Sept. 21, 1717.

ISAAC NEWTON.



N. B. Sir ISAAC settled the value of the lewidors of France at 17s. 3 farthings, and the Portugal moedas at 27 s. 7 d.

Mr. DACTYL informed the Society, that he had mislaid an *Epigram* of ten verses; which could not have been printed just as it was sent, there being a great mistake in it, in relation to *laurel* and *bays*, which he thought expedient to rectifie, according to the opinion of the learned Mr. RAY: who assures us, *That the tree now commonly called laurel, is not the laurus of the ancients, that being our bay-tree, but a plant unknown till of late, bearing an esculent fruit like a cherry, and yet an ever green; the Latin name of which is lauro-cerasus.* He concluded with saying, that to supplie this loss in some measure, he had brought two *Epigrams*, the first of which he composed upon the model and thought of that which he had mislaid, having reduced it to four lines; and the other he heard in conversation.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHY, envious bards, such clamours will you raise,  
Against your elder brother crown'd with bays?  
Has it not ancient, annual custom been,  
For wreaths of bays to adorn old poets with green? M.

ANOTHER.

WHAT! CIBBER Laureat made! O heav'ns! forbear,  
All ye non-jurors, if you can, to swear.



N<sup>o</sup> 54. THURSDAY, January 14.

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*Hence New-years Odes, and all the Grub-street race.*  
Dunciad, B. I.

ODE for New-year's day, 1731, written by COL-  
LEY CIBBER, Esq; poet laureat.

RECITATIVO.

**O**NCE more the ever-circling sun  
Through the celestial signs has run :  
Again old Time inverts his glass,  
And bids the annual seasons pass.  
The youthful Spring shall call for birth, 5  
And glad, with op'ning flow'rs, the earth ;  
Fair Summer load, with sheaves, the field ;  
And golden fruit shall Autumn yield :  
Each, to the Winter's want, their stores shall bring,  
Till warmer genial suns recall the Spring. 10

AIR.

Ye grateful Britons, bless the year,  
That kindly yields increase ;  
While plenty, that might feed a war,  
Enjoys the guard of peace.  
Your plenty, to the skies, you owe : 15  
Peace is your monarch's care :  
Thus bounteous J O V E, and G E O R G E below,  
Divided empire share.

RECITATIVO.

Britannia, pleas'd, looks round her realms, to see  
Your various causes of felicity. 20  
To glorious war a glorious peace succeeds,  
(For most we triumph when the farmer feeds.)  
Then

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Then truly are we great, when peace supplies  
Our blood, our treasure drain'd by vict'rys.

Turn, happy Britons, to the throne, your eyes, 25  
And in the royal offspring see,  
How amply bounteous providence supplies  
The source of your felicitys.

AIR.

Behold ! in ev'ry face Imperial graces shine,  
All native to the race of GEORGE and CAROLINE : 30  
In each young Hero we admire  
The blooming virtues of his fire ;  
In each maturing fair we find  
Maternal charms of softer kind.

RECITAT VO.

In vain through ages past has Phœbus roll'd, 35  
E'er such a sight blest Albion cou'd behold :  
Thrice happy mortals, if your state you knew !  
Where does the globe so blest a nation shew ?  
All that of you indulgent heav'n requires, 40  
Is loyal hearts, to reach your own desires.  
Let Faction then her self-born views lay down,  
And hearts united thus address the throne.

AIR.

Hail ! Royal Cæsar, hail !  
Like this, may every annual sun  
Add brighter glories to thy crown, 45  
Till suns themselves shall fail.

RECITATIVO.

May heav'n thy peaceful reign prolong,  
Nor let, to thy great empire's wrong,  
Foreign, or native foes prevail.

CHORUS.

Hail ! Royal Cæsar, hail ! 50  
Like this, may every annual sun  
Add brighter glories to thy crown,  
Till suns themselves shall fail.

The late preferment of an illustrious member of our  
Society having excited the envy of many disappointed  
poets,

poets, they have vented their spleen in several Epigrams, &c. some of which have appeared in this *Journal*; in which we make no scruple to publish any thing that may contribute to the diversion and instruction of the reader, tho' it may reflect upon some of our own members. This *Ode on the New-year*, which fully shews the LAUREAT's great abilities, has increased the envy and malice of his rivals to that degree, that they have endeavoured to burlesque it, particularly in the *London Evening Post*, Jan. 7. and in FOG's last *Journal*. Now since some persons admire, and others despise, that which they do not understand, I shall, for the sake of both, write some short notes upon this *Ode*, to explain and vindicate it from all the objections I have heard.

VER. 1. The opinion concerning the eternity of the world, held by many of the ancient philosophers, has been ingeniously revived by SPINOZA, and embraced by the great wits of the last age: against which the late learned Dr. CLARKE raised some objections, which they did not think worth answering.

3. Old JANUS with his double face is the old heathenish emblem commonly used on these occasions: but our poet makes use of one which is more familiar to the thoughts and eyes of Christian readers, introducing *Old TIME* with an hour-glass in his hand, as he is pictured in our Almanacks: who (like old DANIEL BURGESS) seems here to desire the world to *take t'other glass*.

5. It is very poetical, to make the *Spring* a living person *calling for birth*. To which it has been objected, that it is unnatural, there being no animal which *calls for birth*. To this I answer, that oviparous animals do in a literal sense *call for birth*. But then it is asked, To whom does *Spring call*? To *old Time*. But does not *old Time bid Spring pass*; therefore what occasion for *Spring to call*? I reply, When *Time bids Spring pass*, *Spring* may not be ready; but as soon as she is ready, she *calls for birth*. And to shew, that she is ready, and able to *call aloud*, the poet has represented her as a *youthful* person, before she is born.

7. This is a prognostication of an early harvest, which is this year to be in *Summer*, and not in *Autumn*.

15. This



15. This with the three following lines is an admirable imitation of

Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane:

*Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

Of which I shall give a verbal translation in a couplet, and reduce the LAUREAT's imitation within the same compass: from whence it will evidently appear, how great an improvement the latter is of the former.

It rains all night, the shows return with day :

Thus JOVE and CESAR bear divided sway.

Plenty is heav'n's, and peace our monarch's care:

Thus JOVE and GEORGE divided empire share.

An objection was raised against this by Mr. ORTHODOXO, as being irreligious; who affirmed, that we owed *peace*, as much as *plenty*, to *heaven*, and were directed by our Church to pray for one, as well as the other. But to this it was answered, that tho' *peace*, like marriage, might be made in *heaven*; yet (like that, in the opinion of the ladies) it was often a long time in coming down: and that in particular as to the *peace* of Europe; it did not yet appear, that *heaven* had concerned itself at all about it.

21. Here it was inquired, What *war* the author meant? I answer, 1. That taken literally it is the *war* we have had with the Spaniards, or rather they with us: and it is called *glorious*, because they were forced to raise the siege of Gibraltar, &c. But 2. I take the author to have principally designed it in a figurative sense, and to have meant the warm disputes and altercations in the several *congresses* abroad, which may very properly be stiled a sort of civil war. And accordingly my learned brother, N. BAILEY, Φιλόλογος, upon the word *congress*, says ‘[*Congres* F. of *Con-*  
‘ *gressus* L.] A meeting, or coming together: also an  
‘ engagement, or fight.’ This will be further confirm-  
ed by the notes upon the 23d and 24th verses.

22. A great dispute has arisen about the word *feed*, whether it be active, or neuter; and a learned member asked, Does the *farmer feed* himself, or *feed* his cattle? I answered, both: and tho' either sense is good; yet I take the latter to be principally intended, because

I think *we triumph most*, when *the farmer feeds* most cattle for us to *feed* upon. And therefore I humbly offer an emendation of this verse, which I would have run thus,

*We triumph most, when most the farmer feeds.*

This, like the other, retains both senses: and for the justness both of my emendation and interpretation, I appeal to the *beef-eaters* at St. James's.

23. 24. These two lines are true both in the literal and figurative senses. In the former, *Peace supplies* both *our blood* and *our treasure*, by promoting propagation and plenty. In the latter, *treasure* is very elegantly represented as the *blood* of the nation: and the *victories* by which it has been *drain'd*, are those which have been gained in the *congresses* abroad, by our plenipotentiaries, ambassadors, envoys, &c. which have necessarily been attended with a great expence.

25. This with the three following verses was say'd to be inconsistent with the 19th and 20th. For there *Britannia* is represented, as *looking round the realm*, to see the various causes of *felicity*; and here the *Britons* are directed to *turn their eyes to the throne*, to see the source of their *felicity*. But this is a mere cavil: for *the throne is the source of all the various causes of our felicity*.

39. 40. To these two lines it was objected, that if our *desires* are above our *reach*, this *All that heaven requires of us* is a great deal too much; and that it can by no means be justly called *indulgent* in requiring it. This I own puzzled me: but a pupil of the great Dr. ZOLLUS made a conjecture, which I think almost certain. He said, that the *r*, which is much like a *s*, ought to be changed into one; so that instead of *reach*, we should read *teach*. This conjecture is strongly confirmed by what immediately follows, where the poet exhorts all *loyal hearts united to address the throne* in the following stanzas. Now it is certain, that *loyal hearts* can never more effectually *teach* the nation *their own loyal desires*, than by public *addresses to the throne*.

45. This verse was say'd to be a contradiction to the first, in which the epithet of *ever-circling* is given to the *sun*. But it is plain, that the *suns* here are not

the same individual *sun* mentioned there : and I am inclined to think, that the true original reading was *sons* ; the verse running full as well with this alteration, and the sense being much better.

I could make several more observations upon the beauty of the expressions, and the harmony of the numbers, &c. but think what I have say'd sufficient ; and shall only add, that as it has been observed, that, when a song is good sense, it must be made nonsense before it can be made music ; so I believe the rule inverted (like the *glass of old Time*) will stand as firm, that, when a song is nonsense, there is no other way, but by setting it to music, to make it seem tolerable sense. M.

This is followed by *Scruples concerning the suitability and consistency of the Epic manners in VIRGIL's Æneis*, by THOMAS DIDYMUS.

*A list of the officers established in the most notorious gaming-houses.*

1. A *Commissioner*, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night ; and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.
2. A *Director*, who superintends the room.
3. An *Operator*, who deals the cards at a cheating game called Faroe.
4. Two *Crowpees*, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.
5. Two *Puffs*, who have money given them to decoy others to play.
6. A *Clerk*, who is a check upon the Puffs, to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.
7. A *Squib* is a Puff of a lower rank, who serves at half salary, while he is learning to deal.
8. A *Flasher*, to swear how often the bank has been stript.
9. A *Dunner*, who goes about to recover money lost at play.
10. A *Waiter*, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room.
11. An *Attorney*, a Newgate solicitor.
12. A *Captain*, who is to fight any gentleman that is pœvish for losing his money.
13. An *Usher*, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.
14. A *Porter*, who is generally a soldier of the foot-guards.
15. An *Orderly Man*, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the

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the porter, and allarm the house at the approach of the constables. 16. A *Runner*, who is to get intelligence of the justices meetings. 17. *Link-boys, Coach-men, Chair-men, Drawers*, or others, who bring intelligence of the justices meetings, or of the constables being out, at half a guinea reward. 18. *Common-bail, Affidavit-men, Ruffians, Bravoes, Assassins*, cum multis aliis. DAILY JOURNAL, Jan. 9.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Jan. 13.

Mr. BAVIUS read to the Society a Proposal of our brother FOG, for the improvement of young poets, printed in his last *Journal*, as follows. 'There was an invention in France some years ago, in which young beginners were commonly enter'd; these were your *Beaurimez*. — The rhimes were given by the Academy, and the young poets were to fill up the lines. I can't help saying, I could wish to see this practice revived here, in order to form our junior poets. — Upon this our learned President, the most ancient of critics, observed, that your *Beaurimez* was a term he had never met with in all his reading; which made him believe, that it was not an *invention in France*, he having been conversant with the language of that countrey. In which, he say'd, he remembered there was such a term as *Bouts-rimez*, of which a celebrated French author gives the following account. 'They are rhimes disposed in order, which are given to a poet, together with a subject. upon which he is obliged to make verses, using the same words, and in the very same order. The extravagance of a poet, named Du LOT, gave occasion to this invention, about the year 1649. The most odd, out-of-the-way rhimes were chosen, and every one endeavoured to fill them up as exactly as possible. SARRASIN has written a Poem intituled, *La Dèffaitte des Bouts-rimez*.'





No 55. THURSDAY, January 21.



OF all the various employments and amusements, in which mankind is daily engaged, none has so much increased the number of our members as Poetry. We are all taught promiscuously at school to make verses: and those who never went to school at all, are very frequently persuaded in their own minds, that they were born poets. Hence the cities and liberties of London and Westminster abound with professors of this art. Every ward has its bell-man, who not only awakens his worthy masters and mistresses out of their midnight sleep, with the harmony of his bell and numbers; but also makes them an annual present of a great sheet of his works in rime. Every company of the trained bands has its marshal, who salutes his gentlemen-soldiers every Christmas, in verse, as pompous as the order in which he leads them forth every summer to take the field. Every street rings with ballads: the royal palace resounds with odes: and every church-yard is filled with the productions of our members. Wit, which was thought to be setting in the west, is risen again in the east. A new theatre has been erected in Goodman's-fields: and the late extension of the royal bounty to STEPHEN DUCK has given birth to new poets, in a corner of the town, the most remote from the sun-shine of the court. We lately mentioned an *Ode to the King*, written by an attorney in Spittle-fields; and have since seen a *Miscellany* of poems by a poor weaver in the same neighbourhood. An attorney indeed turning poet can have no other bad effect, than the stunning of our ears, and the tiring of our patience: but to have the fields lie neglected, and the loom forsaken, is a melancholy prospect; and looks as if we should in time have neither bread to eat, nor cloaths to put on. The poor weaver has

has been tempted to neglect his business, by STEPHEN DUCK's good fortune, as he himself plainly tells us in the introduction to his *Miscellany*. Far be it from me to presume to direct her majesty in the disposal of her favours. But was I so happy as to have the ear of that liberal princess, I would humbly beg leave to represent to her, that the best way to encourage the weaver, would be constantly to wear the manufacture of Great Britain; and that the most suitable encouragement to the thresher, would be to give him a small farm in the country; laying both under an absolute restraint, never more to write a line in rime or measure.

There is one thing I cannot but wonder at: that the stars should generally have a poetical influence upon astrologers. Certain it is, that there is scarce a single writer of an Almanack, who has not claimed a place in our Society, by his poetry. Mr. PARKER is very entertaining in this way: his Regal Table in verse is something extraordinary.

*Eight Henrys, twice three Edwards, and one Stephen,  
Have on the English throne been plac'd by Heaven:  
Three Williams, Richards three, Eliza's one,  
Have in their turn supported Albion's crown:  
One John, two Charles's, two James's, Marys two,  
Have also rul'd the throne, and bid adieu:  
Two George's have grac'd the throne, and one Anne,  
All deem'd the best of princes to a man.*

His Chronology in rime is no less to be esteemed; but it being too long to be here inserted, I must beg leave to refer the reader to the book itself. The verses on the twelve signs in WEAVER are excellent.

*The head and face the Ram doth rule,  
The Bull claims neck and throat;  
The arms and shoulders fall to th' Twins,  
The Crab for the breast doth vote.  
The Lion governs heart and back,  
The Maid for the bowels calls:  
The Balance tries both reins and loins,  
Secrets to the Scorpion falls.*

*The shooting Horse sways both the thighs,  
The knees the Goat doth greet;  
The Water-bearer owns the legs,  
And the Fishes guide the feet.*

But these, I think, are exceeded by those beautiful lines on the same subject, in PEARSE.

*The Ram, the ram doth still govern the head;  
The neck and the throat, the Bull, it is sed.  
The arms and the hands the Twins they command.  
On the stomach and breast, the Crab takes his rest.  
The Lion to's part claims both back and heart.  
The Virgin loves still her belly to fill.  
The reins and bright loins the Ballance still claims.  
The secret is still at Scorpion's will  
The Archer contrives to guide hip and thighs.  
The knees attend on Capricorn their friend.  
The legs tries to give Aquarius a prize.  
The Fishes defend the feet: so I'll end.*

I know not how it is that such numbers of almost every profession have an inclination to write: and am afraid this so universal a humour will too much increase our Society. We shall, perhaps, at last find ourselves under the same necessity with the Royal Society, to find out some expedient to discourage people from coming amongst us. That learned body having observed the general propensity of mankind to be accounted philosophers; and finding themselves increase to too unwieldy a bulk, from a redundancy of this humour, have, with great prudence, obliged all future candidates to be posted up for ten weeks, before they can be elected. It might not be amiss, if our Society would oblige all their candidates to enter their pretensions in this Paper; that the world might be apprised of their profound abilities, before they were admitted amongst us. One thing I must blame in the new statute of the Royal Society, that they seem to expect all their members to be authors. This, I fear, will cause some clashing between our two bodies. And it would be well if an agreement were made between us, that no person should be a member of both Societies at the same

same time. We are ready to receive many of their present members with open arms, as soon as they shall give up their fellowships in that Society; and hope, that for the future, they will order no memoirs to be printed in their *Transactions*, which all mankind will judge more properly to belong to this Paper. B.

Dear Brother BAYNE,

I AM not a little pleased with your *Observations on Mr. CIBBER's New year's Ode*. It was generously done of you to vindicate a member, who is too modest to speak for himself. Certain it is, that never was author under greater obligations to exert himself. So unexpectedly raised to so high a dignity, so envied by all the wits; no wonder he has herein *out-done his usual out-doings*. Tho' I have little to say, you will accept as a token of my respect to that worthy gentleman, the following *Gleanings of Observations on the last New-year's Ode*.

9. *Each [season] to the winter's wants their stores shall bring,  
'Till warmer genial suns recall the spring.*

Against this there is a clamour of obscurity and impropriety. For an eclaircissement therefore let it be observed, that this thought, stript of its embellishments, amounts to no more than this very intelligible proposition: *Spring, Summer, Autumn shall bring their stores, for the supply of our wants in winter, till Spring return.* But then it is objected, What shall we do 'till harvest? I answer, that notwithstanding your prognostication from the 7th line, that harvest will be this year in summer; it is plain, beyond contradiction, from this verse, that it will be in *spring*. For if the *stores brought by each season* in any year, are to last only *till the Spring following*, they must be then recruited, or the plenty, for which the poet calls forth all our gratitude, cannot be so considerable as he is pleased to represent it in the following words: *Ye grateful Britons bless the year, &c.*—The little cavils against the phrase [*Each season shall bring THEIR stores to the winter's want*] are not



not worth regarding: Mr. CIBBER's authority will make it current.

41. *Let Faction, then, her self-born views lay down.* Here it is objected, that all *views* are *self-born* (i. e. that all designs are formed within the mind that has them) and that therefore there is no force in the epithet. I acknowledge it: but that, no doubt, is an *erratum*; and, in justice to the author, we ought to read *selfish*.

46. *'Till suns themselves shall fail.* Here you read *suns*: because the sense, as you observe, is better. So it would seem indeed: but I cannot entirely agree with you that the poet so designed it. For, tho' your imagination was never transported to such an hyperbolical rapture, it is possible Mr. CIBBER might wish, in a literal sense, that the King might live as long as the *ever-circling sun* should endure. Yours, &c.

*As Mr. CHESELDEN's intended operation in taking out the drum of the ear has been ridiculed by Dr. QUIBUS in our 53d Journal, we think ourselves obliged in justice to insert the following account.*

TUESDAY, Jan. 19. We hear that at the last meeting of the Royal Society, was read a very curious Letter to Martyn Folkes, Esq; in defence of Mr. Cheselden's intended operation on the drum of the ear of a condemned malefactor, which, we hear, will be printed. In the mean time the following Extract of that Discourse, we hope, will be acceptable to the publick.—The author first observes, this skin, commonly called the drum of the ear, is not the organ of hearing, as is vulgarly thought; for the proof of which he offers a great number of reasons and observations of his own, as well as the opinions and reasons of the most learned and judicious anatomists. He then observes, there are two passages to the organs of hearing; one by the outward ear, the other through the back part of the mouth, through which some people can hear, who cannot hear through the outward ear. In this case he supposes the sound may be interrupted by the drum of the ear, which is seated in this passage, and being diseased,

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eased, may hinder sounds from passing to the internal parts, where are seated the proper organs of hearing; in this case only, he supposes, that perforating the drum may prove a remedy for deafness, as depressing the crystalline humour of the eye (vulgarly called couching a cataract) is daily found to be a remedy for blindness; and yet that operation has been as indecently and ignorantly ridiculed, as this experiment of Mr. Cheselden's; one writer against that operation not scrupling to give his book the following title, *A new method of recovering the sight by putting out the eye*. He also observes, that the situation of the drum is such; that the operation may be easily made by a skilful person; and, it being a very thin skin, he presumes it will not be very painful; and if so, the person who is to undergo the experiment will purchase his life upon very easy terms: but supposing it should be very painful, (which it is hoped it will not be) on whom can the first experiment be so fitly made, for the service of mankind, as on one whose life is already forfeited to the publick? DAILY COURANT.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET. Wedn. Jan. 20.

AN EPITAPH on the late rev. Mr. WILL. ROLLO, of Stamford in Lincolnshire.

**H**ERE lies the man who liv'd and dy'd obscure;  
And, tho' a learn'd and able preacher, poor:  
Say, how was this? — He had no private ends,  
Then how should L—s and B—s be his friends?

† A learned member, whose countenance and conscience are very unlike, the one being too hard, and the other too tender, has for some time absented himself from our meetings; complaining that there is too great encouragement given in them to scandal and defamation. Tho' this is a very severe and unjust reflection, as shall be shewn at large hereafter, yet we do not greatly resent it, because we verily believe it proceeds from his conscience. For since conscience,  
as

† Mr. D. Bellamy, author of several pieces in the *Weekly Register*, full of scurrilous reflections upon our *Journal*.

as is generally agreed, is situated either in the head, or in the stomach, between which there is a constant communication; the constitution of it depends very much upon the emptiness or fullness of either. The conscience of Non-jurors, Non-cons, &c. and of every lesser party of men, is, in the opinion of the greater, much affected by the emptiness of the head. And it is unluckily observed, that when either by conviction, or conformity, the vacuities of the stomach are well filled, those of the head are rather increased than diminished. So that when the gnawings in the former are assuaged by good eating and drinking, the latter is subject to violent pains, vertigoes, deliriums, &c. — The conscience of those worthy members of our Society, commonly call'd *Hackney scriblers*, is chiefly determined by the vacuity of the stomach, tho' their cases of conscience are generally complicated, and proceed from a double vacuum: of which one is the cause of *gravitation*, and the other of the *fuga vacui*, two contrary philosophical principles, which in them are always consistent.

As it is impossible to fill up the highest of these empty spaces, and as the case of the gentleman hinted at above, is certainly complicated, tho' he is sensible only of the lower vacuity; we shall in compassion to his circumstances, and in compliance with his desires, endeavour to procure him some supply for it, by recommending his character and his works to the public.

He is a person of great morality and religion, which he has shewn by several pieces, particularly of late, by a burlesque of PRIOR's *Dove*, and a translation of a Tale called *Geron*: in the latter of which he has manifested his zeal against popery, by exposing in the plainest terms the *leak* discovered by a popish priest; tho' he might as well have fathered the story upon some protestant, poetical lay-eloper from his wife.

As a zealous protestant, he is a great admirer of the reformed custom of singing psalms in rime: not according to the old version modernized, and accommodated to the humour of the present age; nor according to the new versions of NAHUM TATE, &c. but according to the true, genuine, ancient version of THO.

STERN.

STERNHOLD, and JOHN HOPKINS, &c. which has been now long excluded out of many churches, to the great prejudice of the congregations. In order therefore to supplie the want of this way of edification, and to prepare the minds of young people for the restoration of it in the next age; he has proposed to publish a book by subscription, intituled, *Science veild, or Philosophy in masquerade, consisting of fifty select moral Tales and Fables attempted in familiar verse, &c.* Which *familiar verse* is an imitation of the meeter of Mr. STERNHOLD, and Mr. HOPKINS, tho' chiefly of the former: whose verses generally consisted of 7 feet each; whereas the latter more frequently wrote in verses of 4 and 3 feet each, rimeing alternately. But let the *mythological Poet* speak for himself.

*In a wide forest on a rock an eagle built her nest;  
There laid six eggs of beauteous form, which their high  
birth confest.*

*Within the shade of a tall oak, which to the rock ad-  
join'd,*

*A crow too laid six homely eggs, according to her  
kind.*

We don't doubt, but the whole work is agreeable to the Specimen; which we unanimously assert to be *familiar verse*, according to the Proposal, and as such very proper for *the early instruction, and innocent amusement of young gentlemen and ladies.* — A printer of our Society, a great admirer of the new invention of printing with blocks, (which, he says, are types most suteable to the generality of modern authors,) was of opinion, that an impression of this work, done with blocks on ginger-bread, would be very acceptable, since nothing could contribute more to *the early instruction, and innocent amusement of young boys and girls.* He say'd he had consulted several mothers and aunts upon this subject, who highly approved this method of instruction, which would nourish at once both the body and the mind; and declared, that they would subscribe themselves for a large quantity, and promote the subscription to the utmost of their power.

One of our Society having objected against the *Hymn*



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to the *Laureat*, printed in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, Jan. 9, as improper and prophane, the word *Hymn* signifying properly a poem to be sung in honour of the object of worship: it was answered, that it signified likewise a poem to the honour of any eminent person; that it was frequently address'd to persons in great posts, and sometimes to posts themselves; which had been done with great success by a learned member Mr. DANIEL DE FOE, in his celebrated *Hymn to the Pillory*.  
M.

On two Doctors going to law about Mr. HURDMAN'S death.

TO HURDMAN, who expir'd before the term,  
Thus THEMIS promis'd to repair his harm:  
Courage, my son: one action on the case  
The fates allow thee, after thy decease:  
For at the bar the Doctors shall appease  
Thy ghost, and to the law refund their fees:  
A law-suit thus, from my attorney's death  
Shall spring, as serpents from the dragon's teeth.

EPITAPH ON MIS. OLDFIELD.

*Hic jacet Anna Oldfield.*

*Fam mea parasta est;*

*Mox vestra agatur fabula:*

*Vos valete & plaudite.*

This evening Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER's play, called, *The Lover*, was acted, which proved a *Trage-comedy*, both in itself, and in the consequences, it occasioning the drawing of blood in the pit. The success was so dubious, that it was uncertain, whether the hisses or the claps were more numerous. The *Epilogue* was received with universal applause, either because it was the conclusion, or because of the truths told him in it by his wife.

No 56.



N<sup>o</sup> 56. THURSDAY, January 28.

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THE first Piece contains the characters of two gentlemen in the opposition, taken from a pamphlet intitl'd *Sedition and defamation displayed*; and those of two famous brothers of the Court-party, extracted from *A proper Reply* to that pamphlet.

P A N D O R A.

TO blast the man that durst aspire  
To steal from heav'n the genial fire,  
And animate his finish'd clay  
With vital breath a newer way;  
The Gods in close committee sate,  
Forming the saucy mortal's fate;  
And puzzled their celestial brains,  
To find out *penalties* and *pains*.  
Debates were held from time to time  
To sute his torment with his crime:  
Full oft they met, as oft demurr'd,  
And *ways* and *means* were still deferr'd.

But JOVE at length contriv'd the art,  
(And JOVE lov'd mischief at his heart)  
To punish him, whose skill had shown  
A talent equal to his own.  
The God, it seems, was much afraid  
To have a partner in his trade.  
For why? He might, in peopling lands,  
Take all his business off his hands;  
And he himself might be undone,  
Whilst he was idly looking on.  
Thus fearing, to reward his pains,  
He hangs the artist up in chains.

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And since the man a man had made ;  
 Resolv'd to match him in his trade,  
 To earth a woman Jove convey'd.  
 Then to perfect this new creation,  
 Each God bestow'd some kind donation :  
 VENUS gave beauty, HERMES wit ;  
 In short, as ev'ry one thought fit ;  
 CUPID ordain'd, that all should love her ;  
 And JUNO made a vixen of her ;  
 These qualities thus giv'n in common,  
 Made up the quintessence of woman.

You've heard, e'er now, how Templers pay  
 A free-gift toll on New-year's day :  
 Each gives according to his store ;  
 The poorer, less ; the richer, more ;  
 Just as they think they can afford,  
 They sute their present to \* My Lord :  
 'Till one designs with cunning drift  
 To purchase favour with his gift ;  
 And scrues his pocket to the height,  
 In hopes to be——no loser by't.  
 With such advantage in his view,  
 Did Jove his subtle work pursue ;  
 And as a furth'rance of his aim,  
 Excell'd in kindness to the dame.  
 For he, with unexampled favour,  
 A curious box, for portion, gave her :  
 Well wrought it was, of tempting size  
 To draw a fortune hunter's eyes.  
 Nor need we wonder if the blades,  
 Carri'd, with forceful bribes, her maids,  
 And storm'd herself with serenader.  
 Not one but did her smiles importune,  
 And made her vows of life and fortune :  
 Not one but wish'd that he could make  
 Himself a monarch——for her sake.  
 None of all these his suit could gain ——  
 But EPIMETHEUS was the man.  
 His negligence, unhelp'd by art,  
 Found him a passage to her heart ;

\* Chancellor.

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He only rais'd a mutual flame, 65  
And got the box, and won the dame

Let us suppose the happy lover  
Had got the forms of marriage over;  
The mutual transports running high,  
And *Duck* and *Dear* the only cry: 70

Or let's suppose their joys so full,  
Just at the point of growing dull.  
'Twas now high time, the husband thought,  
To know what portion spouse had brought;  
And trie, if heav'nly gifts of marriage 75  
Were worth the charges of the carriage:

When breaking open bolts and locks,  
He rummag'd spouse's jointure box,  
And found — he found on the inside,  
What many since have found beside. 80

Contagions dire, of horrid hue,  
Throughout the neighb'ring countrey flew:  
The sea, the earth, and ambient air,  
Began th' infectious ill to share, 85  
And man and beast met equal fare.

'Till pious men found out a way  
To offer sacrifice, and pray,  
With supplications to atone  
For all man's wickedness foregone.  
Yet still the plague rag'd unconfin'd, 90  
Diffusive borne by restless wind;  
'Till corn and oil the Gods appeas'd:  
And thus the fore contagion ceas'd.

From hence the custom first arose,  
When women all their gifts expose; 95  
If they a dire distemper scatter,  
That men repent in barley-water.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Jan. 27.*  
The APOTHEOSIS of that ever blessed Martyr KING  
CHARLES I. being an imitation of the beginning of  
the IXth Book of LUCAN.

No sooner was the sacred union broke  
Of head and body by the cursed stroke,

B b z

But



But the King's soul impatient of delay,  
 Shot from the corps, and mounting soar'd away.  
 Then far beyond where Luna's orb is set, 5  
 Beyond th' æthierial blue, or spangled jett,  
 A stedfast throne the Demi-god posselt,  
 Refin'd by sufferings for eternal rest.  
 There no romantic saint, nor hero comes,  
 From piles of incense, or from gilded tombs : 10  
 But CHARLES's shade, full beam'd with heav'nly light,  
 Shone with true rays inutterably bright.  
 Angels and he with mutual wonder fir'd,  
 Themselves and all th' effulgent world admir'd :  
 Then deep beneath observ'd our dismal day, 15  
 And what thick darkness spred o'er mortals lay.  
 Yet through that horrid gloom he plain descry'd,  
 Where the pale grinning faints, with barb'rous pride,  
 Insulted o'er his headless, senseless clay,  
 (As senseless always, now as headless, they ;) 20  
 And pitying human joys and human woes,  
 Smil'd at the sportive malice of his foes.

No 57. THURSDAY, *February 4.*

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THE first piece is a *Scheme* of the predictions of  
 seventeen Almanack-makers concerning the wea-  
 ther in the month of *February*.

*Concordia discors.*———Luc.

To Mr. BAVIUS, Secretary to the illustrious Society of  
 the GRUBEANS.

S I R,

IT has been very justly observed against most modern  
 critics, that whilst they are curious in collecting,  
 and industrious in exposing the imperfections of an  
 author, they either ignorantly or wilfully overlook  
 what

what is commendable ; that they always manifest the greatest uneasiness and dislike of those productions, which are the most universally approv'd of by the rest of mankind ; and that the only satisfaction, they can receive from any work, is the having an opportunity to discover how much they are dissatisfied. But tho' this is palpably the case with the generality of those connoisseurs ; you, Sir, are a very remarkable exception to the rule : your great and laudable business is well-placed panegyric ; and whilst others are malevolently employed in pointing out the blemishes of their authors, and discovering where they have neglected the rules of their art, you generously labour to make appear how exactly conformable the writings of your members are, to the laws of the *Bathos* they profess. It is therefore highly desirable, that so cordial an undertaking should be as extensive as possible : and tho', like the fraternity of *Crane-court*, you won't admit men of all employments, from the mummy merchant to the collector of petrified shells and preserved butterflies ; yet I conceive that all authors, as well figurative, as literal, may be members of your Society, and are justly cognizable by you. By figurative authors, I mean either sculptors, painters, or musicians. That professors in these arts have a right to the honourable name of authors, as well as the orator, poet, or historian, I think is indisputable ; for as much as the same knowledge and study are required, as they equally deduce their laws and rules from the general sense of mankind, and produce the same effects when judiciously applied. Thus a good statue will give you a more just conception of the personal beauties of a hero, than the most exact historian can possibly do. The battles of ALEXANDER painted by a LE BRUN, will furnish you with a stronger idea of the confusion of an engagement, than the most nervous lines in a HOMER or a VIRGIL ; whilst the musician, by a skilful composition of notes, and modulation of sounds, shall altogether as powerfully affect the passions, and cast the mind into melancholy, or rouse it up to mirth, as the best wrought scene in a SHAKESPEAR or a JOHNSON. It is therefore most certainly equally praise-worthy and glorious, to excell, in the

one as the other. For this reason, I shall from time to time endeavour to do them the justice you have hitherto groundlessly forborne, (such of them I mean as by their performances merit the regard of your Society,) by sending you some observations on their wonderful conduct.

My *Overture* then, or opening piece, shall be played off in honour of our musicians: but, as I have not now time to go through with them, I shall confine my present remarks to those employed in our churches. The organists of this metropolis are I conceive almost to a man standing members of your Society, and do by their amazing compositions and executions (as they call them) bring daily honour to your illustrious body.

These gentlemen, finding by experience that the length of the service and gravity of the subject are very apt to sink good Christians into sadness or sleep, do zealously labour by the gayety of their performances to dissipate those gloomy and drowzy dispositions. I generally find the *Voluntary*, which they entertain us with before the Lessons, puts the whole congregation into such a cheerful mode, that they have much ado to refrain from joining in a grand dance. Jigs, rigadoons, courants, marches, and horn-pipes are commonly united in these delectable compositions; whilst the right hand of the performer executes its part with such superlative agility, that the left is forced to come hobbling after in the base, not being able to keep pace with its *dexterous* companion. Thus, for half an hour together, do these *swift-fingered* gentry divert their auditors by scouring up and down with incomparable celerity the whole compass of the organ, and instantaneously skipping from one subject to another, till they have given us a different air in every key of the Gamut: and this they do (we are told) principally in order to shew their *hands*; tho' I think we may safely aver, that they shew their *heads* at the same time.

Moreover the reasonableness and propriety of this method of proceeding in the organ-lost, appears evident from the happy effect it has on the audience below. The pretty gentlemen and fine ladies, who were becoming hideously grave, and in great danger of giving

giving in to the enthusiasm of the place, are by this means soon reduced to their pristine alacrity; and have at the same time a favourable opportunity of displaying their fine tastes and fine rings, by accompanying the performer, on their prayer-books and fans.

Thus cheered and refreshed, they have tolerable spirits to go through the rest of the drudgery, 'till the psalm, and then they meet with timely succour once more from above: for those merry blades, by the beauty of their preludes and interludes, do sufficiently make amends for the dullness of the words. And here indeed their judgment appears yet more remarkable, for in the middle of a line, and frequently of a word, Mr. *Twedledumdee* shall quite lose sight of his tune, and be entertaining us of a sudden with the scrap of a song, or a masquerade dance: whilst the vocal performers, not expecting such relief, stand gaping with their mouths ready prepared to go on, and at the same time enjoy a comfortable opportunity of taking breath; when the next verse, which is perhaps a strain of confession or deprecation, shall be introduced by *Lille-bo-lero*, or *Jumping-Joan*.

But their *coup de maitre*, or tip top flourish of all, is reserved for the farewell, when *service* is over. Here they justly judge, that a pleasant touch is as necessary as a merry Epilogue after a dull Play, in order to send the audience in good humour home. Here therefore do they acquit themselves in so facetious a manner, that we soon find ourselves cured of any irksome impressions, which might unfortunately be stamped on our minds, by what came from the pulpit; and can, with a *gaieté de coeur*, move nimbly through the isle to a *balance* or a *coupé*. Thus wonderfully have our modern masters improved our church music, and so nicely do they adapt their performances to the business and place, that every one must allow they deserve to be taken notice of.

Some queer puts indeed will pretend to be disgusted with this new practice, as quite contrary (they tell you) to the design of this kind of music. They, sad souls, being abundantly more grave than wise, would have us believe, that it ought to be solemn and serious; that:



that it was introduced into public worship, in order to raise and refine the passions ; to give a turn of composure, and devotion to the mind ; and to cherish those divine impulses which are begun by the prayers : that, if well conducted, it might awaken such passions in the breast, as would better the heart ; such as would arise from a just and reasonable cause, and be attended with happy and laudable effects : that music, thus applied, is capable of raising the noblest hints in the mind, and filling it with the most sublime and worthy conceptions : that, whilst by this means our pleasure and duty might be made to accompanie one another, our virtue would be improved in proportion to our delight, and a more vigorous and lively devotion created in the heart, than the best form of words could without its assistance effect. It were therefore, say they, most piously to be wished, that these mercurial youths, who are so equally happy in lightness of fingers and brains, and who are so industrious in tricking honest people out of all they go to church for, should be confined to their proper spheres, the dancing-school, or puppet-show ; and a more sedate and thinking set of animals be appointed in their stead. But whether all that these doleful *Dons* can possibly say, ought to have any weight, when considered with the advantages which accrue from the present method of proceeding, is left to your profound and impartial determination, by,

Sir, Your very humble servant,

PHILOMEIDES.

### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, Jan. 30. Yesterday morning about 3, a woman of distinction fell in labour at the masquerade, and was carried home in her habit, and delivered of a son in two hours after. DAILY POST.——A son-born, would have been something stranger than one gotten, in masquerade.



N<sup>o</sup> 58. THURSDAY, February 11.

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*Est modus in rebus.* Hor.

THE external fashion of the cloaths is frequently an indication of the inward sentiments of the mind; so that one may often guess at the qualities of the latter, by the colour and figure of the former. Nor is this so much to be wondered at, since the influence of dress is so great, that the mind takes a tincture from the colour of the cloaths, and is fashioned as it were in a mould according to the figure of them. The truth of this is exemplified in a great number of persons, who having been bred up at home in a finical exactness of habit, appear more like dancing-masters than gentlemen, and continue fops and fools throughout the whole course of their lives.

This fantasticalness in dress is of very bad consequence if it grows to be general, more especially if it have been introduced by a foreign nation; it being a presage of introducing the politics and even the religion of that nation. For there are fashions in both these, as well as in habits; which, tho' not so changeable; are subject to very frequent alterations. And indeed in one respect, the political and religious garments bear a near resemblance to the artificial, being often put on, or off, according to the coldness or warmth of the weather. It was from this way of thinking, that a generous sett of patriots opposed the French fashions at the latter end of Queen ANNE's reign, being apprehensive, that they had a tendency to introduce popery, and arbitrary power. And immediately after, † a reverend, ingenious and learned Gentleman wrote *A Treatise upon the Modes, or a Farewell to French Kicks*; †† and there-  
in

† Generally say'd to be Dr. H—s, now L. B. of L—ff.

†† Printed in 1715.

in evidently shewed, that the French have no manner of right to prescribe fashions to us on any account whatsoever. Of this *Treatise* it is thought proper to give here an *Abridgement*, it being a very scarce, and curious piece never much known to the public.

The author declares, That the end of his book, is, to dissuade his country-men from the use of French fashions, and from applying to foreigners in matters of this nature, where we have a right, and power, and genius to supply ourselves. — The imitation of modes, he says, is a tribute paid to some virtue; as to valour, or beauty, or to superior skill in the arts and sciences. — As to valour, he will not enter upon any enquiry, whether the French excell us in it or no: because the terror, which, he observes, our arms had raised in France, was then so fresh, that the French could not refuse themselves to give testimony to it. Of the influence which valour has in this respect he produces us Britons as an instance, who have ever shewn the most officious regard to the habit of our neighbours, whenever they became famous for either laudable or appearing valour. The ruff and fardingale were ever used by us, whilst the Spanish nation had no disallowable contests with the French: but when by the weight of the British arms France had obtained many victories over the Spaniard, this much beloved virtue quickly engaged us to make the same concessions to the French, and to pursue them through many extravagant varieties. But when it concerned the security of our nation, to enter into a war against the French under King WILLIAM, there succeeded immediately a disuse of exotic modes. At length the late Queen succeeding to the crown, and then the glory of our arms extending on one part toward the source of the Danube, and on the other, from the Tagus to the Adriatic sea; our fashions seemed to all nations to be commodious and graceful. Germany and Spain received them by the means of our excellent manufactures; and Holland and Portugal were not backward to do the same. Even Tuscany, the soil of polite-

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ness, was likewise a favourer of our modes: of which the author himself was an eye-witness.

The next quality, which, he observes, has the greatest influence in directing the modes, is beauty: which considered as abstracted from matter, by the names of mien, carriage, air, feature, is a sweet reflexion of light arising from the connexion and aptitude of the parts. There are two sorts of it, national and universal.—The first, following the peculiar turn of the climate where it was formed, does not appear to others with the same advantage. Of this sort of beauty there are two degrees: the one not displeasing; the other more perfect.—In the first is observed a languid, dim lustre of countenance; a proportion of shape, but defeated through lowness and macilence; rapidity of carriage; darkness of colour: this description belongs to the French. In the second is observed a healthful stain or gloom of blood; an openness or clearness of the featural light, height of stature, and an active strength, but attended with a corpulence, pleasing rather than beautiful to the eye: this is a description of the Britons.—The universal beauty has obtained that name, as it answers to the notions of grace and proportion, which have been ever received and agreed to among mankind.—There is a likeness or figure among the French, which seems as if in some measure it belonged to the classis of men, which is opposed to the beautiful of either kind, national or universal; which nevertheless does not belong to that classis, but their deformity is the defect of art. I mean such of them, whose ancles are placed at a much greater distance one from the other, in proportion, than their knees. For this proceeds from their being taught to caper and dance, before they arrive at sufficient strength to bear the rules of art. And I would recommend to the ingenious in imagery of any kind, to make use of a figure, as the symbol of capering, with the knees touching, and the ancles at a foot and a half distance from one another, with a broad codebec, an immense perruque, and an old lac'd coat.

A third quality which has an influence on the modes is superior skill in arts and sciences.—If the question



question be about poetry, I would demand the sight of a French Epic poem. The virtues of this muse consist of sobriety, dignity of image, sublime affections: but if the nature of any nation be incapable of these, 'tis in vain that it aspire to a HOMER or MILTON.— If true eloquence be the closer and more decisive part of pleading; if it does not consist in panegyrics, and multiplied turns and repercussions of the same sense; there are some fox-hunters of the British senate, who may be preferred to the greatest orators of France.— The French have been commended for retrieving great knowledge, by the help of medals, and they have made a wonderful progress in that sagacious toil: yet they are totally incapable of the venerable spirit of that science, when they undertake to make medals themselves. [*This is demonstrated in 8 pages.*]—— The French music is only pleasing to themselves, and not to any other nation whatsoever. The deep warble of the voice is the cause of sweetness, if it be only applied where the turn of the music requires it; but if it be repeated with every individual note, it will be the cause of aversion and impatience. And yet this is the manner by which the French voices modify their music; there not being a note in any part of it, but what is set forth with some kind of warble.— As to painting, a thousand instances might be given, of the most renowned masters among them transgressing against what, in other nations, is called common sense. Let any French painter be employed to copie any celebrated piece, and left to himself, and he will certainly add a figure or two of his own, to improve it; or changing some passion in it, or perhaps altering the disposition of the whole, he will be sure to distinguish himself to be a French-man, by some such barbarous, wanton insolence. This vanity gave occasion to an Italian to say of the Roman POUSSIN, That he would have made an excellent painter, if his father had not been a French-man.

Having made an end of enquiring whether the French excell us in valour, or beauty, or arts and sciences; the author, to make it appear that we are under no

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obligation to follow the modes of France, proceeds to examine some pleas made in behalf of the French.

The first is, that they have ever excelled us in a copiousness and variety of fancy with regard to the invention of modes. This is acknowledged, but denied to proceed from a natural excellence in the French; and asserted to be owing to the great encouragement given to the taylor of France. For there a taylor has the privilege of inscribing a new-fashioned garment to a great man, as an author does a book. Thus a famous artist dedicated the *Vendosme*, a new kind of perruque, to *Monsieur de Vendosme*. Another dedicated a coat to the Elector of *Bavaria*, and called it a *Bavarois*: and there is an abridgment or compendium of a cloak dedicated to the duke of *Roque-laure*, whose name will be transmitted to posterity in this invention. — Another plea is the civility of the French. In answer to which it is observed, that the only way for a stranger to engage them to be civil, is to praise their countrey under as many different topicks as he can find, and never to shew the least regard or affection to his own. — The third plea is the cheapness of the French workmanship. The true reason of which, is, because our workmen find it difficult exactly to imitate the French: to whom it is as difficult to imitate exactly our English workmen. — The last plea for the claim of the French to prescribe the use of their fashions, is, That they exceed all mankind in vivacity of temper; which is one of the chief conditions required for an amiable dress. This plea is allowed and confirmed, whether by vivacity is meant an irresistible propension to dance at the sound of a fiddle; or an impatience to be restrained from speech; or a quickness of answering before the question is asked; or various enquiries into secret and domestic relations of life, all which compose the *brillant*.

Dress is a proper disposition of the attire, either of the head, or of the body. — The attire of the head is either natural, or such as seems natural; or additional. — The natural attire of the head, or such as seems natural, is hair. This is of a twofold use, to fill up the inequalities of the head, or to add to the grace of the

visage.—The ancients, to signify strength and vigour, have ever made use of the short and bristly hair; and of the long to signify effeminacy: as appears by the statues of JUPITER and GANYMEDE. I have therefore often wondered at the success of the French, in propagating their modes, since they have never shown any regard to the principles of dress, in inventing the modes of hair. For, contrary to the nature and complexion of man, they dress him in the longest hair that can possibly be found: and, which is equally erroneous, they dress their women without shewing their hair at all, or shewing very little of it.—The success of the perruque here proceeded in a great part from the just hatred and aversion the nation had conceived against the Round-heads; so called, because their hair was cut round, according to the depth and figure of a dish. Which aversion grew to that height, that a worthy judge refused to admit a man once for an evidence, because his hair was not long enough.—I think artificial hair necessary to fill up the inequalities of the head, or to add grace to the visage. For the first purpose, it may only consist of one lock disposed with skill: and the same may serve for the second. The use of artificial hair will be greater, if the cheek be thin; but greatest, if the ear should be large; except a man be accused as a Jesuit, or of carrying on some dangerous intrigue against the state.—It is therefore much to be wished, that painters would adorn their figures with natural hair; that the features of men may appear in their genuine splendor, and their likeness be conveyed to future ages with simplicity, and not a ridiculous antic instead of it: which must necessarily happen through the quick changes of the perruque, if the figure be drawn in that dress.

The additional attire of the head is as useful as the former to add to the grace of the visage, and in some kinds of it also to fill up the inequalities of the head.—Jewels are a part of such attire, and so is the feather. The French have succeeded well enough in the female head-dress; which was designed no doubt as a help or countenance to nature; to raise the figure of the height, if there were occasion, as much as from

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the breast to the crown of the head — There cannot be a better likeness of a *Magdalen*, than a French lady in a state of compunction. Here shall be a lady under a voluntary eclipse, at her toilette at prayers: on this side shall be viols of colouring and patches, and a syringe for a lavement: and there may be high coiffures, and bridles, and crosses, which betokened originally disappointed love; and a glass worn out by too much looking at it.

The attire of the body is purely additional, and consists in the outward garments: the use of which is, either to supply the unequal parts of the body, or to adorn the shape. — To supply the unequal parts, the figure of the apparel must be different, either in whole, or in part, from the figure of the body. It is say'd to differ in the whole, when it covers the body loosely from the neck to the foot, disguising the hollow of the shape: which is now only used in Asia; and like the robe of the priest or magistrate here, appointed to be used as importing eminence and gravity. For which reason the priest is to be cautioned from making use of a short riding-gown, which does not at all agree with the intention of the clergy in wearing it. TINDAL was the first that introduced it, and wore it without any apprehension, alledging that it did not belong to the clergy. — The other kind of apparel to supply the unequal parts is the coat, which is directed by the shape, falling in with the body as a close covering, but always concealing the true figure of the thighs. The invention of the coat, considered as a habit in general, is not to be ascribed to the French; but its present modifications and adjuncts are all entirely owing to them. — Let us likewise allow them the reputation of the shoulder-knot; of the beads fastened to the ends of their cravats, to correct the stubbornness of their mustin; of ten thousand kinds of buttons; of the soldier's and the jockey's sleeve; the long pocket with a plain or indented flap: the cross pocket with the round, or the trefoil or scollop flap; of the different magnitude of plaits, which differ also from time to time in number, but always agree in the mystical efficacy of an unequal number.



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In the last place, the qualities which are of great advantage to dress are to be taken notice of. The first is vivacity, such as observes the proprieties of conversation, and does not consist of sudden and quick reflections upon men and manners, without consulting the pleasure and satisfaction of those with whom we converse, which is levity and impertinence.—The next are a beautiful aspect; a just stature; and skill in the genteel and military exercises.—The last is a genius to dispose the habit according to its proper attitudes; which it is impossible to prescribe: but when we observe it in any one, the soul is filled with pleasure, as at the sound of some melody.

To see the necessity of a genius to dispose the habit according to a perfect rectitude, one need only take notice of the most remarkable mistake in disposing it, which arises from the want of such a genius.—There is a certain audacious figure which unskilful persons are apt to assume in their dress, with an intention to extort the respect of mankind, but it seldom or never succeeds.—The same cast or turn of the habit may, in another respect, be significative of petulance. If the stature be high, and the features large, this disposition of the habit is say'd to be audacious; but if otherwise, it is called petulant. This last is oftner exposed to discipline: for wherever a little French taylor sets up to modify and reform the nation, it is hard to keep off our hands from drubbing him.



N<sup>o</sup> 59. THURSDAY, February 18.

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— *In me veniant mictum atque cacatum.*

HOR. 1. Sat. viii.

*Grub-street, Feb. 17, 1731.*

**H**AVING observed that some persons ignorant of the institution, and unacquainted with the customs of our Society, have been offended with an  
*Epigram*

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*Epigram* printed in our *51st Journal*: I think it incumbent upon me to inform them of their mistake. In that *Epigram* it was say'd of some of the most eminent of our members,

*These should be pump'd, duck'd, pillory'd, piss, and sh-t on:*

which is so far from being any reflection on those worthy gentlemen, that it is a very great compliment pay'd them. These are the greatest marks of honour that can be given to any of our members: and some have had the happiness to enjoy them every one. This may seem strange to some prejudiced persons, who think all customs barbarous and absurd, which are opposite to their own. These, no doubt, are ignorant that music and dancing, which were thought fine accomplishments amongst the Grecians, and are in the same esteem with us, were looked on as mean, and below the character of a gentleman, by the Romans. They, perhaps, have not been informed, that *beef-eater* is now a term of reproach in some countries; tho' it is a very honourable name in England. They have not read, that, by a law of LYCURGUS, the young virgins were to wrestle stark naked in the presence of the young men, to wear off a kind of sheepishness in some sort natural to that sex; which exercise would be esteemed very immodest by those who judge of the manners of other ages and nations by their own.

But I shall endeavour to shew, that these very marks of distinction, which are generally looked upon as signs of the utmost contempt, have been most of them received, in some time or place, as emblems of honour. A very eminent person says of himself, in the *Dunciad*, by way of commendation,

— *What street, what lane but knows*

*Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?*

In the same Poem our president, and several of our greatest members, are represented diving into Fleet-ditch: and he bears the greatest honour, who dives the deepest, and brings up most mud. The pillory has had a *hymn* compos'd in its honour, by a very eminent

writer; and amongst printers it is so universally esteemed, that he, who has had the good fortune to mount that rostrum, is always looked upon amongst them, as a graduate in their profession. Nay, the new method in the Royal Society of posting their candidates, is something analogous to a pillory, and is by many called by that name. To *piss upon a man* is, in this country, commonly thought a term of reproach; but amongst the unprejudiced Hottentots, it is a mark of the highest honour. That honest people, unbiassed by the manners of other nations, follow the dictates of pure, untainted nature. KOLBEN, in his account of *the present state of the Cape of Good Hope*, as I find it translated by the ingenious Mr. MENLEY, is very copious on this subject. 'When a youth is to be received into the Society of the men, this author tells us, that he is first roundly bedaubed with fat and foot; after which, the oldest man amongst them pisses with great vigour all over him. He stops his waters for some time before, in order to provide him with a plentiful stream. The youth, who can hardly be seen under the smoking inundation, receives the streams with an eager care; and making furrows, with his long nails, in the fat upon his body, rubs and mixes the piss with the fat with the quickest action. When the old fellow has dribbled upon him to the last drop, he felicitates him upon the honour that is done him, and crowns him with many benedictions, which he utters aloud. Then is the young fellow solemnly proclaimed a man.'

The same kind of honour is made a part of the nuptial ceremony, which is performed after the following manner. 'The men squat themselves on the ground in a ring; all but the bridegroom, who squats in the center. The women, at some distance, squat themselves likewise in a ring, about the bride, who likewise squats. Then the priest, or master of the religious ceremonies, who is always that of the *Kraal* where lives the bride, enters the ring of the men; and coming up to the bridegroom, pisses upon him a little. The bridegroom receives the stream with a great

great deal of eagerness, rubbing it briskly all over his body, and with his long nails (which, as I have observed already, the Hottentots never cut) making several deep scratches in his skin, that the *piss* may penetrate and soak the farther. The priest then goes to the ring of women, and coming up to the bride, *pisses* a little upon her; and she receives and rubs the *piss* upon her body, with as much eagerness as the bridegroom. Then goes the priest again to the bridegroom; and having *pissed* a little more upon him, away he goes again to the bride, and again *pisses* upon her. And so he goes from one to the other, till he has exhausted upon them all his stock of urine; uttering, from time to time, to each of them, one of the following good wishes, till he has pronounced the whole upon them both. *May you live long and happy together*, or, as we say, *I wish you much joy. May you have a son before the end of the year. May this son live to be a comfort to you in your old age. May this son prove a man of courage, and a good huntsman.*

But beside these ceremonies, our author tells us, that the Hottentots have an order of knighthood, into which such are received, as have *singly encountered and slain a lion, tiger, leopard, elephant, rhinoceros, or elk.* Into this honourable order he is received in the following manner. — The hero, upon his return to the *Kraal*, of which he is an inhabitant, goes directly to his own hut; where he squats himself down. He has not sat long at home, before he is visited by an old Hottentot, deputed by the men of the *Kraal* to make him their compliments of thanks and congratulations upon so beneficial and so illustrious an achievement; and to acquaint him, that the men of the *Kraal* expect him immediately, to receive from 'em the honours that are due to his heroic worth. The compliments and the notice being delivered, the hero rises; and follows the old Hottentot out of the hut to the middle of the *Kraal*, where all the men wait for him. He there squats himself down on a mat, spread on purpose for him; and all the men squat round him. Joy sits flush in the faces of the hero



' hero and his friends; envy contracts the features of  
 ' others: when up to the hero marches the old deputy,  
 ' ty, and *piss* upon him from head to foot; pro-  
 ' nouncing over him certain terms, which I could ne-  
 ' ver get the meaning of. If the deputy is in the he-  
 ' ro's interest (and it generally happens that he is) he  
 ' lays him under a deluge of *urine*; the more *piss*, the  
 ' more honour. The hero having before-hand made  
 ' furrows, with his long nails, in the fat upon his bo-  
 ' dy, rubs the *piss*, as it falls, upon his face, and eve-  
 ' ry other part, with the greatest eagerness. This  
 ' done, the deputy lights a pipe of tobacco or *dacha*,  
 ' and having taken two or three whiffs, gives it to any  
 ' one he pleases in the circle; who, having taken the  
 ' same solace, gives it to another; and so goes round  
 ' till only ashes remain in the pipe: when the deputy  
 ' takes it again, and shakes the ashes out upon the he-  
 ' ro; who still remains squat in the middle of the cir-  
 ' cle, and rubs the ashes into the fat upon his body,  
 ' with as eager action as he did the *piss*; and would  
 ' not, if he could help it, lose the least particle of it.  
 ' Then is the hero installed *Knight*, as I call him, of  
 ' the order of the *piss*. The circle rises: he follows  
 ' the example. Every one congratulates him upon the  
 ' high honour he has received; and thanks him for  
 ' the signal service he has done his countrey. The  
 ' hero looks upon himself as raised to the *acme* of hu-  
 ' mane glory; and by the bladder of the beast he has  
 ' killed, which he wears fastened to his hair, or by the  
 ' majestic port he assumes ever after, demands the ho-  
 ' mage and respects which Hottentot custom assigns to  
 ' his high dignity, and which all his countrey-men  
 ' constantly pay him.

This ceremony of *pissing* is again performed at their  
 funerals. The men and women at such times, it seems,  
 sit in two separate circles before the hut of the de-  
 ceased. Then, says our author, step two old fellows,  
 friends or relations of the deceased, one into the  
 circle of the men, the other into the circle of the  
 women, and *piss* each upon all the company he has  
 about him; pissing a little upon one, then a little up-  
 on another, quite round the circle, till his whole

stock

‘stock of urine is exhausted; and all the company receives it with the greatest eagerness and veneration. I took abundance of pains, continues our author, and spent not a little money to come at the meaning of this; and, at length, obtained the following explanations from several Hottentots. *’Tis done, say’d they, by way of compliment. The old men thereby return thanks to the circles, for the honour they have done the deceased, in accompanying his corpse to the grave.* How! say’d I, do the thanks on this occasion run in a stream of urine! Pray, why so? why is not the compliment delivered by word of mouth? *We know not that,* they replied. *All we can say is, that such is the custom; and ’tis always taken for a compliment of thanks.* Strange! the different notions different nations entertain of the same thing! the force, the witchcraft of custom! To be *pissed upon* in Europe is a token of the highest contempt; to be *pissed on* in the Hottentot countries is a token of the highest honour. *Pissing* is the glory of all the Hottentot ceremonies.’

Thus far this ingenious author; who has by this time, I hope, persuaded the reader, that there is no disgrace in being piss’d upon, since it is held in so much honour by whole nations: and I hope, for the future, that such learned and ingenious authors, as shall have this honour conferred on them by our Society, will be universally treated with the more respect on that very account.

But moreover we are not without some instances of these honours even in our own countrey. I well remember that about twenty years ago a certain reverend divine was in such esteem, that not only fans and other implements of the fair sex, but even vulgar utensils, nay *chamber-pots*, were adorned with his picture. This surely would never have been done, if it had not been looked on as a token of respect to *piss upon him*. And those ingenious astronomers, Messieurs WHISTON and DITTON, had an *Ode* composed to their honour, the burden of which was,

*Let Whiston and Ditton*

*Be p——st on, and sh——t on.*

B.

N<sup>o</sup> 60.



Nº 60. THURSDAY, February 25.

IN the first page is contained the beginning of an *Ironical Criticism upon Harlequin-Horace, or The Art of modern Poetry.*

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

SATURDAY, Feb. 20 One night this week the famous French dog, who plays at cards with surprizing dexterity, and performs many wonderful tricks, beat Dr. Arbuthnot, one of her majesty's physicians, two games at Quadrille before the junior Dutchess of Marlborough and many other great personages. LONDON EVENING-POST.— *For the honour of the sex, it was a French bitch.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Feb. 24.

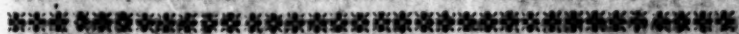
EPITAPH upon SIR ISAAC NEWTON, by Dr. BENTLEY.

*Hic quiescunt  
Ossa atque pulvis  
ISAACI NEWTONI.  
Si quaeris quis & qualis ille fuerit,  
Abi:  
Sin ex ipso nomine reliqua novisti,  
Siste paulisper,  
Et mortale illud Philosophiae numen  
Grata mente venerare.*

Nº 61.



N<sup>o</sup> 61. THURSDAY, *March 4.*



THE first page contains a *Scheme* of the predictions of seventeen almanack-makers concerning the weather in *March*.

*From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 3.*

Gentlemen,

26 Feb. 1730.

I have hitherto read your weekly labours with pleasure: but give me leave to say, your *Hottentot* performance was such a nauseous piece of stupidity, that, if you don't speedily retrieve your honour, I shall wish some of you to be the happy bridegrooms at the Cape of Good Hope; and can't now forbear expressing my female indignation, by presenting you with the following lines, as my present sentiments of your sinking Society; which, if you dare, you may print in your next.

Yours, BELINDA.

Long have I thought your club to be  
A batchelor Society;  
A sett of lively brilliant wits:  
But now 'tis plain, you're marry'd cits.  
Your sprightly joys seem past the full,  
*Just on the point of growing dull.*  
You have yourselves so much be-piss'd,  
From off the stage you'll soon be hiss'd;  
Or may I ne'er by man be kiss'd.

}

This *Letter* having been read, and some debate passed upon it, Mr. BAVIUS, by order of the Society, drew up their sentiments in the following manner. That they wondered so curious a *Dissertation*, supported by such full and faithful (tho' perhaps stupid) quotations, should have given any offence to so ingenious a lady;



lady; especially since the fair Hottentots were not represented there, as guilty of any indecent action towards the men, but in a modest, passive manner, agreeable to the natural shamefacedness, and subjection of their sex, submitting in a decent posture to the ceremony of being *pissed upon*, as an emblematical introduction into the honourable state of matrimony. That this very *Dissertation*, at which this nice lady was disgusted, had been so well relished by the town, as to occasion the printing of an additional number of the *Journal*, in which it appeared. That however, from the last line of her verses, we have reason to hope, that she is not altogether irreconcilable, either to our members, or to the ceremony itself, provided it were to be attended with the same consequents as among the Hottentots. That in this she has a great example to keep her in countenance, the beautiful, ingenious, and modest Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD, who was pleased, a few years since, to yield herself up a glorious prize to the vigorous Mr. CURL, upon his out-pissing his brother CHAPMAN: which whole affair is admirably described in the diverting Episode of the *Game of Pissing*, in the second book of the *Dunciad*. M.

## AN EPIGRAM.

*Upon a beautiful Lady who was blind.*

Tho' beauteous MIRA heaven deprives of sight,  
To view those charms, which give the world delight;  
Let not her heart, oppress'd with grief, complain:  
Had she beheld her form, she had been vain.  
One sense in pure compassion heaven denies;  
And to secure her virtue, dims her eyes.



N<sup>o</sup> 62. THURSDAY, *March 11.*

Get that great gift and talent impudence:  
'Tis learning, parts, and skill, and wit, and sense,  
Worth, merit, honour, virtue, innocence.

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Oldham.

Mr. BAVIUS,

**H**AVING a great respect for your flourishing Society, especially upon the account of its impartiality to all, whether members, or otherwise; I cannot forbear presenting you with a few scattered thoughts upon that noble quality by which it chiefly subsists; and which, in this happy age and nation, is found to be of the utmost use and importance in all parts of life. The quality I mean is that noble one, commonly known by the name of IMPUDENCE. Such is its prodigious force and energy; that tho' it be always *unaccompanied with true desert*, yet among the *injudicious* and *unthinking* (that is, about 99 in 100) it has the extraordinary good luck to be *taken for it*. Strait-lac'd moralists indeed call it one of the most *odious* and *contemptible* of *vices*: be it so in *speculation*; in *fact* however, it *does a man's business* in the way of *fortune* and *preferment*, much better than *all the virtues put together*. By *virtue* of this *vice* (if it be one) a coward is brave; an illiterate dunce, a person of bright parts and learning; an ignorant quack or mountebank, a skilful physician; an excise-man, or collector of the land-tax, a most profound states-man. By the assistance of this, the noble science of clerkship and stock jobbing, joined with a profluent volubility of empty words, shall erect a child of obscurity into a very great man; not only in his own opinion, but (which is more strange) in that of others; at least those others shall

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act as if they were of that opinion. For it must be confessed, that supposing him to be vastly rich himself, and to have the disposal of more vast sums which are not his own, he may perhaps succeed more by his gold, than by his *brass*; tho' *both* are extremely *operative*.

Not, but that the illustrious quality, I am speaking of, will *by itself*, and without any assistance, perform wonders. Let ten or a dozen men be concerned in any business or consultation, and let there be but one *excessively impudent fellow* among them; I'll undertake, the other nine, or eleven, shall dangle after him, and be govern'd by him: tho' he has the least sense and judgment of any one in the company, is *despised* by *most* of them, and perfectly *bated* by them *all*. Such is the nature of that *pitiful, sneaking vice*, MODESTY: and who therefore would be troubled with that, and its *foolish companion*, MERIT, who has any thing either to *get*, or to *lose*? On the contrary, who would not stand amazed at the *sublime genius*, as well as *wise conduct* of a person endowed with the *virtue*, whose encomium I am now celebrating? He is *nothing*, and yet *seems* to be *every thing*: he triumphs over human nature; *deceives* even by *bare-fac'd fraud*; and out-does the *magic* of poetry itself, mention'd by HORACE,

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magus; Et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*

By dint of his impenetrable forehead, he will *successfully* assert any thing that comes uppermost, and that he thinks for his purpose, tho' never so *absurd in reason*, or *false in fact*; rob you of your estate, and laugh in your face, protesting he is your most sincere friend and servant; do the most *flagrant injustice* upon *all occasions*, and *challenge the whole world* to say he ever did an *unjust thing in his life*; lay to the charge of the most innocent, crimes of which himself is most *flagrantly* and *notoriously* guilty; advance propositions (his interest now requiring it) directly contrary to those he advanced the very day before; and both with equal *positiveness*, having no idea of incurring the least reproach by so doing.

But

But more neral from would Whet know ignor whiff with the be the a that h certain passess langu by the into t upon any th sides think gives t own i becom the san in phi dence, dresses thousan without answer culty t they ne write O He ed for how sh deserve

Be thou

But to come more closely, Mr. BAVIUS, to my more immediate subject, which led me into these general reflections, tho' I have not altogether digress'd from it; I mean the interest of those, who are, or would be thought to be, members of your Society. Whether you own them as such, or not, you best know. Impudence is one of their main supports; as ignorance is the other. It is this that makes every whiffler, as soon as he is come from school, *set out with criticism*; *begin* where he should *end*; and, to the best of his understanding, abuse the greatest men of the age, without suspecting, what is the real truth, that he himself is the least and most inconsiderable. A certain air of *pertness* in these little smart-youngsters passes with them for *wit*; and a smattering in the *dog-language* of *poetical controversy* for *arrant criticism*: by *that* and *satire*, they chuse to *produce themselves* into the world; judging it highly proper to be sharp upon *others*, before they have done any thing, or know any thing *themselves*. Done any thing, I mean, besides the *criticism* and *satire* aforesaid; which they think it is absolutely necessary to *begin with*. This gives them such a *spirit*, and such an *authority* in their own imagination, that they write 'till they die, and become illustrious members of your Society. Much the same may be say'd of all sorts of controversy, both in philosophy and religion. By the power of impudence, the same stuff is vamp'd up in a thousand dresses; and arguments, which have been answered a thousand times over, set in battle array again and again, without the least notice taken that they have ever been answered at all. 'Tis by the power of this happy faculty that your members, Mr. BAVIUS, quote authors they never saw; translate books they can't read; and write *Grammars* of languages they don't understand. O HENLY! thou eldest son of Effrontery! renowned for thy *Grammars*, no less than for thy *Ora-ry*! how shall thy fame be transmitted to after-ages, as it deserves?

*Erect thyself, thou monumental brass:*

Be thou thy own statue; for thou alone can'st do justice



to thy own over-bearing genius.—In short, were it not for this *all-sufficient* quality, there would, yearly, by a moderate computation, be at least a million and a half of pamphlets, besides many handsome, well-bound books (some of them lettered, and even gilt) fewer in *Great Britain* than there are; to the utter undoing of numberless binders, fitchers, compositors, press-men, paper-makers, and rag-men; consequently to the extreme detriment of the public. Among these I do not name *book-sellers*, for a reason, Mr. BAVIUS, which we need not mention.

But, Sir, tho' I am a great admirer of *impudence*, and would, by all means, have its just praises celebrated; yet (as this virtue, like others, has its extremes) I must own, it is carried a little too far in this our blessed age and nation. It is hard upon us to be told (as we are, in effect, every day of our lives) that *snow is black*; that the *raven is white*; that a man, who, every body knows, can scarce keep his head out of a *gaul*, is in rich and flourishing circumstances; that another, who has beggar'd and ruin'd him, is the wisest and best of men, when he is noted for nothing but the most ungraceful lying, and the most clumsy cheating: in short, to be told that 2 and 3 make 11; and that what we *bear*, *SEE*, and *FEEL*, is *not* really *in being*. This, I say, is too hard upon us: and we without doors, Mr. BAVIUS, desire that you within would order your members to forbear going such lengths for the future. And tho' I resolve, as you do, not to meddle with politics, state-affairs, and party-disputes: leaving the great Mr. OSBORNE and the FREE BRITON on the one side, Mr. D'ANVERS and FOG on the other, to squabble about treaties, negotiations, war and peace; and contenting myself with this *general consideration*, that all must be well, because done by the ablest and best ministers that ever any nation was happy in; I say, notwithstanding all this, the writers of either side ought not, without a severe animadversion, to affirm that to be true, which all the world knows to be false. Because 'tis an insult upon the common sense, certain knowledge, and experience, and five senses of mankind: which must  
always

always be shocking, nauseous, and detestable. As for example, to tell us, that little, or nothing, has been done towards the reparation of *Dunkirk*; that no new works have been raised near *Gibraltar*, to the prejudice of that garrison and harbour, &c. How many pamphlets and weekly Papers have displayed the flourishing condition of our trade, and the wealth and prosperity of the nation in general? when the empty houses and shut-up shops in town, untenanted farms in the country, and the starving multitudes in both, assure us that all this (to imitate the stile of your brother the *COURANT*) is a most notorious, stupid, *impudent LYE*. Has it not been asserted, that one certain *weekly Paper* (you will suppose of course, Mr. *BAVIUS*, that I mean *yours*) is *universally condemned*, does not *sell* at all, and is *despised* by *every body*: when it is as well known, as that there is such a Paper, that it is waited for with impatience, before it comes out; is read with the utmost greediness, when it does; is the delight of the whole nation, a very few interested persons excepted; and in short, is as universally loved, as those, who rail and tremble at it, are universally hated? Thus for *facts*. — And as for *reason*: those *writers* and *haranguers* are not to be endured, who *shamefully abuse* the *good talent* of *IMPUDENCE*, which nature has bestowed upon them, by insisting that the *ministry* in any nation is the *government*; and that one *fellow-subject* reflecting upon another (who is in a *post*) must needs reflect upon the *states*, the *senate*, or the *king*; that *standing armies* are the best guardians of *liberty*; and that *bribery* and *corruption* are very useful things, nay absolutely necessary for the public good.

These exorbitances being corrected, Mr. *BAVIUS*, I have nothing farther to object. Let *IMPUDENCE* and *WORTHLESSNESS* triumph as they ought to do; and the wretches of *modesty* and *merit* sneak and starve, according to the laudable modern custom.

March 8, 1730 31.

I am, &c.

*The CITY LADIES and COUNTRY LASS. The words  
by Mr. LOCKMAN: set to music by Dr. PEPUSCH.*

1.

**T**HREE happy LIZZY, blooming maid !  
By no false arts of life betray'd ;  
Blest tenant of the rural scene,  
(Whose joy's unmix'd with pining care  
Which preys upon the modish Fair)  
When ev'ning comes, with artless smile,  
Does all her pleasing toils beguile  
With tripping o'er th' enamell'd green.

2.

CLARINDA fair, in jewels dress'd,  
The pride of theatres confess'd,  
Still shines with irresistible mien :  
Tho' music, action, words conspire,  
To wake her soul to soft desire,  
Delight like this will quickly cloy ;  
And LIZZY tastes more perfect joy,  
In tripping o'er th' enamell'd green.

3.

When LINDAMIRA in the dance  
To sprightly airs does swift advance,  
And graceful moves like beauty's Queen ;  
Tho' crouds of beaux admiring gaze,  
Nor sick'ning prudes refuse her praise,  
The flatter'd belle's not half so blest'd ;  
And LIZZY's of more joys possess'd,  
In tripping o'er th' enamell'd green.

4.

When COQUETILLA cards invite  
To while away the social night,  
And banish far corroding spleen :  
Tho' Chance, indulgent to her will,  
Conveys each circling deal, *Spadille* ;  
The sweets of gain are less refin'd,  
And softer transports sooth the mind  
Of LIZZY, when she trips the green.

Hail

5.

Hail blissful life which LIZZY leads,  
Midst bubbling springs and painted meads,  
Just emblem of the golden mean :  
A life with fairest virtue grac'd,  
Whose ebbing moments sweetly waste ;  
Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,  
When LIZZY crowns th' indulgent day,  
With tripping o'er th' enamell'd green.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 30.

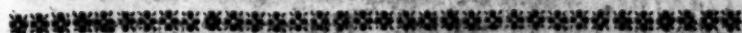
Upon WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,  
Dug from the Indian mine ;  
Which boasts two various powers in one,  
To cut, as well as shine.

Genius like that, if polish'd right,  
With the same gifts abounds ;  
Appears at once both keen and bright,  
And sparkles while it wounds.



N<sup>o</sup> 63. THURSDAY, March 18.



**I**N the first page is a continuation of the *Criticism* upon *Hudibras*. In the second, are copies of Two Papers given away at the door of the House of Commons, one intitled *The Case of the borrowers of the Charitable Corporation falsely so called* ; the other, *The Charitable Corporation considered, with respect to the national credit, and the Bank of England* : to each of which a particular *Answer* is added.

NEWS



## NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, Mar. 16. We hear that the Oratory subject for to-morrow evening, will be Henley's Apology for wit, and will be advertised particularly to-morrow morning; and that Mr. Henley expects there one Dr. M—— who call'd him impudent in print, to a dispute on that problem. DAILY POST. — *I wonder Mr. Henley should make an unnecessary apology; and that he should be offended at being called impudent, since it was plainly shewed in our last, that impudence comprehends all qualifications. Who Dr. M—— is, whom he expects to a dispute, I can better imagine, than I can what is meant by that problem; nothing preceding to which it can be referred. If the problem intended be either, whether Mr. Henley has wit, or whether he has impudence, I deny, that either is a problem, and consequently any matter of dispute.* M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 17.

The Society was surpris'd at the *Advertisement* in the DAILY POST, Mar. 14. from one who calls himself the HYP-DOCTOR; assuring the world that we had recommended his *Weekly Paper*, in the *Epigram upon Wit* in our last *Journal*. Tho' he may bid very fair to be admitted one day into our Society, yet at present his *Paper* is not eminent enough, even to be read before it. We know but one HYP-DOCTOR, the learned ORATOR, whom we acknowledge to be such in several senses of that appellation. His works are always read to us; and his *Advertisement* of this day gave us extraordinary diversion, particularly his *Epigram on Dr. SCURVY-GRASS*.

Go on, great Doctor, both to kill and write,  
And give us PAPERS, while you make us ——

Mr. MAEVIUS objected, that the last line did not turn fully upon the first; that the word *kill* had no business there, since after persons are *killed*, they can have no occasion for *paper*: and propos'd to change it for *purge*, which he say'd would make the *Epigram* exact. This was approved. — But Dr. MITCHEL,

N<sup>o</sup> 64. of GRUB-STREET, 1731. 309

a rival of Mr. HENLEY's, and author of a learned *Dissertation upon Sooterkins*, declared, that he liked neither the one, nor the other. That tho' he had never called the Orator *impudent in print*, yet since in the DAILY POST of yesterday, and in an *Advertisement* in that of this day, he was plainly challenged by the appellations of DR. M—— and DR. SCURVY-GRASS to a *disputation on the point aforesaid*, he was ready to answer the challenge, and to *dispute on that problem*, at the Pegasus, tho' not at the Oratory. In the mean time, in answer to the ORATOR's Distich, he desired the following might be published.

Preach on, great Orator, but printing dread:

Thy jargon spoke seems sense: 'tis nonsense read.

M.



N<sup>o</sup> 64. THURSDAY, March 25.

THE first Piece is an *Abridgment of Faithful Memoirs of the Life, Amours, &c. of Mrs. ANNE OLDFIELD*, by WILLIAM EGERTON Esq; alias EDMUND CURL book-seller.

NEWS WITH REMARKS.

THURSDAY, Mar. 18. A Proclamation for a Fair in Scotland, which shews that they retain their original language, tho' they follow the English in every thing else, ——— ' O yes! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twaa times; O yes! and that's the third and last time: all manner of pearson or pearsons whatsoe'er, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em kenn, that there is a Fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days: wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dub-skouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, shall bread any urdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squab-  
blement,

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‘blement, he shall have his lugs tack’d to the muckle  
‘trone, with a nail of twal a penny, until he down  
‘of his hob shanks, and up with his muckle doaps,  
‘and pray to hea’n, neen times God bless the King,  
‘and thrice the muckle Loard of Relton, paying a  
‘groat to me Jammy Feerguson, baily of the afore-  
‘said mannor. So you heard my proclamation, and  
‘I’ll haam to my danner.’ LONDON EVENING-POST.

— Upon reading this Proclamation, I fancied I had  
formerly met with something in a like strain, tho’ in a  
different dialect; and upon looking back among my News-  
papers, found in the DAILY POST of Nov. 11. last,  
a proclamation from the Oratory in which was the fol-  
lowing rhetorical flourish. A journal of the life there  
[at Bath], raffling, and fiddling, and piping, and  
singing, and shuffling, and cutting, and pumping, and  
mumping, and rattling, and tattling, and battling, &c  
which seems to be a plain imitation of hustrin, custrin,  
land-louper, dub-skouper, &c.

FRIDAY, Mar. 19. — Vienna, Mar. 10. We flat-  
ter ourselves, that her Imperial majesty is with child,  
having been lately let blood, and absented from pub-  
lick devotions. DAILY POST. — I hope it should be  
read publick diversions. M.



No 65. THURSDAY, April 1.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE first Piece is *Predictions for the month of  
April*, by WILLIAM BICKERSTAFF, Esq;

The following Letter came from *Burton in Stafford-  
shire*.

Your old friend J — M — S — ha-  
ving purchased an estate in this neighbourhood, lives  
now amongst us, and is so kind as to make very pret-  
ty Copies of Verses upon persons and subjects that  
occurr

occurr hereabouts. I now send you some *Verses*, which he repeated the other day at an entertainment made on account of the birth-day of the young Lord ANDOVER, son to the Earl of Berkshire.

O ANDOVER ! with soft attraction gay,  
Where early Graces and young Muses play,  
Think, whilst we celebrate thy natal hour,  
We toast to freedom unrestrain'd by power ;  
That plan of liberty deliver'd down,  
Which the Sire cherish'd, and the Son must own.  
Then when on noble ruins thou shalt rise,  
And the bad world yield Berkshire to the skies ;  
Long may'st thou emulate thy Father's place,  
And wear the beauties of thy Mother's race.

*Which pretty Verses gave occasion to the following Distich in our next Journal.*

What makes, for once, Squire JEMMY's Muse so toward ?  
Mere joy to see a Cousin of NED HOWARD. A.

#### NEWS WITH REMARKS.

TUESDAY, Mar. 30. We hear that the Oratory subject for to morrow will be on Wiseacre's Holiday, or the first of April, for the benefit of Mr. Gulliver, *alias* Silly Cur ; with a burlesque on his Advertisements against the Copies of Mr. I — s and other book-sellers ; and that every wednesday will be a *proper answer*, at the end of the Oration. to such insects, not in regard to them, but to the diversion of the Town.

DAILY JOURNAL. — According to this Oratorical puff, the Oratory subject will be, not Wiseacre's Holiday, but ON Wiseacre's Holiday, *i. e.* the subject will be on the subject. And every wednesday [*the day itself*] will be a proper answer to such insects [*not as Mr. Gulliver, but*] as Mr. I — s and other book-sellers. *This is very strange, both as to the nature of the Answer, and the occasion of it ; since none of these insects ever thought it worth while to print any thing against Mr. Orator, or to pirate any of his Works. And it seems an excess of charity, and a work of supererogation in him, not only to pray for the dead on*  
sundays,



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sundays, but likewise to prate on wednesdays for the benefit of one dead; for this Mr. Silly Cur was slain near Richmond last tuesday, according to the account of the Hyp-Doctor, a near relation of Mr. Orator's. — But the truth of the case is this: Mr. Gilliver last thursday anabaptized Mr. Orator by this form,

N. B. Is not he a Silly Cur  
To abuse Lawton Gilliver?

And tho' this appellation has been eccho'd back from the empty Oratory; yet the Town has returned it thither, to the true original Silly Cur, for whose sole benefit all the Orations there delivered really are, whatever pretences to the contrary he may make in puffs and advertisements: the obscurity and frequent solecisms in which plainly demonstrate how justly the term has been applied to denote a Compleat Linguist, or Universal Grammarian.

M.

This day is published the *Hyp Doctor*, Numb. 16. by Sir Isaac Ratchiffe of Elbow-lane, &c. N. B. The first 15 numbers of these Papers will not be sold shortly under a double price. DAILY JOURNAL. — This Curlean advertisement is very likely to prove true, since probably it will be very long before they will be sold at any price at all. — N. B. Numb. 15. was published first on tuesday, and afterwards dislod out a second time with a new advertisement on saturday. — Quære, Whether to impose upon Christians, on a saturday in Lent, the eating of cabbage, twice boil'd, cold, and without vinegar to give it a relish, be according to the Apostolical Constitutions and Canons?

M.

From the PEGASUS in GRUB-STREET, Wedn. Mar. 31.

The Letter of advice from R. P—YNE to CALEB D' ANVERS, Esq; in the *Courant*, Mar. 30. having been read, the Society much applauded the two following puns. Tho' every Treaty is for a peace, yet all Treaties are not of a piece. When any one boasts of the goodness of our Allies, you need only be smart, and say, that such things are All lyes. Mr. CONUNDRUM laugh'd heartily, and say'd, These were as smart as that of Ulrick D' Ypres upon the Lord B. in the *Courant*, Mar. 23. He kept company with Wits, tho' 'tis plain

plain

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plain he had not always his Wits about him. — But Mr. ORTHODOXO stood up very gravely and say'd: ' I don't pretend to understand punning, but I think ' Mr. D' YPRES' wit exceeds his judgment, tho' not ' his malice against my order. For in this very Paper ' he tells us, That walking in the gallery at Bedlam, ' he met a Clergy man, who, having run mad through ' pride and litigiousness, fancied himself to be Melchisedeck King of Salem, and to have a right to the ' tythes of all the spoils taken by the Duke of Marlborough. This story, I suppose, is told as a good ' argument for the Bill to prevent suits for tythes, &c. ' now depending. I own it is merry enough; but it is ' spoiled by two or three inconsistent circumstances. ' For the time when this happened, he says, was ' when the Duke of Marlborough's glory was in its ' meridian lustre, which was about the year 1709: ' yet he makes this Clergy man appeal to Gibson's Codex, a book not published till 1713; and to suppose, ' that Mr. D' YPRES had then read *Bohun on tythes*, ' which did not appear till 1730.' M.

EPIGRAM in the *Craftsman*, Mar. 27.

As SH — at Temple was taking a boat,  
The Waterman ask'd him, Which way he would float?  
Which way! (says the Doctor) why, Fool, with the  
stream;  
' To Paul's, or to Lambeth: — 'twas equal to him.

The Waterman's Reply to the Doctor's Answer.

The Waterman thus to the Doctor reply'd:  
By our neighbourhood, Sir, we have long been  
ally'd;  
And I too, like you, love to go with the tide.  
In another point likewise this truth you'll discover,  
That I safely may venture to call you my brother:  
For while you look'd one way, you row'd quite another.

*The End of the First Volume.*

VOL. I.

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